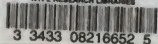


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## Musical Intelligence.

**Boston.**—The musical convention under the auspices of D. F. Baker, A. N. Johnson, E. H. Frost, J. W. Adams, seems to have passed off in brilliant style. Mr. Dwight, in his Boston Journal of Music, speaks in very flattering terms of the performance of Tuesday evening, when Mozart's Twelfth Mass was performed, together with a miscellaneous selection. The convention continued in session nine days, during which time several admirable performances took place, and a great deal of valuable instruction was imparted.—Boston has also been musically aroused by the announced appearance of an opera troupe, who have suddenly made their appearance at the Howard Athenaeum. We understand, that both the tenor and soprano are by no means third-rate performers, and that the troupe make good music. The programme for August 25th announced Lucie with the following cast:

Eduardo, . . . . . Signor Arnoldi  
Narciso, . . . . . Signor Ottavio  
Rodolfo, . . . . . Signor Garbino  
Lucia, . . . . . Signora Drusilla Garbino.

Prices for August 25th: Boxes, \$1.50; Boxes, and Parquet, \$1.00; Family Circle, 50c.; Upper Circle, 25c.

**Albany, N. Y.**—A concert of "old fashioned music" took place on the 20th instant, under the direction of D. Wilder.

**Washington.**—Kunkel's troupe are drawing good audiences at the National Theatre.

**Macon, Mis.**—A concert by the young ladies of the Macon Female Institute came off lately. The programme consisted of 26 pieces, which were rendered to the very great satisfaction of the audience. Among the compositions performed of both vocal and instrumental, were several by Wallace, Schubert, G. Root, W. B. Bradbury, together with Pohlman's beautiful Hamilton's Song as quartette; Carlo Dini, as duo for flute and piano; the four parts performed by a very able amateur, Dr. B. of Macon. Music, which has been at a very low ebb in Macon, begins now to be better appreciated, and the future is very promising. This result we ascribe mainly to the professional efforts of Mr. J. B. Gifford, the musical instructor of the institute, and a gentleman of marked musical ability.

**California.**—David's ode symphony, "the Desert," was performed for the second and third time on the 26th and 27th of July.—Madame Bishop has been very successful in her French Opera. Otto Ball and Strakosch are successfully courting. Of their reception in California, the Pioneer says:—"It must have seemed strange to Otto Ball, and difficult to realize, that after coming thousands of miles, to a strange land, he should appear before a crowded audience composed of old friends; but so it was. They were gathered from many lands, but they had listened to his magic tones before, in far distant homes. By such an audience his reception could not be otherwise than cordial, and the welcome which he received must have surpassed the expectation even of the man who has excelled everywhere on an enthusiasm unparalleled in the history of instruments. Strakosch was not so well known to the audience, but his reception was flattering in its extreme, and he grew in favor with each succeeding effort. His possession great brilliancy, delicacy and certainty of touch, and perfect command of the instrument; but like his colleague, he seemed more desirous of exhibiting skill and science, than of charming his audience. No one who listened to him could doubt his power in this latter respect, and many wishes were expressed that he could be heard in music that was of itself more pleasing. His success seemed assured, and the audience heartily and loudly repeated he brings with him from other cities."

**London, August 4, 1854.**—There is a full jolt just now in musical art circles. Orin's departure has left everything in a quiescent state; the musical season, moreover, having terminated. The latest performance was that at the Opera Lyrique, where the new favorite, Marie Cabel, sang in the closing opera of the season, *La Fille du Regiment*. This new singer, although coming before the English public this season for the first time, under very disadvantageous circumstances, being but badly supported, has gradually sung herself into very great success and fame. She is well called by the *London Musical World* a gifted, original, and perfect artist.

**Paris, August 5, 1854.**—The Grand Opera re-opened on the 15th. The performance will be free to the public, and the opera *Robert le Diable*. Besides this, in honor of the Emperor's fête, a cantata will be executed, the words by Queen Hortense, and the words by M. Belmonte. It is said that Mad. Stols will appear, on the 11th inst., in *La*

*Fleur-de-Lys*. The Théâtre Français closed last week, ostensibly for repairs, and, like the Grand Opera, re-opens on the 15th inst., the public being admitted gratis to the performance, in honor of the Emperor's fête. M. Perrin is neglecting no measures which can tend to ensure the success of his new enterprise at the Théâtre Lyrique. Mad. Ugolide is engaged, and M. and Mad. Mollet-Meyer are retained. As far as possible, M. Perrin is carrying out the agreements entered into by M. Sévère, with singers and composers. The new opera, written by M. Adolphe Adam for Mad. Marie Cabel, is in rehearsal, and M. Perrin has also sent for the opera of M. J. B. Weckerlin, which is already accepted. M. de Chazet, formerly administrator at the Grand Opera, returned upon his office a few days since. M. Martin Nodding, formerly a professor at the Imperial Conservatory, and first violoncello at the Grand Opera, and the Société des Concerts, and who often shared in the successes of the well known Ballot, has just died, at the age of seventy-two. M. Arnaud Dancels, one of his pupils, pronounced a short address over his grave.

**Milan, 28th July, 1854.**—*Elisabetta; or, the Exiles of Siberia*, the posthumous opera of Donizetti, completed by the maestro U. Fontana, was produced for the first time in this city on the 25th inst. at the Teatro alla Scala. The parts were thus distributed:—*Elisabetta*, Signora A. Farnagalli; the Count (tenor), Signor Sarti; Michele (barytone), Signor Narra; Ivan (bass), Signor Vidal. The result has been unfortunate both as regards the music and the execution. 29th, 11.30 p.m.—a new opera first in four parts, *Mad. Danemann*, the music by Signor Luigi Riccioli, the libretto by Signor Carlotta Bass. Signor Riccioli is advanced in life, and has resided many years in Milan. This I believe, his third opera, will add but little to his reputation as a composer. A short and amusing portrait of about a minute's duration, entitled the introduction; this, the following chorus, and the solo of the barytone, gave an unfavorable augury of what was to follow. Some of the solo of the prima donna, and the tenor, were better, and obtained several calls for the *maestro*, which, to be impartial, however, were chiefly the work of friends. A chorus in the third act was mere confusion. The accompaniments display little skill, and are noisy and common-place. In fact, as the phrase is here, "Canto spigolato non c'è!" The scene is laid in Denmark, at the beginning of the sixteenth century.

**Berlin.**—The King of Prussia has given M. Meyer, composer for the Bavarian order of St. Michael, and A. which was awarded him by the King of Bavaria. The concert in the Park Theater at Wilhelm Stadt are very well attended, as are, also, those of the various military bands, which were nearly becoming obsolete, but are now more in vogue than ever. One took place last week for the benefit of the Elisabeth Kinder-Hospital, which must have realized a considerable sum for the institution.

**Mayence.**—A musical festival will be got up at the end of the present month by the *Liedertafel*, at which Schneider's *Waldglocke* is to be performed. The *Gesangsvereine* of the neighboring towns of Darmstadt, Frankfurt, Mannheim, Offenbach, Wiesbaden, and Worms, have received invitations.

**Mannheim.**—Never, perhaps, as Mannheim has so rich in "stars" as at the present moment. No sooner has one gone than another appears. After Frickelstein, Wildauer and Herr Andor, who played in *Die Begleitstücke*, Fugate's *Hänsel*, Herr der Trübsal, Martha, Weibchen Titi, and Lucia di Lammermoor, we had M. Roger, the Frenchman, who was received with flattering marks of approbation as George Brown in *Die Weiss Frau* (*La Dame Blanche*).

**Alex-la-Chapelle.**—The Royal Prussian Kammerkapelle, Violoncello Pauline Morz, has very successfully at Norma, Andromeda, and Indra. Among other celebrities we here hear Friedrich Johanna Wagner, and Mad. von Strödel-Mende, who made her debut as Fidelity, and gave general satisfaction.

**Pinerolo.**—Verdi's *Traviata* opened this season with success. The singers were Signora Adele R. busini and Dalia Porto, and Signori Tommaso Misserocchi, Antonio Grandi and Mayno.

**Favenna.**—Verdi's *Don Sebastiano* continues to be received with increasing favor.

**Cologne.**—The state of Herr Robert Schumann's health is such as to preclude all hopes of his recovery.

**Eberfeld.**—The well known organist, Herr J. A. van Eyken, pupil of Mendelssohn (poor Mendelssohn!) and J. Schneider, has been appointed to the situation at the *Reformierte Kirche*, vacant by the death of Herr Behn-

stein, who held it for forty years. On the 21st of April Herr Van Eyken gave his farewell concert at Rotterdam, on which occasion he played several parts, assisted by Bach, Schumann and Mendelssohn, as well as some of his own, before an audience of more than a thousand persons.

**Udine.**—The theatre has been opened for the season fair with Verdi's *Traviata*.

**Turin.**—Teatro Garbino. *Il Don Principia* has been produced with tolerable success.

**Livorno.**—The Teatro del Floridi has opened with *Comedianti*.

**Forlì.**—The new opera, *Luca de la Vallette*, by Sig. Petrucci, (which was performed for the first time two years ago at Venice) has been produced with success.

**Vicenza.**—The season of the fair has been inaugurated with *Ripetta*.

**Sinigaglia.**—Verdi's *Traviata* opened the season of the fair, with success. Leonora, Signora Garibaldi Bass; Aescora, Signora Borghi Vitti; and the Signor Carlon, Do-Rosini, and Nicolo Bendelli.

**Turin.**—A new sort of spectacle is announced for the coming spring, to take place at the Teatro d'Anconeta. It is styled an *Opera Neapolitana*, and is a species of Maripette performance, the actors being, however, living persons. At Naples the adventures and intrigues of *Paucelle* have never been an inexhaustible source of amusement and enjoyment, and it remains to be seen what success he will obtain in other parts of Italy.

**Odessa.**—The success of Verdi's *Traviata* has been very great. The execution on the first night was so good, that there were no fewer than twelve tremors during the performance.

**Genoa.**—A new opera *buffa* will be produced at the Carlo Felice during the ensuing carnival, by Sig. Chiaromonte, as soon as he has concluded his engagement at Milan.

**Florence.**—The opera *Il Calceolaro*, by Signor Vincenti, has been produced at the *Arena Goldoni*, the principal singers being Sig. Stolla Remaldi, Signori Terri, Cavalieri, and Bartolini. The execution was far from being perfect.

**Lughera.**—*Lacerta Burgis* has been played at the Theatre de' Fioridi, by Signore Baergoglio and Borghi Mass, Signori Negri and Ancon. The tenor Negri is described as having done wonders in the duet, and in the final air; but we can scarcely believe it. The enthusiasm of the Italian papers for such singing as Negri, proves that they are not exaggerating when they say so.

**Bruswick.**—The sixth *Liedertafel* of the *Einigkeit* band, was celebrated on the 15th and 16th of July, by twenty-eight persons, numbering about one thousand singers, from the various towns. Three prizes were offered for the three best voices. Herr Carl Zeller, from Lüpke; Jul. Otto, from Dresden; Teichner, from Gera; Franz Abt, from Hanover; and Mühlbrocht, Bruswick, were the judges. Twenty *Verses* or societies entered the lists. The first prize was carried off by the *Neue Liedertafel*, from Halberstadt, for the execution of Herr Zeller's quartet, "Hail."

The prize consisted of a silver staff, and the second and third prizes were carried off by the *Einigkeit* and Offenbach. A vocal and instrumental concert was given on the second day in the *Exilantenkirche*. The programme included Weber's *Capriccio*, the overture to the *Zemfira*, the *Capriccio* of Krümmel, Mozart's *Bundeslied*, Marchen's *Liedertafel*, Abt's *Wohlgang*, the 100th Psalm of Mülhbrocht, and a hymn, after the 67th Psalm, by Herr Julius Otto.

**Danzig.**—Herr Von Fietow's *Sada* is in active preparation.

**Siebold Naumburg.**—A concert has been given in the *Concertsaal*, at which M. Roger was the chief attraction. The artists were:—Friedrich Sophie Fiedler, young violinist Herr Maschok.

**Naumburg.**—Verdi's *Nabucco* comes has been repeated, with M. Schöberler's singing, with success. The Herma, and the *Einigkeit*. "Was very successful."

**Elisen.**—Herr J. Kikumoto's oboe, *Die Verkündigung des Herrn*, will be performed at the end of the year, under the direction of Herr P. G. Knaus.

**Wernigerode.**—The *Grangerverein für geistliche Musik*, under the direction of Herr Trautmann, organist, have lately executed *Waldglocke* of Schumann.

**Wittgen.**—Herr Von Lindemann has returned from the Festival at Rotterdam. On his first appearance in the orchestra, for the purpose of conducting the performance of *Don Juan*, he was received with the greatest applause.

**Rien.**—Verdi's *Lombardi* has been played here to good success, and with a fair amount of success. The tenor part is filled by Signor Massimiliano, who has made considerable progress since he was here last year. Signor Crivelli has an excellent baritone voice, and in the part of Paganini, too, sang and acted admirably, being recalled several times during the progress of the opera. The prima donna, Signora Franzini, is a debonair and qualified herself most excellently.—*London Musical World*.

## The Germanians.

HISTORICAL SKETCH, ETC.

[Prepared by the editor of the Musical World, from original German documents.]

## I.—FORMATION OF A CONCERT-ORCHESTRA.

During the months of January and February, 1848, there met frequently in Berlin,—which is considered the focal point of Art and Science of Northern Germany—a body of musicians, who, for some time, had served together as members of a private orchestra. By long years of association they had learned to love and respect each other, and a tie of true brotherly attachment subsisted between them. Desirous of leading an entirely independent life, they formed the resolution of establishing a Concert-Orchestra: one, that in a social as well as musical point of view, should prove a model of such an association. They determined, also, as soon as possible, to undertake a journey to the United States of America; with a view of arousing in the hearts of this (politically) free people, by successive performances of the master-pieces of the great instrumental composers, (Mozart, Beethoven, Spohr, Schubert, Mendelssohn, &c.) a love for the beautiful Art of music, and to keep alive and extend its appreciation.

## II.—ORGANIZATION OF THE COMPANY.

The political disturbances of this period, which resulted, during the months of January and March, in a general European revolution, accelerated the formation and departure of this musical brotherhood. In their statutes, they made the communistic principle (which they individually consider the most perfect principle of association) the basis of their code. The significant words

*All for one and one for all,*

were chosen as a motto for their constitution. And

*Equal rights, equal duties, equal profits,*

formed the basis of a set of statutes, which was unanimously adopted.

As, in consequence of their code, no one member could lay claim to any special personal or pecuniary advantage over another, an entirely independent and truly free condition was secured to all. Each individual regarded it as his most sacred duty, according to his best endeavors to promote the welfare of the whole: for they knew, that by mutual assistance of this kind the personal welfare of the individual could not become the sacrifice of accident or vicissitude; as, unhappily, is the case in an odious, wrecked condition of society all over the world.

By the free sacrifice of all pecuniary personal advantage, the roots of that most devilish egoism, which is the radical evil of our social condition, were forever severed.

To this wise arrangement entirely must the Germanians ascribe their very extraordinary success during six years of travel in America: their constitution giving them the power to avert all those dangers, and remove all those difficulties, which have proved, after a few months of trial, the ruin of every similar concert-orchestra.

## III.—FAREWELL CONCERT IN BERLIN.

Immediately after the organization of the orchestra, arrangements were made for their departure. But before leaving Berlin they gave, in the *Milieu-Salon*, a Musical Matinée; to which were invited all the prominent notabilities of Art and other persons of mark. Among those present were the English Ambassador, Lord Westmoreland and the American Minister, Mr. Doucson. Every one was so delighted with the performance of the Germanians (who at that time called themselves the North

German Music Association,) that they gave every kind of applauding demonstration. Besides compositions by Beethoven and Weber and a Festival Overture by their director, C. Lenschow, which was specially composed for this occasion, the Germanians performed a manuscript symphony by Lord Westmoreland: who was so pleased with the passionate and delicate rendering of his music, that, in acknowledgment, he made a long address to the young artists.

At the conclusion of the performance the audience had personal adieu to the various members of the orchestra: and the court chapel-master, W. Taubert, addressed the following words to the Germanians:

"In taking this opportunity, gentlemen and associates in Art, heartily to thank you for the pleasure your admirable performance has afforded us all, I cannot refrain from expressing personally to you my warmest wishes for your success. May the hopes and aspirations, with which you hasten to the New World, be fully realized. Your musical resources, which are so very unusual, allow us not to doubt, that you will attain all you desire. Your aim is the noble and elevated one worthy to prevail in America, the land where Art is still in its cradle, European master-pieces. This enterprise of yours will yet prove a shining point in the Art-History of America."

On the following day they received from Lord Westmoreland and Herr Taubert, as souvenirs, a selection of their own compositions. Added to this, was furnished them a considerable number of letters of introduction to persons high in position in England.

The Germanians had decided to visit London on their way to New York, in order, by giving concerts, to secure, in this great world-metropolis, a favorable reputation.

## IV.—DEPARTURE FROM BERLIN AND THREE MONTHS STAY IN LONDON.

On the 8th of May, 1848, the Germanians, at 6 in the morning, assembled at the *dépot* in Berlin to depart for Hamburg and thence by English steamer to London, and one hundred of their friends gathered to bid them God-speed. On the 11th of May they landed in London, in which city they remained three months before they set sail for America. During their stay in London they gave a series of concerts in the Princess'-Theater, Hanover Square Rooms and other localities, but under frequent changes of name—as German Orchestra, Lenschow's Orchestra, German Music Society, &c. These concerts were attended mostly by artists and dilettanti, who were most agreeably surprised at the performance of the young artists, and testified their approbation in the most unmistakable manner. In the public prints, this small concert-orchestra of twenty-four members was commended to the great opera-orchestra of Covent-Garden as a model. The professors of the Royal Musical Institute, who had attended the concerts in Hanover Square Rooms, gave public testimony, that this German Orchestra, in point of precision and extreme delicacy of performance, surpassed all other orchestras which had yet been heard in London.

Through the Duke of Cambridge, to whom they had a letter from Lord Westmoreland, the Germanians were engaged at a fête-concert given at the villa of Baring Brothers. At this late were present all the great celebrities of the day: Mad. Grisi; Viardot Garcia; Alboni; Mario; Salvi; Tambu-

rini; Benedetti: the last being conductor and pianist 500 persons, composed of England's highest aristocracy and noblest families, filled to overflowing the somewhat small music-saloon of the villa. As there was such scanty room, the Duke of Cambridge proposed to open the doors of the saloon which led upon the balcony and to arrange there the orchestra. When the arrangements were completed and the leader of the Germanians gave the signal to commence, the Duke of Cambridge placed himself next to the first violinist, in order to follow him as he played. The Jubilee Overture of Weber had hardly commenced, when a strong wind, which chanced to be blowing, bore off the first violin part from the desk: whereupon the Duke gave chase and having recovered it, good-naturedly held the music in his own hand for the first violinist, until the close of the piece. This little circumstance made quite a sensation among the nobility favorable to the Germanians; as showing the evident estimation in which the Duke held them. At the close of the overture the Duke exclaimed, "Bravo, bravo, gentlemen: I assure you that the expectation I had formed of your performance from the account of my friend Lord Westmoreland, have been much more than realized." Between the performances lively conversation took place, and many of the distinguished guests, some of whom spoke German, took this occasion to engage in conversation the young artists. One young lady, especially, of princely family, expressed herself delighted in reviving, through the Germanians, the musical pleasures she had, during her travels, experienced in that beautiful land of musical art. The Dutchesse of Cambridge, moreover, was so kind in her expressions towards the young artists, as to excite unmistakable signs of uneasiness and professional envy among the Italian portina of the artists.

The Germanians were informed, before their departure, by the master of court-ceremonies, that Queen Victoria had expressed a wish to hear them during the next musical season, in a concert, and the question was put to them, whether they would return to London the following spring for this purpose. Although the Orchestra determined to return to England in 1849, in case Fortune smiled upon them in the United States, they were, nevertheless, obliged, in consequence of various obstacles, (principally pecuniary,) to relinquish the plan.

## V.—FIRST APPEARANCE IN AMERICA, AND A BRIEF ACCOUNT OF THEIR TRAVELS IN THIS COUNTRY.

At the end of September they appeared in New York; where they gave, on the 5th of October, their first concert in the Astor Place Opera House. Their uncommon virtuosity excited among the auditory the greatest enthusiasm. The numerous friends of music present were surprised at the precision and delicate execution of the Germanians. They stated that this association of artists had displayed to them, for the first time, the marvellous effects which can be produced by orchestral combination. The *placissimo* of these young artists, particularly, they pronounced insublime.

After the Germanians had given about 12 concerts in the Tabernacle and had won for themselves the esteem and respect of all true friends of Art, a testimonial was presented to them by the leading members of the Philharmonic Society and other friends of Art, expressive of the pleasure they had experienced in their performances and the respect they felt for their admirable attainments. In this testimonial, which was published in the N. Y. Herald of Nov. 31, 1848, the masterly rendering of the Beethoven 25<sup>th</sup> symphony and the Mendelssohn Concert-overture were especially mentioned.

On the 24 of December the Germanians left New York, (where, in the course of nine weeks they had given 15 concerts in all), in order to give a series of concerts in Philadelphia. In this city they remained until the first of March, 1849: when they started for Washington, whither they had been summoned to assist at the inauguration of President Taylor. Both here and in Baltimore, where in 14 days they gave 10 concerts, they achieved great success. Their next destination was New England, where they gave a great number of concerts. In Boston alone, during 6 weeks they gave 21 concerts. One remarkable circumstance of those performances was, that the Mendelssohn's overture of the *Midsummer-night's dream* was given no less than 40 times! This overture played in so masterly a manner by the Germanians excited such enthusiasm, that they were obliged to perform it at every concert: and always with a *de capo*.

The Germanians passed the summer months in Newport; and during the winter season of 1849-50, as also 1850-51, they remained in Baltimore. To the beautiful maids of Baltimore, particularly, the Germanians ascribe the first genuine appreciation of their efforts. The kind recollections which the members of the orchestra have met, they cherish as the most delightful memories of their life.

The Germanians traveled twice through Canada: in the spring of 1850, and at the same season in 1852. In the year 1851 they travelled with Jenny Lind, in whose concerts they formed the orchestra. During the spring of 1853-54 they journeyed through the West: in Boston and the neighboring cities during the three winter seasons 1851-52, 1852-53 and 1853-54, the Germanians gave an immense number of concerts, in which almost all the great instrumental compositions of the greatest composers were performed.

The Germanians have given in the U.S. over 700 concerts, and over 100 musical matinees and soirées: in the latter, quartets, trios, etc., being performed. They have also, in combination with choral societies, produced numerous oratorios. Reckoning all the concerts in which the Germanians have performed during six years in this country, the number will exceed 100.

Our space does not permit us to give anything more than this superficial glance at the extraordinary activity of the Germanians Society during their six years in this country. A comprehensive history of the Society here would occupy our entire room for half a year. We close this paper with the hope of furnishing the readers of the *Musical World* from time to time, interesting sketches of the fortunes of this admirable musical brotherhood—the Germanians.

### FRANZ LISZT,

AND THE PRODIGIOUS SCHOOL OF MUSIC.

(FROM FRANKLIN'S MAGAZINE.)

Liszt has, for a long time, occupied the attention of the public. Arriving at Paris quite young, and in the full tide of the Restoration, his pretensions childhood was cradled in eulogy. The beautiful duchesses of the Faubourg St. Germain, wondering at the agility of his hands, and the infantine graces of his person, made him sit upon their knees, caressed his fair locks, and pressed upon his predestined brow just such devoted, perfumed kisses as they gave in the reign of the great king the time of *Feu-qui-qui* and *Madame Guyon*. They looked upon and humored him as a *bambino santo*, who there-fore would revive the glorious image of *Mozart*.

It was in the midst of such a charming world, in an atmosphere in which the perfumes of the boulevard mingled with the incense of the *Salon*; it was amid the murmur of pious sermons,

and bewitching prattle, and to the sound of the trumpet of romance, that Liszt was educated. It is easy to understand that the innocence of youth, which knows no apprehension, that that freshness of the soul and the heart, which, to thrive, needs mystery and retirement, could not but drop and fade in the blaze of salutes, and perfume-laden breath of an effeminate society. Accordingly, Liszt had hardly numbered fifteen years, ere the effect was seen. His composed his countenance—he gave his mind to the cut of his hair and the carriage of his body—he complacently offered to connoisseurs his profile, which it was the fashion to call *Florentine*, and women of ton clustered in berries under his beaming eyes, to receive, from those inspired glances, the prophetic spark.

The period was propitious to this sort of acting. It was the moment when the new school of letters raised the standard of revolt, and proclaimed that works of true beauty must find their only source in spontaneity. They ridiculed that poor eighteenth century which had been so fortunate as to think the patient study of the great works of the past always useful, and sometimes necessary, to the most highly endowed minds. Now, spontaneity is, in art, what individuality is in social organization,—a fundamental element which it is necessary to direct, without trammelling its development or extinguishing its glow. Alone, and deprived of the control of salutary laws, individuality, spontaneity, produce but anarchy. Liszt was not backward in embracing the creed of the innovators. He threw himself into the contest with all the fire of his character, and the faith of a neophyte, who found in the new creed the glorification both of his endowments and his faults. He was often seen in the splendid saloons of the Restoration after an improvisation which had inundated him with glorious sweat, to wade aside the agitated crowd, and fall into the arms of his friend Berlioz. Think not that this embrace had anything in common with the kiss of *Lamourette*. Now, when this clamorous insurrection is appeased, we can appreciate its results, and determine, with impartiality, the talent of its leaders.

Liszt is undeniably a great pianist. Nothing equals the strength of his wrists, the agility of his hands, the energy and fire of his execution. He is sovereign master of his key-board; he knows all its resources; he makes it speak, groan, cry, shriek under his iron fingers, which diffuse nervous energy as the voltaic pile diffuses electric force. No difficulty stays this incomparable virtuoso. Force, rapidity, neatness,—he possesses all the qualities which pertain to the command of the instrument, to patience of character, and to brilliance of imagination; and when he is seen to course over his piano-forte in the pride of a conqueror, and to pulverize it with his mighty hands, he seems one of those daring spirits who take their course on in spite of all dangers. Liszt dissolves, he stuns, he intoxicates, he crushes, he takes away your breath, he drags you into his whirlpool, he carries you off on his fiery steed as the King of Antier carried off the terrified child on his infernal charger. He starts, in a word he astonishes you; he never touches you. He lets loose a drings of notes; he keeps scale upon scale, difficulty upon difficulty—*O*—as upon *Prison*. He pounds like a bedlamite upon his pan-

ting piano-forte, which he presses with his knees and arms—and he cannot win from it one of those simple accents which open the fountain of your tears, and which escape from the lips of a little child. What a lesson!

Our century is imbued with this belief, which eminently characterizes it,—that nothing is impossible to the human will. I think that the century is in error. In the Arts, above all, nothing great is accomplished without sentiment; and sentiment is an endowment which God has implanted in our souls, and which is beyond the reach of our free will. And thus it is that Art, in its highest acceptation, becomes a religion.

Nobody surpasses Liszt in the gymnastics of the key-board. He knows all its tricks; he executes the greatest difficulties with an ease which is wonderful. As he aims, above all things, to astonish the ear, he seeks effects of rhythm and sonority—that is to say, the two grossest elements of musical language. Thus, that which he aims and strives to present is the tumult of material phenomena, the rude emotions, the spasmodic outbursts of an eccentric imagination, the noise and clamor of violent passions; but he is waiting in charm and sensibility. The fire of his noisy execution is a consuming fire, which mounts to your brain, and intoxicates you with the drunkenness of adulterated wine. He knows how to portray everything except the sweet and serene aspirations of the soul; he speaks all languages, except that of love. His reckless improvisation, in which the thread of his ideas escapes him as often as common sense; his forced modulations, which are generally but harsh and violent transitions; his impetuous rhythm; his harmony, equally pretensions and incorrect; his theatric pantomimes—all this forms a drama which excites you like a race or a ball-fight. Liszt irritates the nerves; he does not know how to make you weep. He plays the piano, instead of making it sing; he attacks the senses, instead of touching the heart; he materializes the most sublime of all the arts, and produces a physical when he should produce a moral effect. In that he is worthy of his school.

Liszt, who is a man of intelligence, has perfectly comprehended that Art, as he conceives Art, has need of all the advantage of stage effect; and thus he neglects nothing which will strike the eye and excite the imagination. See him make his entrance at a public concert. To begin, he tosses his gloves to an attendant, then sits down with a demonstration; he casts his imperious eyes over his numerous audience, fixing them in turn upon each of his devotees whom he holds spell-bound under his burning glance as a vulture does with doves; at last he places his hands upon the key-board, and even while rolling his thunder and launching his lightning, he is cool enough to see and understand exactly all the effect he is making. Oh! it is not thus that we learn from nature. The artist who is truly moved, who weeps and sobs in his very heart, listens but to his own sorrow, and his individuality is swallowed up in the infinitude of his ideal and his love. When Liszt is not playing he talks, he gratulates, he boasts time, he stamps, he occupies the eye in one way or another. He is a skilful wonder-worker. Liszt, who thinks of everything, has thought that posterity will be charmed to possess not only the

lines of his Dauteque countenance, but also the forms of his wondrous hands; he has had them modelled especially. Beyond this there is nothing, except it be in the conduct of the women who buy the casts.

Little need he said of his compositions. His music is almost impossible to all but himself. They are improvisations without sequence and without ideas, equally pretensions and eccentric, and the merit of which is in the magic of his execution. How far we are from the new Mozart who was looked for!

The life of Liszt is altogether an exterior life, like that of an improvisator or a comedian. He must always have a new public to gaze at him, exult and intoxicate him with its noisy acclamations; he neither breathes nor looks at his ease, but in the midst of a crowd. Cicero has somewhere said that "The lonely man is seldom eloquent." The talent of Liszt does not exist but in a numerous assembly. Bentham wrote a curious fable upon the strategy of parliamentary assemblies; Liszt could write one equally interesting in another way, upon the art of acquiring, preserving celebrity in the nineteenth century. At a pinch Monsieur Berlioz could add some valuable and learned notes.\*

When Liszt perceived that his displays began to fatigue the Parisian public, and that the promised reaction of good taste threatened to entomb him alive under the dramas and the symphonies of his coreligionaries, he took his course like a prudent man. He armed himself with his great sword and went over mountains and through valleys to conquer, like Alexander, a foreigner; in fine, to amuse and divert the frivolous. He did not forget to send an army of historiographers whose duty was to recount his glory; and in this respect he appeared much more skilful than Mons. Berlioz. We will not follow M. Liszt through conquered kingdoms and excited people: we will not allow ourselves to recount his triumphs, to register the number of crowns, decorations, and buff boxes which were heaped upon him, nor to describe the spontaneous orations which were carefully arranged for him by his courtiers and correspondents. We will only say, that at Berlin the enthusiasm of which he was the object, mounted to a pyrexia, and that the young students rushed in a crowd to meet him, unharmed by his horses, and drew him to his hotel. O'Connell met no such reception from grateful Irishmen. But in the midst of all these triumphs, it was Paris that occupied the attention of Liszt. His agents and the devotees whom he had permitted to circulate the bulletins of his victories, informed him in turn of the effect which they had produced upon the public. When they thought they saw the opportune moment they wrote him "come," and he appeared among us, after years of absence, unwearied with his success and his great talent. The plan succeeded; Liszt resumed the course of his travels and his triumphal progress, astonishing some by his marvellous execution, and others by his splendid charity. It could not have been more skilfully done.

Tender and delicate spirits, noble souls, true artists, you to whom Music is not an empty sound, a riot of sounds which astonishes and in-

toxicates the senses, but a sublime language by which we express the joys, the griefs, the aspirations of our souls, which have no utterance in common words, leave to Liszt his skilful tricks, and listen to Chopin if you can. Liszt is but a pianist; Chopin is a poet.\*

The great events which we have witnessed during fifty years, the gigantic struggle which we have had to sustain with the interests of the past and allied Europe, have too much developed the individuality and the aggressive parts of our nature, and excited our intellectual forces at the expense of the affections of the soul. Hence the fits which torment us, the bombast and the feverish agitation which are imprinted upon the works of this day. Our mission, children of the second half of the nineteenth century, is to fill up these gaps and re-establish the equilibrium in the economy of life, by systematising the liberty won by our fathers, by eliminating the unity of God, from the scientific phenomena which obscure his image, and by tempering the temerity of the intellect by the divine inspirations of sentiment.

\* Francis Chopin, born at Zelazowa, near Warsaw, in 1810, died at Paris on the 17th of Oct. 1849. A victim of the first rack and an exquisite composer, Chopin belonged to the school of Gt. and profound musicians, of which W. B. and Schubert were the founders. His various compositions for the piano are the only really original ones which have appeared in Paris for thirty years.—Note by the editor.

For the Musical world.

## Noctes Cantorum.

RIGHT RECORD

My unassuming friend, Calisto C., an artist of rare merit, who has a sweet voice and is quite a cantor in his play, delights in hearing short, joyous melodies on the piano while he is painting an interesting head. Doubtless such a stimulus, more of a grave and complicated character distracts rather than calms him. Much however, it seems to me, depends upon the character of the head. To paint a dark eye, morose, bilious-looking subject, would require, for characteristic musical accompaniment, passages of diminished sixths on a "cello, or phrases of the minor triads with horns. While, catching the expression and transferring to the canvas the dewy freshness of sweet sixteen, two flutes playing in consecutive thirds, or imitating each other in sargello on the major common chords would not be amiss. Penning a d-d-g-t, hysterical woman, with passion-strained eyes and cheeks of vermillion, evidently needs a series of those testering and mock sentimental violin passages with which your prattled virtuoso so well knows how to torment his hearers. Thus to enjoy those two sister arts, while at the same time cultivate them, though it be not entirely new, is at least but seldom practised. If the painter can be incited to an end-coated effort in his noble art by hearing music suited to the particular work he has in hand, doubtless the mind of a musician, by a different but equally powerful influence, may be exercised to a corresponding degree. To look upon a beautiful landscape while playing or composing, would suggest to any musical mind, unless unusually barren or perverted, endless ideas, wherein short and simple melodies would succeed each other with a spontaneity as sweet as it would be strange. Representations of such scenes opoc canvas would, though in no inferior degree, appeal to the same associations. At this point, it may be observed that the painter can lend

"A local habitation and a name" to scenes which scarcely or but vaguely exist in the mind of his more mercerially-tempered and acquiescent brother. The coast, array, "the pomp and circumstance of war," the lovers meeting, the lovers parting, the dying hour, the raging tempest, the wreck at sea, the unparadised original, the re-

proved one, and unnumbered other subjects not always, or at will, to be brought in reality before the musician's eye, can be transfused and made perpetually to appear upon the fragile canvas, and in this way constantly to afford the images which he so often needs. But this is a prolific subject, involving a consideration of the drama, which I will not now stop to think of.

One evening lately, looking out upon the everlasting hills which here in old Connecticut seem imprugable against miasms and disease, my friend, the cantor artist above named, and I walked out to enjoy the grateful air, and natural and pleasant it was to speak of those things uppermost in our minds. "Out of the abundance of the heart, the mouth must speak." Pleading by grounds but recently appropriated to burial purposes, and photoregraphically situated on the margin of a quiet stream, our thoughts turned to the past, and he remarked that "A good and true sentiment now pervaded the American mind, in relation to the disposal of the dead. Formerly a barren and woefully light, fit only for the growth of bears, was selected as the last resting-place of the bodies of our friends, while yellow weeds and paving stones vied with each other to make the place look hideous."

"Yes," I replied, "it is true that in country villages and towns there is evidence of improvement in this respect; but in cities, such is the value of 'real estate,' that they not only speculate in burial lots situated in shady grove five miles distant, but the very dust of petrieal fires must be shovelled out to make room for the marts of cotton and places where the stard, carcase travel.

"Cities!" exclaimed the artist, "how heartless and intensely artificial do they become! I left New York five years ago, when the cholera appeared there for the third time, and truly I have to thank my Maker that I was led to do so. With my wife and three little ones I have since lived in a quiet New England town, having my patch of ground, plenty of chickens, and fresh sweet milk as unlike the 'pollen' of your city children, as light is different from darkness. Speaking of the decoration of burial grounds reminds me that in churches also, a heathenish spirit of money-making takes possession of the holders of 'real estate' in cities. I am no Roman Catholic, and I claim to be as exempt from superstition as most men;—but, the place where God is worshipped I hold to be a sacred place,—a place which has been forever consecrated to his service, and it should therefore be maintained as such. But what is the fact! In Christian churches in New York are changed by the idolatrous spirit of mammon, into post-offices, hippodromes and literary stables! The place where I have often heard the fervent prayer, the inspiring hymn and the heart-felt exhortation, is now the rendezvous of hostlers and horse-jockeys, and the abode of uncleanliness."

"Sad indeed," said I, "but true. The Roman Catholic would, in most cases, be willing to pay a fine price for most of these churches, and in some instances they have done so. In view of the increase of population below Bleecker street, in the city of New York, those churches which are already built and additional ones, are needed for the poor; and if Protestantism cannot see and recognize this want, it is well that one Christian denomination is willing to make some provision for them."

"How refreshing!" exclaimed the enthusiastic artist, "to turn from such scenes and considerations to the glorious country, where at least the graveyards are not dug up and destroyed, and where the coat white cloth stands from year to year, untouched by the meretricious hand of trade, and untrodden by the feet of strangers. I confess that I often reach to the opposite extreme, and even dwell with delight upon those portions of the history of the Christian Church when its devotees worshipped in the open air, and in caves and secret places afar from the bustling crowd, and free from fashion's too absorbing influence."

"A rare and great happiness it was," I replied, "to have lived at such a time. The extremes of

\* This was written before the dazzling career of Mons. Zola, and the omission of his name must not be regarded as a slight.—T. W. editor.



hope and fear in such experiences more thoroughly develop man's faith in God and his devotion to a principle. And then the accessories were of a character to please the artist. Picture to yourself a valley, hemmed in by hills on nearly every side, a grove near by for shade in summer's noon; and, now with one eye watching the scenery, the other on the man of God, yonder stern and intrepid company of Roundheads meet for worship in the North of "Merrie England." No man temple there! And so the singers thought,—for all the goodly company lifted up their voices as one man in the hymn of praise. Verily, echo must have well nigh perished with excess of joy at hearing such congregational singing. This, truly, was obeying the Psalmist's injunction, "let the people praise thee, O God; let the people praise thee." Valley and hill resounded with the strains, and Echo returned joy for joy. In sober earnestness, "let everything that hath breath praise the Lord."

"I have seen," said C., "an approach to something of the kind. No one can look back upon the rise of methodism in the last century, and its extraordinary growth since that time, without becoming convinced of the powerful influence on the common mind, of frequent large social and religious gatherings, in-doors and out-of-doors. One great secret of the Methodist's success consists in their sagacious employment of the potent influence of music. They never allow their religious services to flag. Does any old fogey among them find that his exhortation falls to arouse his hearers? On a sudden a hymn is started which breathes new life into sleepy souls. Does some prayerful old lady spin out her petition to an unwanted and tiresome length? By some mysterious telegraphing, the quickly stops, and the audience is cheered with one of those tunes which John Wesley thought "the Devil should not have." Give me, after all, a good, old-fashioned Methodist meeting for tears of joy and sorrow. Their Camp meetings have not always been attended with the happiest effects, but even in them, I am inclined to believe the good outweighs the bad."

"Speaking of camp meetings," said I, "reminds me of the only one I ever attended." It took place about ten years since in the town of Fairfax, Vermont. About a dozen of us, gay fellows, started for the camp ground late one Saturday afternoon in the early part of September. It was the last day of the meeting, and we arrived among them about nine o'clock in the evening. Some of the company had dispersed, but the neighbouring ones, regardless of dew and dirt, remained. The place was in a grove of oaks and maples, with a few fragrant pines on the outskirts. At distances of about forty feet, were fires for warmth and light, and an occasional torch bearer furnished a blinding place knot with all the mysterious importance of a gipsy chief. The effect was novel and wild in the extreme. Three exhorters held forth at regular intervals from a small wooden scaffold, looking out of a glass window about four feet square. The largest man of the three, with a head of unusual size, abnormal proportions in keeping, and a small piercing black eye, gave out at the end of his agonising exhortation, the well-known Methodist hymn.

"My days, my weeks, my months, my years fly rapid as the rolling spheres." It was in the Paddy Carry style. Almost simultaneously, the tired company joined in, and a genuine relief was visible in every eye. At the conclusion of this hymn, a tall, pale, young man arose, and addressed the company in a style of earnest but subdued eloquence. He was a man of education and refinement, and beyond question the most talented of the three; but he was not exactly the man for that particular emergency. The hour was getting very late; the company were half of them asleep; some irreverent young men in the distance were talking too loud and committing other improprieties; and at last the fat dominie, with the sheep flock eye, mounted the rostrum once more, and exclaimed in terrific tones:

"Awake, my friends, awake! I call upon you for the last time. Awake! Awake!—And you especially, there behind those tall bushes, come out, I say, and show yourselves like men. Let those shawls alone, and gather yourselves up over to fight the fight of faith. Awake! O ye that sleep! Ere yet the last trumpet sounds that will call you to despair, come out of the meshes of Satan, and declare for God. Repent and be baptised, ere yet the morrow's sun may shine. For myself I can truly say, I am ready to depart; and would as soon go up to heaven from Halifax as any other place,—FAIRFAX, I mean!"

"AMEN" shouted the now awakened and frenzied company and soon each weary disciple turned his steps toward home."

"Where we are now," said C.

C.

## Foreign Author's Copyright.

To the editor of the London Musical World.

SIR.—The long-fought question, whether a foreign author is entitled to a copyright in England is at last decided. The House of Lords has ordained that an alien who presents himself in England on the day of the publication will be protected; but if he forwards it by an agent to his publisher, he may be robbed of it. There can be no doubt that the law is thus construed for the purpose of forcing America to conclude an international treaty with this country. It may be for the advantage of our authors to compel the United States to take such a step in self-defence, but the injustice of the decision which deprives a large mass of persons of their property fairly acquired, under the sanction of the legislature, is so great that it deserves the fullest exposure.

The United States Government, however liberal we may think it to our authors, is at all events equitable. The law in America is clearly defined. If an individual resides in the States for three years, he is entitled to hold property over there. How totally different has been the administration of justice in this country! For twenty years it has been disputed whether a foreigner can hold a copyright here. The question has been before all the judges, and the decision in every court but one has been in favor of the foreigner's claim. Publishers of American books, and European music have invested large sums in the purchase of copyrights, in consequence of the encouragement received from the exponents of the law, and now, after two or three generations of judges have sifted the point, and enormous sums have been spent trying the question, the House of Lords by an *ex capiendo* opinion destroys the property created by the decisions of the judges of the land, and only for the purpose of serving the Americans and hastening the conclusion of a treaty which is in negotiation. Whichever reading of the law may be correct it is impossible to determine, and whichever policy it may be the fairer to pursue I do not pretend to discuss. But I do maintain that this mode of twisting the meaning of vague old Acts of Parliament for different purposes at different times, to the injury of individuals, is degrading to the country. The Act of Parliament lately under discussion was passed in the reign of Queen Anne. If this Act was not intended to include foreigners in its operation, why was it not stated in the case of D'Almeida and Boosey, twenty years ago, when the very point in question was argued. Boosey lost his case then because the Judge decided that a foreigner was entitled to

a copyright if he sent his composition over here to be published first; and now Boosey lost his case again (and his property into the bargain) because the Lords have ruled that a foreigner cannot possess a copyright in a work unless he brings it to London himself! Unfortunate! Why did he confide in the Judges, and buy operas, and defend them in actions on the strength of ten or twelve of the highest judicial opinions? The decision of the House of Lords may possibly be again reversed some day, and I should, therefore, recommend music publishers not to purchase even a polka, for the future, unless they can obtain a special Act of Parliament for investing the copyright in their families. Yours obediently,

A PROFESSOR OF MUSIC.

SIR.—The decision of the House of Lords in this case seems so opposed to the natural principles of equity, if I may use such an expression, and is likely to prove so mischievous in its results, that I crave a few moments of your time to state some of the reflections it has awakened in me.

It seems to me that music must be considered a sort of universal language, spoken and understood in all countries, but only comparatively by a few in each. Consequently, a composer does not address himself to his own countrymen alone, but to all who understand and practise the musical art.

New if the principle is to hold good that a musical author has no interest in the works of his own brain beyond the frontiers of his own country, Lombardy, Sicily, Parma, or wherever it may be, it is in practise very much like declaring that no English author of literary works should be able to derive anything from the copyright of them out of the country where he lives, and that Mr. Dickens, living in London, would have no remedy in the case of a reprint of his works at Manchester or Glasgow without his knowledge, consent, or having any interest therein.

The distinction between "alien foreigners" and English composers may be according to law, but it must be remembered in fact, that, although this country is the great seat of musical taste, and the place where music is most widely spread and pursued, musical compositions have for the most part come from abroad, and that the very foundation of music lies in the productions of Mozart, Beethoven, and a long list of "alien foreigners." Mendelssohn composed and wrote principally with a view to publication in England; English encouragement was the stimulus which led to the composition of his greatest works, these which have exercised the greatest influence in elevating the musical taste in this country; and the full carrying out of the doctrine of the House of Lords would drive foreign composers to gain their livelihood by teaching the piano at Cassel or Darmstadt, and deprive them of the very small return they, at this time, get for the delight and instruction they confer on the English public.

I do not mean to question the decision of the House of Lords as to the law of the case; but I do mean to say that the law is inconsistent with our present enlightened system of legislation; and I trust that some means will be taken to remedy this state of things; and thus out of the evil of the present decision will be worked a permanent good.

Begging your pardon for the length of these remarks, I remain, sir, your obedient servant.

AN ENGLISH MUSICIAN.

London, August 4th, 1854.

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## The Guitar.

WITH the great and increased attention now given to the study of music, the present almost unparalleled demand for this beautiful and graceful instrument should not be a matter of surprise.

A few years ago, it was quite a novelty to hear a lady or gentleman play the Guitar; but the popularity of the instrument has so greatly increased, that there is now scarcely a family of any musical pretension but at least one of its members numbers among its accomplished, that of playing the Guitar. One great cause of the present popularity of the instrument is the introduction of an article that will stand the severe test of our climate.

The instruments of French, German and Spanish make will in a very short time crack all to pieces in our climate, and they are a constant source of annoyance and expense to the owners; whereas, those made by Wm. HALL & SON, of this city, are not only warranted to stand the climate, but they are better and fuller toned than any other. The scale is mathematically correct, and there is less liability of breaking the strings than on any other instrument. The finger-board and frets are so constructed that the ends of the fingers cannot be injured in playing, and the learner will find this difficulty, so much complained of in other guitars, very easily, if not entirely obviated in those made by Wm. Hall & Son.

The frets are secured in a groove so that they cannot come out, and they are so shaped that the most perfect glide can be made without the least injury or inconvenience to the finger. We give a full description of our Guitars and Prices:

No. 1. Mologny Guitar, with patent head, in case, with extra set of strings.....	\$15
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No. 6. do do do elegantly inlaid and furnished in superior style.....	50

Any person enclosing either of the above sums of money to our address, will receive a Guitar of corresponding value, with a case, and extra set of strings. They will be carefully packed and sent to any distance. They are always warranted. Our Patent Heads are made expressly and only for our Guitars. They are better made, of less weight, and are less liable to get out of order than any other Guitar Patent Head.

## Our New Patent Peg-Head

For Guitars is one of the best improvements yet made. It is very simple, can scarcely get out of order; it does not add to the expense, and the Guitar can be tuned more rapidly, and with equal precision, as with the ordinary patent head, and it requires no more power to turn the peg. This Head can be attached to any Guitar at an expense of Five Dollars.

## The New Patent Capo D'Astra

is a great improvement on the old plan; by using no necessity for taking it off the Guitar; but it can be affixed to any part of the neck, and detached instantly, when the person is playing.

Price, Fifty cents each.

## Guitar Strings.

The great complaint among Guitar players is the want of good Strings. To meet this demand, as far as the covered strings are concerned, we manufacture a very superior article out of the best American flax, which has a much stronger fiber than any other. We have also a new plan for manufacturing them, which, together with the excellence of the staple, gives them greater strength than any other string.

For the three extra strings, we have the very best Italian. On the receipt of seventy-five cents, either in postage-stamps or money, we will send to any part of the United States a set of our best Guitar Strings, postage paid.

Our Guitars may also be had of all the principal Music Dealers in the United States, at the above prices, adding only the expense of transportation.

WM. HALL & SON,  
239 Broadway, (opposite the Park)  
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## Flutes.

THE demand for this beautiful musical instrument is constantly increasing, and the sale for a really fine article is such that we have added largely to our facilities for manufacturing, and are engaged some of the most celebrated workmen in the world. The Flute is perhaps a nearer approach to the human voice than any other instrument ever invented, and for the drawing-room or social orchestra it is almost without a rival. The number of excellent and celebrated flute-players we have lately had amongst us, has contributed much to cultivate a taste for this instrument, and to Sade, Ebner, &c., and last to the time-honored and world-renowned DROUET, (the father of the flute). We are indebted for a new era in this country for this favorite instrument. The flute is heard to best advantage in connection with the pianoforte or other parlor instruments, and the great number of pieces now published for flute and piano show how popular prior music of this class has become. In the manufacture of our Flutes we have taken especial care, first, that the wood is well seasoned, (our Flutes are all finished in oil, and are not liable to crack, except by carelessness). Second, they are well tuned and even in tone.

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The prices of 6 keyed Flutes from \$9 to \$16.

Four keyed Flutes from \$3 to \$11.

One keyed Flute from 50 cents to \$4.

The following letter was entirely voluntary on the part of Drouet, and coming from a gentleman so high standing both as an artist and gentleman, it is perhaps one of the highest compliments ever paid to a manufacturer:

"GENTLEMEN: It affords me much pleasure to give you this testimonial of the superiority of your flutes. Since my arrival in America I have seen a number of them, and played upon one of them at the opening of the Crystal Palace. During fifty years' experience I have never toned instruments more perfect in tone, tone and finish, and I feel it due to you before leaving the United States to express the pleasure it has given me to receive the flute brought to me of perfect perfection here. Recollect my best wishes for the proper appreciation of these excellent instruments by the public, and believe me very truly yours,  
L. DROUET.  
Messrs. Wm. Hall & Son, 239 Broadway, N. Y."

The following pieces of choice melodies for Flute and Piano, composed by Drouet, are just published by us:

1. Fra Poco a me. Lucia.....	Donizetti, 38
2. Ah! no credea. Sonambula.....	Belini, 38
3. Sonnen- de-Weber. Dr. Freyschütz. Weber, 38	
4. Quando il Destino. Fille du Regiment.....	Donizetti, 38
5. O Sammo Carlo. Ernani.....	Verdi, 38
6. Prière et Romance. Maritana.....	Wallace, 38
7. Cion e Ceut il Note. Dos Pasquale.....	Donizetti, 38
8. Motif de l'Opéra. Partiani.....	Belini, 38
9. Balai à New York. Composed for this series.....	L. Drouet, 25
10. Dan Pensiero. Sonambula.....	Bellini, 38
11. Che mai Veggio. Ernani.....	Verdi, 38
12. Deh con te. Norma.....	Belini, 38

The second series of Drouet's Choice Melodies, bring twelve additional numbers, are now in press, and will be shortly issued.

Any of the above Instruments or Music will be sent by mail or express on receipt of the marked price. All instruments warranted. The Flutes are sold by all the principal and first-class music stores throughout the U. S. WM. HALL & SON,  
239 Broadway, (opposite the Park), N. Y.

## Melodeons: Harmoniums

Prince & Co.'s

## Celebrated Melodeons.

THESE beautiful instruments have already so widespread popularity and have given such universal satisfaction for seven years, that the public are fully aware of their great merits. Testimonials from nearly all the first musical gentlemen in the country have been given in favor of these Melodeons, and the First Premium at the Crystal Palace was awarded them. They have never been surpassed, if equaled, by another make in fullness, richness and evenness of tone, promptness of touch, durability and style of finish. Numbers of these instruments have been in use for years and have never required the least repairing.

Persons buying or ordering from us one of Prince & Co.'s Melodeons may depend on getting a perfect instrument, one of the best selected, and calculated to give the highest amount of satisfaction.

## PRICES.

4 octaves, Scroll Legs, of the latest and most approved style and pattern.....	\$ 45
4½ octaves, do do.....	65
5 do do do.....	75
5 do do do.....	100
5 do do do.....	150

For private worship, small churches and lecture rooms, these instruments are particularly adapted. Orders by mail will receive prompt attention.

## Harmoniums for Churches

This instrument is made expressly for the subscribers, and is designed for the use of Churches, Lecture Rooms, &c. As a substitute for the Church Organ it is the best instrument extant. Those of Eight Stops or Registers, have equal power, variety and expression as an organ worth \$700, and those of Twelve Registers are fully equal to an organ costing from \$1,000 to \$1,500.

## PRICES.

Harmoniums with 8 Registers.....	\$200.
Harmoniums with 12 Registers.....	275.

We copy the following testimonial from the N. Y. Observer: "The Harmonium is a new instrument introduced into the country by Messrs. Hall & Son, 239 Broadway. It is intended expressly for the use of Churches, Lecture Rooms, Lodge Rooms, &c., and is, in fact, a perfect substitute for our ordinary sized church or parlor organ. They come of different sizes, with from six to twelve stops or registers, which gives a great combination and variety of tone. The soft stops, flute, &c., are beautifully smooth and voice-like. The diapasons are round, rich and full, and it seems almost incredible that such a great variety and immense volume of tone could be got from so small an instrument. In appearance they resemble the piano, or bondola piano, though they are wider and not quite so high. One great recommendation for them is that they are not liable to get out of order, being very simple in their construction. To small congregations, either in the city or country, and as a substitute for the parlor organ, we can recommend this excellent instrument."

In Europe these instruments have had a widespread reputation and are extensively used in chapel service, &c. The extremely low price, when compared with the cost of an organ, being equal variety and power, will enable small congregations to supply themselves with an instrument answering all their requirements at a comparatively trifling cost.

Very many have been sold for the use of small churches throughout the country, and they have all given the highest satisfaction.

The Harmonium is very simple in its construction, is not liable to get out of order, and is easily repaired.

WM. HALL & SON,  
239 Broadway, (opposite the Park),  
New York.

# Musical World

"Music is the Art of the Prophets; it is the only Art which can calm the agitation of the Soul, and put the Devil to flight."—*Martin Luther.*

"I ever held this sentence of the Poet as a canon of my creed: that whom God loveth not, they love not Musick."—*T. Morley, 1590.*

RICHARD STORRS WILLIS, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

Volume X.]

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, SEPT. 9, 1854.

[Number 180.]

## CONTENTS OF THIS NUMBER.

Music: 1. "Comin thro' the Rye" arranged as a duet for first and second soprano. 5d. A page for young players. The American debut of Grial and Mario, will be found chronicled. Also the commencement of a biography of Grial. We hardly need call attention to the very jaunty little poem called the "Stray Glove" published below. We have one or two more pieces from this clever rhymist, whom we welcome to our columns. "Rather a fish story" will be found a droll sketch. The "World of Music" is also portrayed at large in the Musical World.

For the Musical World.

### THE STRAY GLOVE.

O, well may one tremble with raptures  
Sufficient to last thro' a r-r-am,  
When, favored by Fortune, he captures  
A delicate, lady-like theme.  
A theme, like this soon-parting truant,  
Exquisitely shaded and small,  
And whispering a language most sweet  
Of pressures, rings, perfumes still all.

Long after the guests had departed,  
Alone and most languid I strayed  
Where yon, th' accomplished, light-hearted,  
Your sceptre of sweetness had essayed.  
And there, from the ottoman peeping  
I saw this soft, innocent kid;  
Which for a perpetual keeping,  
I naughtily thought to have hid.

But morn'ing bro't with it reflection,  
And reflection, repentance, you see;  
I thought that tho' strong my affection  
For this speaking token of thee,  
The other poor glove would feel sadly  
And sigh for its sister eyed mate,  
Which I by retaining, so badly  
Had banished from ball, rout and fete.

So Goo. I've returned it, tho' fearful  
The trial 'twixt duty, and that  
Which whispered, so drowsily fearful,  
Of things which in daylight seem flat.  
Which whispered that when I was telling  
Your kid would point upward to fame;  
When care round my spirit was coiling,  
'Twould give the dark serpent to flame.

But how could my eyes, you may ask me,  
Perform and exclaim like all that?  
Alas, dearest cousin, you't ask me  
Beyond the brief use of my hat:  
'Twould be an unnatural motion

For gloves that was large or too small,  
Imprudent, to cherish the motion  
Of pointing or speaking at all.

But, ah! there's a music that lingers  
Where once was crunched or coiled;  
A language by man's cunning fingers  
Unlearned, untaught and unwrote,—  
A charm in the glow of a fair one,  
As sure as the fragrance of thyme,  
Tho' well you may know, she dost care see  
Stray ag for yourself or your rhyme.

CHAS. K. CLARK.

For the Musical world.

## THERE IS A WORD WHICH OTHERS SPEAK.

FOR MUSIC.

There is a word which others speak,  
As though it were a common word,  
It brings no pangs to the cheek,  
Nor are the depths of feeling stirred;  
But when I must pronounce that sound,  
Emotions wildly in me swell,  
For oh, my heart receives a wound,  
Whene'er my lips have said farewell!

That sacred name on trifling lips  
May have an utterance every hour,  
As from their tongues it lightly trips,  
Their hearts unconscious of its power;  
But o'er my soul it holds a sway;  
That seals my lips as with a spell;  
When called to part and part for aye,  
'Tis only then I say—farewell!

In fashion's gay and heartless throng,  
And where the busy crowds repair,  
That word is often on the tongue,  
As though 'twere meant for utterance there;  
But when my lips must breathe that tone,  
Ere from my tongue its accents fall  
I'd seek some place, and then alone  
To those I love, would say—farewell!

EDMUND DRAKE.

## THE BROTHERS MOLLENHAUER.

These admirable brother-artists have issued their circular of the Conservatory of music they are about to establish, and which was announced some weeks since in the Musical World. The course of instruction includes 1. Singing, 2. Violin, 3. Piano-forte, 4. Violoncello, 5. Theory of music.

We perceive that the Mollenhausers have associated with them a lady of very unusual accomplishment as a pianiste, Madame Cecile Ponschiller, lately arrived in this country.

Besides the usual course of instruction, the pupils are to give, every fortnight or so, a public entertainment, at which they will execute compositions suited to their abilities. Public weekly soirees will also be given by the professors. The first soiree of the kind will come off on the 10th of October, at Dodworth's Academy, 806 Broadway. At the end of the term a prize concert will be given, to test the proficiency of the pupils.

The tuition per quarter, including public class-lessons, exercises and lectures, and all private lessons given at the conservatory, is \$35 a quarter, payable in advance. Further particulars can be ascertained by addressing the professors, 141 Ninth street, N. Y.

We think this a feasible and admirable design, and, combining the novelty of public performance, by professors and pupils, as very likely to succeed.

## AN UNEXPECTED EFFECT.

"When I was studying the character of Fidelio (Best-horse) at Vienna," said Mad. Schroeder Devrient, "I could not attain that which appeared to me to be the desired and natural expression at the moment when Leonora, throwing herself before her husband, holds out a pistol to the Governor, with the words, 'kill first his wife.' I

studied and studied in vain, though I did all I could to place myself mentally in the situation of Leonora. I had pictured to myself the situation, but I felt that it was incomplete without knowing why or where. The nearer the moment approached, the greater was my alarm. When it did arrive, and as I ought to have sung the ominous words and pointed the pistol at the Governor, I fell into such utter tremor at the thought of not being perfect in my character, that my whole frame trembled and I thought I should have fallen. Now, only fancy how I felt when the whole house broke forth into enthusiastic shouts of applause, and what I thought when, after the curtain fell, I was told that this moment was the most effective and powerful of my whole representation. So that which I could not attain with every effort of mind and imagination, was produced at this decisive moment by my unaffected terror and anxiety. This result, and the effect it had upon the public, taught me how to seize and comprehend the incident, and so, that which at the first representation I had hit upon unconsciously, I adopted in full consciousness ever afterwards in this part."

## SHEET MUSIC CRITICALLY ASSORTED.

The following new publications may be relied upon by our readers and by country dealers as well worthy of purchase.

OLIVER DITSON.

"La Souvenir d'un deux beaux yeux," (Remembrance of two fine eyes) A graceful Styrian melody nicely varied. 50 cents.

"Twenty-four Preludes in all the keys," by Stephen Heller. Good preludes for pianists.—difficult. In two books, \$1 each.

"Classic School for the Piano-forte," consisting of easy melodies from Beethoven, Haydn and Mozart. No. 2, \$1.25.

"The Three Sisters." Six easy romances for three young performers at one piano. No. 5. Air Suisse. 27 cents.

"Florida Valse Elegante," by C. Marcellino. Easy. 25 cents.

WM. HALL & SON.

"Musical Recreations for two pianos and eight hands." No. 4, Brilliant Polka Rondo, by J. A. Fowler. \$1. This piece is intended especially for the convenience of schools.

"Old Joey." Ethiopian air with chorus, by Wursel. 25 cents. A singable, pretty air, with a frontispiece, which young America would probably call a "stunner" being a portrait of old Joey himself.

"Enraptured des jeunes pianistes." No. 10, Mary Blane, easily varied by Wm. Dwyer. 25 cents.

"Veteran polka," by Carl Robert. 25 cents.

"Souvenir du Ireland." A march for the guitar, by Charles C. Converse, introducing Katy Darling.

"Sentiments of youth," musical sketch for piano, by John Pychowski. 50 cents.

BERRY & GORDON.

"Sounds of Love." Six melodies, varied in the Nordic modern style, by Thos. Oesten. No. 1, "Love to May." No. 2, "Serenade." No. 3, "Mistral Song." Each 35 cents.

"Old Dreams." No. 1, "The Organ man," consisting of melodies for small hands, by Thos. Oesten. The work is first cousin to Jullien's Prima Donna Waltz. Jullien evidently stole from the "Organ man." Embellished with vignettes of the "Organ men," together with various other



cheerful representations. No. 5, "The Butterfly Hunter." Each 25 cents.

### FIRTH, POND & CO.

"El Conque." The Conque. A celebrated Havana Contrabasso, arranged for the piano-forte by Geo. W. Warren.

"Oh summer moon." Serenade from Meyerbeer's new opera *L'Esclavage*, arranged as a song by W. H. Colcott. 25 cents.

### ITEMS.

F. T. C. Cincinnati.—All right as to the subscription. The early remittances were very pleasant: we glad to hear from you.

Wm B. Cincinnati.—We shall be happy to receive the communications referred to.

C. H. N.—Your subscription is till Dec 31, 1854.

W. B. K.—We have forwarded a copy of *Clare*. The notes given are a kind of *etiquette* group. There is no one word expressing it. The secret is on the first and fourth.

Geo. R. A., Smithfield, Isle of Wight County, Virginia.—We have forwarded you one of Robertson's Keyed String Boards for the violin, as requested.

W. F. F., Covington, La.—We think that the piano-forte is an instrument which best repays any labor spent upon it. We would recommend you to commence with "First Steps to the Piano-forte," published by F. J. Huntington, N. Y. York; price, 75 cents; and then secure yourself some other easy piano-forte work. We will send you some books on your order.

F. L. J. N. Y.—Decorations of Music are not conferred in American colleges, but they are in English and German.

J. M. H., Manchester, N. H.—The Metronome is convenient to a piano-forte player: particularly in playing elastic music. Your subscription is now dated two years in advance.

H. P. L., Charleston, S. C.—It costs to import Albrechtberger \$16. Character, about \$30. Both can be obtained. The second volume of Marx is just published.

### THE WORLD OF MUSIC.

CONDENSED NEWS OF A WEEK.

**LONDON, August 17, 1854.**—On Saturday *Odin* was performed with the same cast as before, followed by *L'Esclavage*. The attendance was not numerous; but the opera went off with spirit, and was on the whole finely played. Every subsequent opera of Rossini's produced at the Royal Italian Opera, proves that the Swan of Pesaro notwithstanding that the *répertoire* contains already fourteen of his works, has been unduly neglected. The two comic operas, brought out this year for the first time at Covent Garden—*Matilde di Shabran* and *Il Conte Ory*—are such admirable specimens of Rossini's style, and such *chef d'œuvre* of music writing, that the subscribers, if they know anything of good music, and the public, if they are not spoiled by the modern school will render it imperative on the management to bring out more opera of the *gran maestro*. Every work of Rossini we shall believe is worth a hearing, until we hear one that is not. The first performance of *Il Conte Ory* took place on Tuesday evening at the Royal Italian Opera. This opera had been promised for three years, and was only given at the eleventh hour of the third. But, for the production of such a work at any time, more especially when created in so admirable a manner as *Il Conte Ory*, we are bound to offer our acknowledgments on the part of those who love music and art. The cast of *Il Conte Ory* might have been more attractive. It was nevertheless, really excellent, and must not be found fault with. The three ladies—Madames Boie, Moral, and Nantier Dillies—could hardly be exchanged for better. They all acquitted themselves to admiration; and Madame Boie sang with no less wonderful brilliancy, facility, and grace in the *Contralto*, than in *Matilda*. Signor Lombard is heard to great advantage in Rossini's *Soprano* music, and that of the Count requires much powers of execution, so much so that we wonder how M. Duprez, for whom the part was written, could have sung it. The *buff* part of the Preceptor was powerfully sustained by M. Zelger, who was the original when the opera was brought out by the French company at the St. James's Theatre; and Signor Tagliacozzi was excellent in that of the *baritone*, Ramandolo, and gave the splendid *aria buffa*, "Il qui derivate loco." In first-rate style, and with real comic gusto. For various reasons we have refrained from detailing the story or analyzing the music of *Il Conte Ory*. Enough at present to say that the plot is

feble, and that the music is ingenious, original, e lyrical; melodious, most charming and perfectly Rossinian throughout; and that, except *Il Barbiere*, it may be compared with any comic work of the author; and, indeed, in some respects, with any of his operas. The performance on Tuesday night gave universal satisfaction, and we have little doubt but that *Il Conte Ory*, next season, after a few performances, will become a favorite with the subscribers and *amateurs* of the Royal Italian Opera. On Thursday *La Prophète* was given, and to-night the season comes to an end with *Il Conte Ory*.

**THEATRE.—Meyerbeer's Prophète** was produced here in an English uniform for the first time on Monday night. The scenery was well painted—the first scene really beautiful—the dresses were showy, and the decorations splendid. Two hundred auxiliaries. If we may credit the programme, were called in to give effect to the grand procession of the coronation scene. There were several suits of steel armor, and the costume of Mr. Augustus Braham, who played John of Leyden, in the scene of the installation, would not have sat amiss on *Perseus*—whose dress, by the way, has been doing kindly epidemic—when he took his simple garb of poet, he appeared before Louis Hook in all his glory, as King of Cashmere. It was a pity that the *Custodian* did not make a distinction between Muntzer in Germany, and

"That delightful province of the sun."

The first of *Perseus* indeed he shines upon.

Nevertheless the audience were highly pleased with Mr. Augustus Braham's dress and applauded it warmly. The cast included Mr. Augustus Braham (*John of Leyden*); Messrs St. Albans, Borsani, and O. Somers (the three Anabaptists); Mr. H. Corri (*Count Obertha*); Miss Komer (*Péide*); and Miss Rebecca James (*Bertha*). No doubt the *Prophète* will have a long run at the Surrey Theatre, and repay the management for the expense entailed in its production.

**PARIS.**—The new arrangement relating to the Théâtre Lyrique is at present a *fact accompli*. The privilege granting the direction of that theatre to M. Perrin is signed and sealed. The following, concerning the manner in which the *Opéra-Comique* and Théâtre-Lyrique will in future be carried on, appeared in the *Moniteur des Théâtres*, from the pen of M. Achille Dural, who takes an opportunity to arraign the correctness of the *Musical World*: "Each of the two establishments will have a separate company and special *répertoire*. The Théâtre-Lyrique will not be the rival of its elder brother; on the contrary, every effort will be made to keep up a noble spirit of emulation between the two which cannot fail to be profitable to the art. Matters have been so arranged that the company of the Théâtre Lyrique cannot, in any case, be diverted from their special mission. With regard to Mad. Marie Cabel, who last year was the means of reviving the Théâtre-Lyrique with a special importance, the plan adopted by the Minister possesses the advantage of retaining for the stage of the Boulevard du Temple the lady who is its most brilliant personification. M. Emile Perrin has made all the sacrifices necessary to restore Mad. Marie Cabel to the scene of her first triumphs. In this piece, however, we must point out as incorrect certain eulogistic particulars relative to the engagement of Mad. Cabel, which were published by the *Musical World*, and quoted by us, without reserve." It is understood that the fact of M. Perrin's obtaining the management of the Théâtre-Lyrique will not interfere with the establishment of the *Paris Parak*, to which he is bound to devote all his energy and attention. As a proof of this, in a few days from the present moment an important revival—Hérold's *Frigor*—with Mlle. Caroline Duprez in the part of Marguerite—will take place at the *Opéra-Comique*. This work is worthy to follow that *Esclavage* du Nord. Among the new opera in perspective, I may mention one entitled *Mis Fauts*, the subject from the fable of *Le Sarcophage et le Financier*, the music by M. Victor Massé. The *Académie des Beaux Arts* has appointed M. Halévy perpetual secretary in the place of M. Roux Rochette. There is consequently a place vacant, for which M. Hector Berlioz is the most formidable competitor—M. Dancker Philidor, a near relation to Beethoven, has been appointed by the Minister of State, sub-inspector of theatres. The Comité de l'Association des Inventeurs et Artistes Industriels, which numbers among its members a great many pianoforte-makers and manufacturers of other musical instruments, held its general annual meeting at the Conservatoire Impérial des Arts et Métiers, Baron Taylor in the chair. The meeting was numerously attended. In the report of the useful labors of the institution, the following passages gave particular satisfaction, as denoting its prosperity:—"At the present moment, the in-

crease of the fund created by our President, for the benefit of literature, science, and art, amounts, for dramatic artists, to 30,000 francs; for musical artists to 15,000 francs; for painters, to 10,000 francs; for us (inventors), to 12,000 francs; and for literary men, 3,800 francs, making in all an income of 61,800 francs, that is to say, a capital of more than a million and a-half of francs, equivalent of nearly a million distributed in charity and pensions."—Madame Stolz is expected this week.—Madame Cécile has gone to Baden for the purpose of recruiting her health. She remains until the opening of the Grand Opéra, which is fixed for the 15th instant.—*L'Esclavage du Nord* being temporarily withdrawn, M. Batiste has taken his *cease*.

**ITALY.**—Signor Joseph Donizetti, brother of the celebrated composer, and director of the imperial military bands in Turkey, has received from the Sultan the decoration of the Order of the Fourth Class, *Méjidid*. The post Gold has been engaged to write a *libretto*, the words of which will be set by a joint-school company of musicians, the names of a few of whom are Signors Cagnoli, Corci, Fiori, Gambel, Mabollet, Mazzucato, Nini, Paeli, Pieschi, Ricci, Rossi, and Sannelli. The wording of the above in the Italian paper is not so clear as we could wish; so that we cannot say whether each of the above will contribute a bit of the music, or if the poem will be set to music entirely by each composer. The former is the more probable. At any rate, public curiosity is on tip-toe, as well it may, and we must infer that poets are rare birds in Italy, or that composers are overplentiful in the market. We find in the *Magasin des Théâtres* of Florence that the *Opéra* of Madame Persiflor, *contralto*, in *Luccia*, *Borgia*, at the *Comico* was not considered satisfactory. Another lady, who has been "starting" as so amateur at public and private concerts, also made her first appearance in the same opera, with very doubtful success; and offered another illustration of the difference between singing a *cavatina* or duet in a concert-room, and sustaining the weight of a principal part in an opera. Among the names of those engaged for the forthcoming season at the Pergola, we find those of Madame Cappel, *prima donna*; Sig. Fraschini, *ténor*; Sig. Baraldi, *baritone*; and Sig. Bonaldi, *soprano*. In the musical journal, *l'Opéra* will in future be carried on, as appeared in the *Moniteur des Théâtres*, from the pen of M. Achille Dural, who takes an opportunity to arraign the correctness of the *Musical World*: "Each of the two establishments will have a separate company and special *répertoire*. The Théâtre-Lyrique will not be the rival of its elder brother; on the contrary, every effort will be made to keep up a noble spirit of emulation between the two which cannot fail to be profitable to the art. Matters have been so arranged that the company of the Théâtre Lyrique cannot, in any case, be diverted from their special mission. With regard to Mad. Marie Cabel, who last year was the means of reviving the Théâtre-Lyrique with a special importance, the plan adopted by the Minister possesses the advantage of retaining for the stage of the Boulevard du Temple the lady who is its most brilliant personification. M. Emile Perrin has made all the sacrifices necessary to restore Mad. Marie Cabel to the scene of her first triumphs. In this piece, however, we must point out as incorrect certain eulogistic particulars relative to the engagement of Mad. Cabel, which were published by the *Musical World*, and quoted by us, without reserve." It is understood that the fact of M. Perrin's obtaining the management of the Théâtre-Lyrique will not interfere with the establishment of the *Paris Parak*, to which he is bound to devote all his energy and attention. As a proof of this, in a few days from the present moment an important revival—Hérold's *Frigor*—with Mlle. Caroline Duprez in the part of Marguerite—will take place at the *Opéra-Comique*. This work is worthy to follow that *Esclavage* du Nord. Among the new opera in perspective, I may mention one entitled *Mis Fauts*, the subject from the fable of *Le Sarcophage et le Financier*, the music by M. Victor Massé. The *Académie des Beaux Arts* has appointed M. Halévy perpetual secretary in the place of M. Roux Rochette. There is consequently a place vacant, for which M. Hector Berlioz is the most formidable competitor—M. Dancker Philidor, a near relation to Beethoven, has been appointed by the Minister of State, sub-inspector of theatres. The Comité de l'Association des Inventeurs et Artistes Industriels, which numbers among its members a great many pianoforte-makers and manufacturers of other musical instruments, held its general annual meeting at the Conservatoire Impérial des Arts et Métiers, Baron Taylor in the chair. The meeting was numerously attended. In the report of the useful labors of the institution, the following passages gave particular satisfaction, as denoting its prosperity:—"At the present moment, the in-

**FLORENCE, Aug. 4, 1854.**—We bid the pleasure not long since of attending a soirée musicale here, which gratified at once the sense of harmony and our national pride: the chief contributor to this "concert of sweet sounds" being an American composer of remarkable promise, Mr. Boote, whose quartette, performed by four of the best instrumentalists in Italy, furnished the rarest enjoyment of the evening. It is a most praiseworthy composition, free from imitation, indeed quite original; brilliant in some parts, and in others, and effectively pathetic in all. Mr. Boote has been in Florence studying hard some years; he has composed many small pieces—some of which, including *Travis* Doodle as a variation, was also performed on the occasion referred to—and will in time, no doubt, concentrate his talents in some more ambitious effort—perhaps the opera. Several young American vocalists are now studying here with reference to the stage. Miss Phillips, of Boston, has already made a successful debut at Brescia; Miss Hunter, also from Boston, will make hers at the Royal Theatre at Turin in October next, and then exhibit herself to the severe ordeal of *La Scala* at Milan—that West Point of musical note, whose diploma is a sure passport to future success. Miss Hill, the son, a Bostonian, is preparing to follow, and is said to have as fine natural gifts as either of them. Thus Young America is sending composers and prima donnas to the Old World, even to the very home of music, and is beginning to pay her long running musical debt to Italy. May it in time be fully paid, principal and interest!

**VIENNA.**—At the Imperial Opera house, *Fra Diavolo* has been successful in Berlin in Weber's *Opéra*, she was greatly applauded in the air, "Ossian de Ungar-hor."—Herr Metzger lately gave a concert in the garden

and rooms of the *Grosser Zeisig*, half the net receipts being given to the poor of Spielberg suburbs.

**Berlin.**—There is a report here that the mother of Henrietta Sontag, at present residing in Dresden, has not yet received from Mexico, any letter announcing her daughter's decease. M. Meyerbeer has gone to Ischl, to take the waters for his health. He will proceed thence to Vienna, to superintend the rehearsals of his opera, *L'Esule di Nord*.

**Aix-la-Chapelle.**—Mad. Stradlot-Moeda has appeared as Rosine in *I Montecchi* of Capoletti, and Agathe, in *Der Freischütz*, and sustained the good impression she had already produced in *Fidèle*. Her von Pletow's *Indra* will shortly be produced with Fraïssin. Pauline Haas is the principal character, on the sharing principle, and, at the same time assume the responsibility of the debts of the enterprise. In case the artists refuse to enter this arrangement, the management announce the intention of declaring itself bankrupt. The present deficit is said to amount to 41 200 thalrs. This unexpected state of things is said to have been considerably accelerated by the execution, but during the last few weeks. The companies include altogether more than 300 persons.

**Frankfort-on-the-Main.**—Mad. de la Grange has commenced an engagement as Rosine, in *The Barber of Seville*. Alfred Jasi, as we learn from the *Frankfort Journal*, is at present in this city, where he is soon to give a series of concerts. He has been composing pieces for public performance, on subjects from the new operas of Richard Wagner, of whom he is a warm admirer.

**Hamburg.**—The directors of the United Theaters have summoned the members by a circular, and proposed that they will play until the first of July, when is the present management, on the sharing principle, and, at the same time assume the responsibility of the debts of the enterprise. In case the artists refuse to enter this arrangement, the management announce the intention of declaring itself bankrupt. The present deficit is said to amount to 41 200 thalrs. This unexpected state of things is said to have been considerably accelerated by the execution, but during the last few weeks. The companies include altogether more than 300 persons.

**Munich.**—In obedience to the commands of his Majesty the King, the dramatic "stars," engaged on the occasion of the Great Exhibition here, the *regiments*, with some other of the superior employees of the tier, and the representatives of the press were invited on the 24th of last month to a grand dinner in the green room of the Hoftheater. About 6 o'clock his Majesty unexpectedly made his appearance, and stopped about an hour. Before leaving, the artistic monarch drank "Prosperity to the Dramatic Art of Germany."—On the 22nd ult., a grand military concert, in honor of the opening of the exhibition, took place at Neuhergstrasse. The following was the programme:—1. *Kriegs-Priester* march from *Albion*, by Meisselbach; 2. *Fineas* of the *Tristan* of *Saint-Clair*, by the Duke of Sax-Coburg-Gotha; 3. *Overture to Benvenuto Cellini*, by Herr Franz Lechner; 4. *Symphony in C major*, by Mozart; 5. *Overture to Santa Chiara*, by the Duke of Sax-Coburg-Gotha; 6. *Kaiserliche Jubel-Fantasie*, by Lindpaintner; 7. *Duet*, "Fremd steh' ich in dem fremden Lande," from *Die H. R. H. the Duke of Sax-Coburg-Gotha*; 8. *Agade Sinfonie*, by Mühl; 9. *Overture to the Esule di Nord*, by M. Meyerbeer, and to conclude, *Lagerlöf's* "Camp-life," a grand military pot-pourri, including the *Schlacht bei Waterloo* by C. M. von Weber, and the *Schlacht bei Vitoria*, by L. von Beethoven. Among other musical notabilities present were Spohr, Lindpaintner, Moschell, Taubert, Gade, and the brothers Wilmshausen. There are one hundred and seven places in the exhibition, sent by the principal German masters.

**Hanover.**—The King has published a collection of original songs, written to words by Schiller, Heine, etc. It is dedicated by His Majesty to the Queen.

**Graz.**—Herr Theodor Forman has been successful as George Brown in *Die Weiss Frau*, and Eleazar in *Die Jüdin*.

**Barcelona.**—Signora Agri has become the wife of Don Pedro Aréola, director of the Philharmonic Society here.

**Málaga.**—An Italian opera consisting of sixty-eight numbers has arrived. They are engaged for two years in Rhyia, in the Brazil, and will give a series of representations previous to unbarbing.

**Madrid.**—M. Sivori has left this city and proceeded to Seville, where in spite of the heat, he gave four concerts in eight days. After the second the Santa Cecilia Society overcame him by torch-light. At his last the enthusiasm of the audience was still greater.

**Lisbon.**—A young Spanish singer, pupil of the Madrid Conservatory, Donna Amalia Angile Fortini, has produced a highly favorable impression here.

## Grisi's Debut.

THE queen-like actress still remains; but they who would form an opinion of the voice of Grisi by what they now hear, deceive themselves. It is some years since Rubini, in all the lustre of his success, resisted at once the solicitations of friendship, of fame, and a natural desire for gain, because he would not suffer the world to view him unequal to himself: the pride of the artist was stronger than the yearning of the man. Grisi, though enjoying still a brilliant position, and endowed with all that refinement of nature and dramatic power, which can never be taken from her, has not found courage to withdraw in time from a career of acknowledged triumph, where she no more can shine, save by the gradually paling reflection of her most glorious past.

Considering her dramatic force abstractly, we may still be astonished at Grisi: she is still the same, unrivalled in excellence, superior even to *Frasolini*. In the final duct of the second act, she was sublime: all palpitating with passion and despair (and yet as a lady, not as an every day tragically queen, may give way to such emotions), she embodied the most exalted conceptions of her lamented master, Donizetti.

Signor Mario, the romantic tenor, is undoubtedly the first singer of the world. His voice is pure, melodious and full; he sings with admirable taste and sentiment, and skillfully employs all those resources in the management of his voice, which are necessary to its most complete effect. His transition of registers; his wonderful ambidexterity from a chest to a head tone, which poor Salvi used to try so hard to do, but seldom successfully; his bringing down the falsetto tone even to a *b* on the staff; are all imitable, and unequalled by any living singer. And then the soul of the man—and the sense embodied in the tone, as opposed to the *voz et preterea nihil* of many a celebrated singer,—who has heard the same in any one else? His entire ensembles were immediately admitted by all those whose musical capacity is equal to the appreciation of a truly great artist. In the melody of Lillo, especially, at the beginning of the third act, he produced great effect by his judicious use of the *falcetti* and *tempi rubati*. His voice is perhaps a shade too impassioned; but we may seek the cause of this in his inaptitude for dramatic action: which he thus replaces by a more interior emotion. Mario's success will greatly increase; the more he is heard, the more he will be liked; and he will yet win over to the ranks of his admirers many of those who have recently done him, in their hasty judgment, as much less than justice.

Susini also made his first appearance. His voice is a fine deep bass, of adequate compass; but of defective quality and often false. His voice is a good gift of nature, but needs much sound discipline from masters in the art. He is very handsome and makes an excellent *Duca*. He was received with much applause and acquitted himself altogether very creditably.

The orchestra, the chorus and other accessories were but second rate: the public had a right to expect something better, after contributing to the tune of twenty-five thousand dollars:—which by the way we consider rather a fabulous estimate on the part of others, being reduced in our quiet judgment to just one half that sum.

## Giulia Grisi.

From the London Musical World.

GIULIETTA, or Giulia Grisi, was born at Milan, in 1812. She was the younger sister of Glindita Grisi, a mezzo soprano of considerable celebrity in Italy at that time, who is still remembered both in Paris and London, and for whom Bellini wrote the part of Romeo, in his opera of *I Capuletti e Montecchi*. The famous Josephine Grassini, contemporary of Marchesi, Crescenzi, and other celebrated singers of the great Italian school, was Giulietta's aunt; so that she came from a good stock, in so far as musical genius is concerned. She was born on the 22nd of May—the 17th of St. Giulia. Hence the name under which she was baptised.

As a child, Giulietta gave evidence of a quick ear; but there was no promise of her ever possessing a voice. On the contrary, she seemed to be afflicted with a chronic hoarseness, unprecedented at so tender an age, and so obdurate that her parents began to fear she was likely to fall into a decline. She was, however, so well tended, and taken such excellent care of, that these precocious symptoms vanished. Still there was no very early sign of musical predilection in Giulietta; and her friends and her relations entertained but little hope that there would ever be a second Giulietta in the Grisi family, much less a Giulia, who, in the course of time, should rival even Grassini herself, the pride and honour of the race.

The talents of the eldest sister had early developed themselves; and at the age of sixteen Glindita had already won considerable reputation as a concert singer in Milan. In 1822, two years later, she made her debut at Vienna, in Rossini's *Bianca e Faliero*, on which occasion she had the honor of singing with the already-renowned Henrietta Sontag, whose youth, accomplishments, and great personal attractions were the rage in the Austrian capital, and the "toast" in every distinguished circle. After quitting Vienna, Glindita sang successively at the theatres of Milan, Parma, Florence, Genoa, and Venice. At the last-named city, Bellini, then very young, composed the opera already named. In which the part of Romeo was allotted to her—Glindita's voice, like that of her more eminent aunt, Grassini, being a mezzo soprano, if not, indeed, a contralto.

Meanwhile, the father of Giulia (an officer of engineers in the service of Napoleon) sent her to a convent at a small place called Gloria, where, at eight years of age, she began to learn the piano-forte under the tutelage of one of the *religieuses*, who happened to take a great fancy to the child—even at that time a flower of beauty. At the convent, however, Glindita did not learn much, or, at least, her musical education made very slight progress, and her father, dissatisfied, removed her. From this time, she used chiefly to live with her sister Glindita—either at Milan, with the family, or in the various towns and cities to which the latter was called by professional engagements. It was soon remarked, that, whenever Glindita was at the piano, practising *adagio*, or learning the music of the *partie* she was about to sing, little Giulietta would be an anxious and attentive hearer. Her ear, as has been stated, was good, and her memory so quick and retentive that she could mimic her sister with ease, and, with extraordinary fluency and correctness, hum over the most difficult passages of vocalisation, after hearing them only once. The extreme purity and freshness of her voice, its full and sweet quality in every tone attracted equal attention. Such gifts were too precious to be thrown away—more especially in Italy, the land of song, where, although nearly all the women are warblers, music was the chief source of recreation, and a good voice a safe key to fortune. Glindita raved about the pretty sister and wonderfully accurate ear of her pretty sister, and was determined she should learn to sing without delay. Listening with eagerness to the various improvisations of her self-taught mistress—who, like the skylark addressed by the wondering poet

Shelley, (unconscious that his own harmonious verse far surpassed the music of the bird,) poured out her melody.

"In profuse strains of unparellelled art!"  
 "She very much occupied, placed Giulietta under a *macigno* of the name of Celli, from whom she took lessons—but only for a month. As these lessons, however, were on the rudiments of singing, they were extremely valuable to her youthful heroine, and served as a basis on which she could proceed with safety. She continued, therefore to study alone, and with surreptitious aid, occasionally obtaining the advice and correction of her sister during leisure hours. Thus she made rapid progress. Shortly afterwards Giulietta enjoyed the advantage of further instructions from Madame Bonacchadi, a near relation of a singer of the same name who at present enjoys a considerable reputation in Italy. From her she learned but little, and in a brief space was again thrown back upon her own resources. Time flew on swiftly, and having advanced far in her musical education, petted and encouraged by her sister, and urged on by a not unkindly circle of friends, Giulietta began at last to dream of coming out upon the stage. Her sister, who was *prima donna* at the theater in Bologna, being on very good terms with the *impresario*, matters were soon arranged to the satisfaction of all parties, and the evening of the *début* was appointed.

It was in opera of Rosini that Giulietta Grial made her first appearance. The "*Seu di Pessaro*," the *gran maestro*, the great genius, the glory of Italy, the man of many operas and as many triumphs, was at Bologna at the time. He—*propitius* to her!—had taken no little notice of the young and charming aspirant, and personally interested himself in her *début*. Giulietta's voice was at that time a low *mezzo soprano*, and so it was agreed that she should make her appearance in the *contralto* part of Emma, in the serious opera of *Zelmira*. The evening came; the first *essay* was made;—trembling and anxious, Giulietta came forward, and was received with a flattering tribute of applause; she opened her lips (then as now the prettiest and most provoking in the world); she sang, charmed, and triumphed! The step was taken, the wish accomplished, and a glorious and almost unparalleled career began.

Giulietta Grial was then seventeen—a bud of beauty just about to bloom, with a voice of a siren, a face like one of Correggio's angels, and a figure as symmetrical and chaste as any of the Madonnas of Raphael. She sang well too, fluently and without effort; while her acting gave signs of intelligence, and her movements and gestures were instinct with a sort of quiet grace—something, so to say, *infaible*. How, then, with all these rich endowments, could she fall to please—nay, to delight? Youth is sure to please, a fine voice is sure to please, a well-proportioned form, a lovely face; each of these separately, must exercise a potent charm; but Giulietta Grial possessed them all in one. She more than pleased—she enchanted. Her sister, Giulietta, of a nature wholly affectionate, untainted by envy, and altogether free from those jealous feelings which too often embitter and degrade the artistic character, was in constant, and shed tears of joy—genuine and sisterly tears, flowing direct from the heart's fountain. Rosini was in his own manner, quite as pleased, and prophesied a "*future brillante*" for his young and beautiful *protégée*. The knowing *maestro*, the sleek and prosperous "*avan*" "*fin qua*" *fai*—*for*—more for himself; he foresaw a future Rosini, Ellas, Semiramide, etc., for the glory and perpetuation of his own masterpieces.

With such endowments as Giulietta Grial possessed, it was not likely she could remain unnoticed, or be permitted to stay unmolested in a second-rank

theater, like the opera at Bologna. Sig. Lanari, then *impresario* at Florence, a clever, industrious, scheming, and intelligent man, heard of the sensation she had created, and repaired at once to Bologna, to see the *co* *Phœnix*—the fame of whose beauty, and accomplishments had spread far and wide—to judge of her merits for himself, and if possible carry her off in triumph to "*La bella Firenze*," the queen of cities, the Athens of Italy, the center of arts and of (Tuscan) civilization. Lanari came, saw, and conquered. Bologna was robbed of its treasure, and Rosini and the opera were left desolate. Cursi Lanari! And also cursing Lanari!—since, once having the *prima donna* in his power, he, with specious and wily eloquence, persuaded her to accept a very unprofitable engagement, by which she bound herself exclusively to him for six years, and at terms, however, though the *scrittura* once signed, she was, however, thus no alternative; and Giulietta, now for the first time initiated into the secrets of the life she had chosen, must do her utmost to make the best of it. Her father, unfortunately, was at Milan at the time; and Lanari was so pressing, quick, resolute and presumptuous in his proceedings, that she was allowed neither the time nor the means of consulting her most sagacious and natural adviser.

At Florence, Giulietta made her *début* as her namesake, Giulietta, in Bellini's *Capitoli* and *Montesque*, Giulietta being the *Rosini*. The triumph of her heroine was even greater than at Bologna. She created a *four*—a *four*—in the *Florence* circles. The *Casa* were thronged day and night with *dilettanti*, discussing her merits, extolling her beauty, and drinking to her health. There was one least—*a* Giulietta!—*la bellissima Giulietta*—*la più squisita* *cantante* *Giulietta*—*la più perfetta del cantato*!—And no wonder the *colloquio*, *simon fratic*, which became epidemic in the city. Fanny Schaeffer's dream of *Epil* realized! Fanny the lady—

"... beauty hang upon the cheek of night  
 Like a rich jewel in an *Ear* top's ear!"  
 the creature of a poet's imagination, the vision of that very girl, the soul of love incarnate—she before whose beauty the attractions of the worshipped Rosini faded into air—this brought palpably, visibly, directly before an assembled crowd of *exaltabile* people, and we can readily understand the result. Such was the impression made in *Florence* by Giulietta Grial on the occasion of her *début*—such was the second important step in her career. Lanari, delighted with his good luck, was resolved to derive all the profit from it, which, by good management and successful speculation, could be made. So, having "turned his prey" at *Florence*, he sold our Giulietta to *Cremona*, *Impresario* of the *Scala*, for a large consideration. At *Milan*, Giulietta met *Pasta*, who had long been an object of her young idolatry, although she had never seen or heard her. *Pasta* was then *prima donna assoluta* for the *Carabinieri* *causa*; and *Bellini* was at *Milan*, composing an opera expressly for the grand lyric tragedian. The name of the new work was to be *Norma*; and those friends of *Bellini*, who were admitted to his intimacy, declared that this would be his masterpiece. (To be continued.)

## New Way to Catch a Lover.

BATHING A FISH STORY.

Mme. D—, who resided at Chateau, was a lady of the strictest character and of a heart proof to all allurements. She prided herself upon her great insensibility, and her profound indifference had repelled all those gallants who had ventured to offer their addresses. The country was for her a veritable retreat; she shunned reunions, and was only happy in solitude. The charms of a chosen circle, the pleasures of the world had for her no attraction, and her favorite recreation was that of angling—an amusement worthy of an unfeeling woman.

She was accustomed every pleasant day to station herself at the extremity of the lonely island of Chateau, and there with a book in one hand and her line in the other, her time was passed in fishing reading or dreaming.

A lover who had always been intimidated by her coldness, and who had never ventured on a spoken or written declaration, surprised her at her favorite pur-

suit, one day, when he had come to the island for the purpose of enjoying a swimming bath. He observed her for a long time without discovery, and bated his breath by thinking how he might turn to his advantage this lonely moment of angling. His reveries were so deep and so fortunate that he at last hit upon the desired plan, a novel expedient, indeed—yet such are always most successful with women that pretend to be invulnerable.

Next day our amorous hero returned to the island, studied the ground, made his arrangements, and when Mme. D— had resumed her accustomed place he slipped away to a remote and retired shelter, and after having divested himself of his clothing he entered the stream. An excellent swimmer and skillful diver, he trusted to his aquatic talents for the success of his enterprise. He swam to the end of the island with the greatest precaution, favored by the chances of the bank and the bushes which hung their dense foliage above the waters. In his lips was a note folded and sealed, and on his arriving near the spot where Mme. D— was sitting he made a dive, and lightly seizing the book he attached to it his letter.

Mme. D—, perceiving the movement of her line supposed that a fish was biting.

The young man had returned as he came! he had doubled the coils which extending out into the water separated them from each other, and had regained his post without the least noise, in his passage under the willows. The deed was done.

Mme. D— pulled in her line, and what was her surprise to observe dangling upon the barb of her hook, not the expected shiner but an unexpected letter!

This was, however, trifling, and her surprise became consternation when, on detaching the tattered billet, she read upon the envelope her name.

So, then this letter which she fished up was addressed to her!

This was somewhat miraculous. She was afraid to her troubled glance scrutinized the surrounding space, but there was nothing seen or heard; all was still and lonely both on land and water.

She quitted her seat, and took away the letter. As soon as she was alone, and elated with herself, and as soon as the paper was dry—a paper perfectly waterproof, and written upon with indelible ink—she unfolded the letter and commenced its perusal.

A declaration of love! cried she at the first words. What insolen-

Still the insolence came to her in such an extraordinary manner that her curiosity would not suffer her to treat this as she had done so many others—pitiably read it quite without a reading.

No, read it quite through. The lover, who dated his note from the bottom of the river, had skillfully adopted the allegory, and introduced himself as a grotesque inhabitant of the waters. The fable was gracefully managed, and with the jetting tone which he had adopted was mingled a true, serious, ardent sentiment, expressed with beauty and eloquence.

The next day Mme. D— returned to the island, not without emotion and some trace of fear. She threw her line with a trembling hand, and shuddered as, a moment after, she perceived the movement of the book.

Is it a fish? Is it a letter?  
 It was a letter.

Mme. D— was no believer in magic, still there was something strange and supernatural in all this. She had an idea of throwing back the letter into stream, but relinquished it. The most stubborn and hasty woman is always disarmed in face of that strange mystery which captivates her imagination.

This second letter was more tender, more passionate, more charming than the first. Mme. D— read it several times, and could not help talking about the delightful *mermaid* who wrote such bewitching letters.

On the subsequent day she attached her line to the bank, and left it swimming in the stream, while she withdrew to a hiding place upon the extremity of

the island. She watched for a long time but saw nothing. She returned to the place, withdrew the line—and there was the letter.

This time an answer was requested. It was perhaps premature, yet the audacious request obtained a full success. The reply was written after some hesitation, and the book dropped into the stream charged with a letter which was intended to say nothing, and effected a sort of badinage, which was nevertheless a bulletin of a victory gained over the harsh severity of a woman until then inaccessible.

Mrs. D— had too much shrewdness not to guess that her mysterious correspondent employed, instead of magic, the art of a skilful diver. Scruples, easily understood, restrained her from that portion of the bank where she was sure the diver would emerge from the waters.

But this game of letters amused her.—First it pleased her intellect, and then her heart was interested; finally her feelings, became so lively that she wrote:

"Let us give up this jostling, which has pleased me for the moment, but which should continue no longer, and come with your apologies to Chateau."

The lover answered.

"Yes, if you will add: Hope."

The inexorable lady replied:

"If only a word is necessary to decide you, be it so!" And the word was written.

The young man appeared, and was not a loser. The gift of pleasing belonged to his person as much as his style, and he had made such rapid progress under water that it was easy to complete his conquest on land.

Thus Mrs. D— caught a husband without wishing it, and in spite of the vow which she had taken never to re-marry.—*Holding the line, she had been caught by the fish.—Evening Post.*

## American Patronage

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

The writer has frequently heard our artists bitterly complain of the meanness of their countrymen in patronising everything foreign, not only at home but abroad. It is mortifying enough to them to see the places of many of our merehant princes disgraced, not adorned, with a multitude of modern flashy French pictures, without a single piece by a native artist. How cutting then must be the slight to those young artists, who, having gone to Italy for improvement, are visited in their studios, by their countrymen, who desirous of bringing home some copies of favorite pictures, give their commissions to foreigners. Our young artists, during their residence abroad, are generally poor, and frequently undergo every privation to enable them to achieve the object of their ambition. Weir says that at one time during his residence at Rome, he was obliged "to live on ten cents a day for a month." Greenough, during his second visit to Italy, was almost driven to despair. Mr. J. Fenimore Cooper found him in this deplorable state in 1829, and gave him a commission for his beautiful group of Chanting Cherubs. He had already distinguished himself by several admirable busts of John Quincy Adams, Chief Justice Marshall, Henry Clay, and others, but this was the first commission he had ever received for a group. The grateful sculptor says in a letter to Mr. Dunlap, "Mr. Fenimore Cooper saved me from despair, after my second return to Italy. He employed me as I wished to be employed; and has, up to this moment, been a father to me in kindness."

Mr. Cooper, in a letter published in the New York American, April 30, 1851, says:

"Most of our people, who come to Italy, employ the artists of the country to make copies, under the impression that they will be both cheaper and better, than those done by American studying here. My own observation has led me to adopt a different course. I am well assured that few things are done for us by Europeans, under the same sense of responsibility, as when they work for customers near home. The very occupation of the copyist, infers some want of that original capacity, without which no man can impart to a work, however exact it may be in its mechanical details, the charm of expression. In the case of Mr. Greenough, I was led even to try the experiment of an original. The difference in value between an original and a copy is so greatly in favor of the former, with anything like approach to success, that I am surprised that mere of our amateurs are not induced to command them. The little group I have sent home, (the Chanting Cherubs) will always have an interest that can belong to no other work of the same character. It is the first effort of a young artist who bids fair to build for himself a name, and whose life will be connected with the history of the art in that country which is so soon to occupy such a place in the world. It is more; it is probably the first group ever completed by an American sculptor."

When this beautiful group had been exhibited a sufficient time in the United States, to bring its merits before the public, Mr. Cooper in the hope of influencing the government to employ Greenough on a statue of Washington, wrote to the President, and to Mr. McLane the Secretary of the Treasury, strongly urging the plan of a statue of the "Father of his Country," by the first American sculptor who had shown himself competent to so great a task. He was successful, and Congress commissioned Greenough to execute a statue of Washington for the Capitol. The sculptor received the intelligence with transports of delight, but when he had had time for reflection, he modestly began to doubt his ability to do justice to his subject, and "answer all the expectations of his friends." "When I went," says he, "the other morning, into the large room in which I propose to execute my statue, I felt like a spoiled boy, who, after insisting upon riding on horseback, hawled along with fright, at finding himself in the saddle, so far from the ground!"

Is it not a burning shame, that the most gifted artists of this great and glorious country should be compelled to go abroad to seek both fame and bread, not fortune? What merchant prince will set his countrymen an example, and, like George Beaumont, bribe Congress and his fellow citizens to form a national gallery, by giving a collection of casts from the antique, first class paintings and engravings, rare works of art, and a library on art, worth 750,000 francs? It is a mistaken opinion entertained by many, that the fine arts are of little importance to our country. On the contrary, every person is directly interested. A foreign writer observes that, "silver plating in the United States, is what tin-smithery is in Paris." Fossils terms Venice the toy-shop of Europe; better Paris. What a multitude of people are supported in that great city by the manufacture of ten thousand fabrics exquisitely designed and executed. The Parisians have a keen perception of the beautiful, simply from being educated in a city abounding with galleries and the best models of art, or as Reynolds terms it, "the accumulated genius of ages."

## Death in Paris.

(From a Letter to the Playgoer, by G. W. Kendall.)

Death in Paris has never proved so terrible as now. Although the cottage door is not so dark, and many a humble family mourns its sole support now lying stiff in the grave, it is especially at the Palace gate it knocks with redoubled and obstinate violence. Thirty funerals have been vacated at the Palace d'Institute in the last eighteen months, and the venerable Biot and the aged Lacrerville, and all the other octogenarians have been spared! Death is striking abroad everywhere. The Count de Les Cases married a beauty and an heiress a week ago; they buried him the day before yesterday! Last Sunday, M. Jules Seveste invited M. Ad. Adam, M. M. C. Scudier, M. de Saint Georges, Felician David, Duprez, and some half dozen other musicians and literary men, to dine with him at his country seat near Meudon. When they reached the house, they found the master a corpse! M. Raul Rochette, the celebrated organist, the worthy successor of Quatremere de Quincy as the Perpetual Secretary of the Academy of the Fine Arts expired on Thursday, and still in the meridian of life! "I expressly ordain," said the dying man, "that no discourse be delivered at my funeral. I have all my life suffered from that profane custom to which I was obliged as everybody else to submit, but from which I wish to enfranchise myself. I wish nothing at my grave but the prayers of the church and the regrets of my friends." All of your readers who take interest in antiquity and art are familiar with his name, and are grateful for his labors; for upwards of twenty-five years he was an indefatigable contributor to the Journal des Savants; since 1816 he had been a member of the Academy of Inscriptions and of Belles Lettres; in 1839 he was elected as the Perpetual Secretary of the Academy of Fine Arts; for thirty years prior to 1848 he was the keeper of the celebrated Cabinet des Antiques in the Bibliothèque Impériale, and when the ruthless Provisional Government dismissed him, (one of its first acts), they could find no successor to him! The empty French custom of a hollow speech at the grave was broken at his tomb. His grave was adorned with nothing "but the prayers of the church and the regrets of his friends."

Jules Seveste, too, should have a place in this letter. It was only last week when, weeping over the coffin of Georges Bousquet—that young composer who died at the very hour all his hopes were on the eve of being realized—he assured his young widow and his aged mother, to whom he bequeathed all his fortune, two children in arms, that he, M. Seveste, would perform at his theater the two unpublished operas Bousquet left behind him—and to-day that heart is still forever! ceasing to beat as his friends pressed around his hospitable board to tell the bright hopes bodied on the next winter season, fame these, progress these, affection these—competence all! He died just at the moment the Government, ceding to the earnest appeals made by M. Auber, Halévy, Ad. Adam, Clapisson, Thomas, Reber, has promised to give his theater, the Theatre Lyrique, an annual appropriation.

What a mockery life is! how vain are all of our labors! The week seems unusually prolific with such instances. There's poor Mme. Sontag, her holy maternal ambition just gratified, the future life of her children secured, her tolls ended where

"Comes the blessed day with abhorred alarm,  
And sits the thin upon life."

There's M. Emile Souvère his fame as a writer and a dramatist just confirmed—and they are bearing him to the church-yard! For twenty years he labored here as a novelist, as a contributor to the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, as a sure playwright to the Porte St. Martin and the Gaite, he was the author of the deserts, of the strands, of the shores of Brittany—the author of the laborious poor in the garret, the suffering plebeian poor.

### An Admirer of Philidor.

(From "Le Ménestrel.")

This opera of *Ermeline*, words by Poinciset, and music by Philidor, obtained a great success, in spite of the weakness of the libretto. A few days after the first representation, a comical incident occurred in the green room of the opera, and, for a long time afterwards, furnished matter for the conversation and railery of the habitués.

The Marquis de Senterre, a man of taste, and a good musician, whose opinion was received as oracular in all matters appertaining to the art, was delighted with the new opera, and burned with a desire to compliment Philidor. But the Marquis being blind, he ordered his guide to inform him the first time he met the author of *Ermeline*. Soon afterwards, Poinciset happened to come across the old amateur. The guide, imagining him to be the person the Marquis intended, conducted him to the poet.

"My lord," said the guide, "here is the author of the opera." "My dear *Maestro*," exclaimed the Marquis, embracing Poinciset, "what a delicious evening's entertainment you procured me! Allow me to compliment you; your opera is a *chef-d'œuvre*, and your merit in composing it was all the greater that no one ever heard fine music adapted to a worse libretto!—to such a senseless rhapsody!"

The reader may imagine Poinciset's rage, and the embarrassment of the Marquis, when the laughter of the bystanders exposed the mistake he had committed.

### The Scandal Refuted.

"To the 4th of June, the cholera with some exceptions, had attacked the poorer orders; but since that epoch, the better classes began to be victims. And for this reason: the fetes celebrated in the village of St. Augustine, four leagues from Mexico, drew a great crowd of persons. The cholera, favored by the disorders which accompany this sort of fetes, and by so large a crowd, broke out with frightful violence, so much so that all those present were attacked. Mad. Sontag, wife of herself, was drawn to see this fete, and there she caught the germ of the malady, as did also Possolini, the Spanish Consul, the Secretary of the British Legation, the French Minister, and several other distinguished persons in Mexico. On the 11th of June the celebrated artist fell ill, and Dr. Vanderlinden being called in haste to visit her, pronounced it an attack of the cholera. The next day Dr. Hilderbrand, her physician-in-ordinary, pronounced it the same malady. Remedies which are so much used to cure it in Europe and America were employed and no one can be accused of having poisoned Mad. Sontag and caused her death. On the 12th having visited her in company with her physician and Dr. Marqués del Rio, I was persuaded that it was a case of cholera, which, notwithstanding all the remedies employed, and the devoted attentions of Dr. Hilderbrand, would terminate unhappily by death.

"Some days after, M. Possolini, convalescent

from an inflammation of the liver, was also attacked by the same cruel disease, and died in a typhoid state consecutive to the cholera, as has been stated by me and Dr. Jourdanton, who during eight days was with me in attending him. I am persuaded, Mr. Editor, that after what you have read you will entertain no doubts as to the cause of the death of Mad. Sontag and M. Possolini, and will endeavor for your part to dissipate the atrocious calumnies, the offering of ignoble passions, and which will increase the grief and despair of those who have already suffered by the death of these lamented artists. At least, unless they can say that three thousand persons have been poisoned at Mexico during the last few months they cannot say so of Mad. Sontag and M. Possolini. Your humble servant, LOUIS GARÇON."

This letter bears date Mexico, August 4th.

### The Green Room.

It is remarked by the Household Words that there are few duller, prozier, more commonplace scenes than the green-room of a theater; and the artist's foyer at no opera-house, is ordinarily the duller of the dull—"A prima donna swallowing sherry-ogus with an egg in it, preparatory to her grand scene; a basso stretching himself on the cushions of an Ottoman, and yawning to an ecstasy of fatigue; a tenor sitting in a corner because his aria has not been entered; a baritone suffering from heartburn; and exhorting and swallowing tough lozengers with disgusting pertinacity; a crowd of mysterious, snuff, dusty old French women with handkerchiefs tied round their heads, pottering in corners with second-hand foreigners, who snuff more than they speak, and spit more than they snuff; these are the principal features of an operatic green room." Yet, in the palmy days of opera-halls and opera-festivals, there were few privileges more valued by the distinguished frequenters of the omnibus-box than that of the entire behind the scenes. A door of communication used to exist between the omnibus-box and the penetralia of the coulisses; and an attempt to lock it, once caused a riot of the most fashionable description, in the time of manager Leprieux, and the demolition of the door itself by a prince of the blood.

### Served Her Right.

An old lady residing in California street, having engaged in the pursuit of a trusty parrot Sunday, mounted on a huge rain barrel, some seven or eight feet high, when the lid gave way and down she slipped into the water, which was considerably above her head. The tops of her fingers appearing above the rim of the barrel attracted attention, and she was immediately rescued from her rather perilous situation by two colored men who happened to be standing near, and who could not for the life of them understand why the old lady should undertake to drown herself feet foremost.—*San Francisco Herald.*

THE MUSIC OF THE POLITICAL SPEAKERS. On the proposition of Sir Fitzroy Kelly, a clause has been inserted in the Bribery bill to prevent the employment of bands of music at elections. This arrangement will be rather hard on all the trumpets, trombones, and other "broken engines whose rude throats" have been hitherto employed in providing a sort of nominal harmony at a contested election. We think that all the Green Bait Bands in the kingdom are entitled to ask for compensation for the loss they will sustain by this rather harsh enactment. A band was a most useful appendage at a contested election, for even the most short-winded of brass instruments was preferable to the long-winded and equally brassen of those who are in the habit of making themselves the instruments of rival candidates. A bad polka is always better than a bad speech, and we would rather hear even *Modestine* murdered on the obnoxious than Lindley Murray

murdered on the hustings. As the Bribery bill is intended to prevent candidates from paying, as they have formerly done, to a pretty tune, it is perhaps thought that by doing away with bands, a stop will be put to the practice of paying to any tune whatever.—*London Punch.*

### Musical Intelligence.

DETROIT, August 20, 1864.

DEAR SIR:—The executive heat of the present summer has completely dried up all music except that of the minuet, and nothing but the all merry chords which were wont to enliven our streets and parlors, even traveling monotonously have spared us for several months with their gigantic handbells—in order to save us perhaps from that fearful agent of cholera, *caricatures*. For we are very easily excited here, and are a more credulous people, than any other community around us. Anything in the common track of things good or bad, will not arrest our notice. It is only when *celebrated performers*, such as play the pedals of a pianoforte with their hands and the keys with their toes, or the fiddle on the banjo, or the banjo on the fiddle, or such as sing a cat, dog, biceps, or other quadruped, as consequence, that our sympathies and interests for the Art of music are aroused, and our passions are opened with liberality. It is a characteristic trait with our people, and I hope with one only, to denounce as a humbug, anything that moves within the ordinary art or science, or becomes inappreciable to the mass by means of its excellence. This impression is even extended to non-musical performances, as *Circuses*, *Panoramas*, etc.; with only this difference that people will go to these in spite of their knowing them to be such and stay away from the concerts. Most of our inhabitants are from the Eastern States, as if as a general thing they will not go to hear Kate Hayes or the Germanians, because they have heard them in New York or Boston; nor will they join any musical considerations, because they never will become a "New York Harmonic Society," nor will they go to hear "I know that my redeemer liveth," because some little sister perhaps sang it yesterday at the first time in her life, at night. But you may think I am finding fault with everything and ever body, leaving nothing of real merit for the musical public of Detroit, and I must hasten to end my life by giving you an idea of the other side. We have here two or three brass bands, of which "Barnard's" does not seem much commendation. Besides an appreciation of their brass, they secure a better musical instrumentalists are scarce, but in the vocal department we are more fortunate, and our churches round occasionally with selections from the standard composers. I can hardly omit mentioning that several head-one organs have lately been put up here; amongst which is one built by Mr. Jardine of your city. Several others are talked of, and since it is made with new congregations to surpass older ones, we may justly expect some huge ones here shortly. There is also a musical society called the Detroit Lyric Society, which gives occasionally public performances. A M.

A LETTER FROM OUR HUNGARIAN FRIEND CHARLES WELLS.

PARIS, July 26, 1864.

DEAR SIR:—According to my promise, I take the liberty of addressing you the present letter. I will not fill the columns of your valuable paper with an account of my trip across the ocean; it suffices to say that amongst the passengers there was young Mr. Segno, the son of the well known and esteemed cantastore, Mr. Segno, of New York, who is going to Italy, the land of one, in disguise in a proper way his life baritone voice. We parted also on board, the glorious Fourth of July, which was celebrated by the passengers in a most joyous manner; there were fourteen different nations represented, and all of them listened with great attention to a speech delivered by Mr. Terry from New York. Arrived in Europe, my first visit was to London. I was sorry to understand that the musical season was at an end. Still I had the chance to visit the Italian opera, where Sir and Marie just performed their farewell series of representations. The performance was "La Fanciulla." The part of Leonora was sustained by Miss. Gori. Her voice is powerful and flexible, though as it seems not any more possessed of that freshness which must have given a particular charm to her rare execution in former years. She sings exceedingly pure, and in the end-note she shows the great, indelible artist.

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# Musical World

"Music is the Art of the Prophets: it is the only Art which can calm the agitation of the Soul, and put the Devil to flight."—MARTIN LUTHER.

"I ever held this sentence of the Poet, as a canon of my creed: that whom God loveth not, they love not Musicke."—T. MORLEY, 1609.

RICHARD STORRS WILLIS, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

5—of Volume X.]

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, SEPT. 30, 1864.

[183—Whole Number.

## TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

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## CONTENTS OF THIS NUMBER.

Musical World. Little Gipsy Jane. 2. With three there is merry quartet. 3. Easy and pretty waltz. No. 3 of the "The Man in the Omnibus." New music critically selected. The Count: a very interesting tale: and other readable matter, including many interesting advertisements.

## ITEMS.

G. Y. J., Philadelphia.—There are three Post Offices in this country notorious for bad management: these are, *Albany, Newark and Philadelphia*. Now, it is impossible that two papers of July should, by fair means, come to hand at the same time, for we mail only on our day each week. Therefore each paper, or number, has a weak return.

The paper is, doubtless, either read in the Phila. post office, or crinkled. We shall be most happy to supply all missing numbers—and, if they are regularly mailed, what can we do more? It is more vexatious to us than to you, for it more seriously affects our interests.

We hope that you will always notify us when numbers are missing, and forward the No. of Sept. 9.

E. M., Phila.—The \$10 for subscriptions arrived safely, despite the wrong address.

C. H., Spencer, Owen Co., Ind.—The "Young Folks' Old Book" is just published by Gould, of Philadelphia, and we have not been able until now to fill your order.

Carson, 2, Madison, Wis.—We have sent you by this

mail *Rember's School for Violoncello*, published by Ditson, Boston, and an instruction book, with pieces for Baritone Saxhorn. There are no separate pieces published for this instrument, or for violoncello.

A. P., Grand Hill, Va.—We have mailed you *Wright's Pianoforte Manual*, and *Manual for the Guitar*, published by Firth, Pond & Co. We were not able to obtain a copy of *Taylor's First Steps to the Pianoforte*. You can procure it by addressing a letter to Wm. D. Sullivan, Madison, Ga.

B. A. N.—If, between two notes that are tied, other notes of another part intervene, these intermediate notes of course are not affected by the tie. But if notes in the same part intervene, of course there can be no tie of a former note with a more distant note. Tied notes, should have the connecting tie between each, even in a chord, otherwise it is understood they are to be struck.

Rev. W. G., Troy.—The three family photographs it will give us pleasure shortly to furnish.

Wm. O. F., Syracuse.—The consolation was approved: we believe, but has been mislaid. Could you send us another copy?

C. H. R., Plymouth, Ind.—We can procure you such a pianoforte as you wish in every respect, for \$300. Also a violin and guitar for the sum mentioned. We will shortly write you more about it.

J. V. W., Indiana.—The "Left Hand Fiddle" shall be attended to.

On W. E. N. Y.—The sacred quartet you refer to "The Lord is my Shepherd," has never been published except in the *Musical World*: but we think we can send you copies.

Rev. W. B., Greensboro, Wis.—It may prove difficult to find such a small organ as you wish, for the church: but we think we can find some substitute that will please you better.

A. G., Louisiana.—We will shortly communicate with you as to the melodeon for the church.

## THE CHIME.

PUBLISHED BY DANIEL SWEENEY & CO., JOHN ST., N. Y.

This new book of Mr. Taylor contains still (to the evident chagrin, it is reported, of a certain anxious rival-publisher establishment) to make it successful. We judge of this by the orders for the work which pass through our hands. There are certain people in this world whose tradesman-cum-mercantile, in the eye of the public is such unqualified praise, as to return always, like a bomb on the ear, to those who administer it. We commend this truth to that very small twig of the great tree of American trade, to whom the lesson is especially dear.

## COSMOPOLITAN A. AND L. ASSOCIATION.

We learn that the Cosmopolitan Art and Literary Association have purchased of Hiram Powers, the greatest living sculptor, his two life-size Busts of Washington and Franklin, at a cost of over \$1,500. We also understand that four or five Bronze statues have been imported, among which is a celebrated copy of Venus, life-size, all of which will be distributed among the members of the Association in January next. These valuable additions to the costly works of Art, of which the Association is already in possession, cannot fail to attract great additional interest to the enterprise, and render it more universally and deservedly popular among the lovers of Literature and Art.

## The Man in the Omnibus.

NUMBER III.

"BROADWAY—UP BROADWAY—RIGHT UP."

From my point of retired observation this morning, I see, through my opposite window, our last great Art-manager, Mr. Hackett. He stops and gazes up at the new Metropolitan, which is rising bravely again, over the ashes of the old edifice. He is thinking, perhaps, of securing the new locality in the rear for Grist and Mario: and now he paces up Broadway, probably to pay the distinguished pair a morning visit of congratulation on the immense house of last night.

Hackett is one of the few men in the dramatic profession who does not look the stage: a plain, sturdy, substantial gentleman, strongly featured and dressed with simplicity. The only extremely fine thing about him, I observe, is his linen, which, though many I judge of comparative splendor this side of Moos. Julien's, is still a little in advance of the ordinary, Broadway shirt-bosom aspiration.

Mr. Hackett has had an eventful life of it: first as merchant; then as husband of a distinguished actress; then, by a sudden reverse of fortune, and as sudden revelation of his own genius, a distinguished actor himself:—now, a bridge of enterprise across the Atlantic, over which has walked safely the timorous Grist and the half-indifferent Mario: neither of whom wanted to come, and neither of whom would have come but for the resolute enterprise of Mr. Hackett.

This reminds me of a conversation between Mr. Hackett and a company of St. Nicholas disports, the other day. After a 'preliminary arrangement had been concluded with Grist and Mario, and they had promised to come provided the necessary security were deposited by a certain time with Baring Brothers, Mr. Hackett left for New York. And now, Grist, who greatly dreaded the sea, began to pray Heaven that Mr. Hackett might never come back again. Certain manœuvring managers in London, assured her he would not: that he never would be able to raise the stipulated security: times were hard in the United States: money scarce, etc.

But Mr. Hackett did come: on his visit to Grist behind the scenes in the evening, Mario told him that *Madame* had been crying all the morning over his arrival. On meeting her, Grist said she was glad to see him. That's a *tip*, said Mr. Hackett: you are not glad to see me, you have been crying. "Ah, but I am glad to see Mr. Hackett—and sorry to see the manager.—But shall I have to go over

the water in such a little box as I cross the channel in."

"Oh no," said Mr. Hackett. "You will go over on a sort of an island: and your room will be as large as this dressing room of yours. Besides, I will speak to the Captain, and we will try to spread a kind of oil-jail over the sea, to keep the waves down."

And the first few days out it really seemed so: the Atlantic being quite calm. But then it grew rough, and poor Gris! was in despair: she did not leave her state-room. The great difficulty she found with the vessel was, that it *rocked her the wrong way*. The steamer was pitching at the time, and this was opposed to all Gris's early reminiscences of cradle movement.

Last night I strolled down to Castle Garden to see the singers:—(half the world would rather see music than hear it: but I meant see in the sense of hear: having seen them before.)

With what intense suspense a person awaits the first tone of a singer who has subdued the great artistic world to her feet! As she stepped from the gondola, for instance, on the first night of *Lucresia*. The cheering has subsided, and now a moment's stillness and the tone steals out. Another—and another. The spell is broke: the voice after all, is human: it even has its imperfections: now, we may calmly listen to it: the *down* upon the tone is somewhat gone, like the first tender down upon the peach: but there is still a glow and warmth beneath: yes—the voice is evidently sung a little *through*, and the early freshness is past. We will therefore make up our mind, that the exquisite delight, to ears sensitively attuned, of music in *tone* alone and not in a succession of tones or melody merely, must, in the present instance, be dispensed with.

But how much else is there to compensate for this! See how the attention is now being drawn off, to collateral points of attraction. I cannot but follow with my eye the movements of that handsome head, so finely poised upon the shoulders: the manner in which these lovely hands are managed too—or rather not managed, but the way in which they instinctively follow the thought expressed, and describe, in their motions, none but artistic lines. On my word, a fine actress! How many scores of times has not Gris played the same part, and now see what sweet serenity of first warm and trusting love is depicted in the unconscious Norma: and, as she listens to the love-tale of her friend, how the half-parted lips indicate the entire self-forgetting of a generous and disinterested soul! Ah, Gris, you know we all are looking at you, but not at your unattractive friend—and yet how unconscious you are! But I have seen the same fine acting in a dressing-room—occasionally—and in one of your own ex.

Now, I am sure to be asked by those who have yet to see Gris, how she looks. And what shall one say? How disconnect the mere actualities of size and shape, and color of eye and form of feature, from the beautiful action of all these, when applied in a work of Art.

Let me close my ears for a moment, and take a very matter-of-fact look at her.

A figure of little less than medium height, I should say, (were the stage not so very deceptive in presenting magnitudes) and of very decided embonpoint—in a word, stout. Fine dark hair, with the Italian gloss upon it. A somewhat low, Italian forehead, (I like a low forehead in woman,) and the

face a little too broad and massive at the base for beauty. The eyes look dark: but I should think they might be grey, (the grey eye is always most expressive,) with dark upper and under lashes. There is a slight frown and drawing together of the eyes in performing difficult passages which is not altogether pleasing. On such occasions also she is apt to present a chinchilla—the modern expression, I believe, for a double chin. Her mouth is very sweet—the remark being naturally limited to the expression—and at times has a charming artlessness about it, which is always accompanied by a very artless tone: a point by the way, which I exceedingly admire in Gris, and which struck me first of all in listening to her. True artlessness, in tone or look, is something we do not often find in singers of such years as Gris. And Mario seems also to have caught this peculiarity: for one may observe, sometimes, the same pleasant thing in him.

But—advance Mario. Let us take a look at you. You are not very tall, either. You have a good leg, and your bearing is entirely lofty and unexceptionable. Your face is certainly—or my organ-grates treat me deceptively—that of the persecuted and gifted race. Is it possible, then, that you too are one more of the brilliant galaxy of saxes in which we find Rossini, and Meyerbeer, and Mendelssohn, and all the brilliants of Art that illumine this age! Why should this affect our appreciation of you if you are? It does not, then honey-voiced tear with the burning eye, the delicately bearded face and the small, compact head—it shall not, thou chiefest of this world's tenors.

The only uncomely thing I detect in Mario, (how unamiable to detect anything!) is his hand; which is not altogether shaped like a gentleman's. But it was early trained to grasp the sword, and hence may have been rounded and distended by this use.

But how he sings!—and in that last opera, too, of *I Puritani*. I think that the falsetto in a tenor never was so suitably agreeable to me as in this opera. It seemed so much a blending of this with the next lower register, as to qualify it, and masculinize it. The falsetto voice in a man, is generally repulsive for its effeminacy. But in Mario, it has a manly quality, combined with extreme sweetness: and the transition from this to the lower register is so exquisitely blended, that it requires a practised ear, sometimes, to detect when and where it takes place—except in a sudden leap from the chest to the falsetto voice. Herein, I think, consists peculiarly Mario's superiority to all other tenors: for what Balri and other artists of this voice accomplish with difficulty and with palpable effort, he accomplishes with ease, and impalpably.

I do not know, in truth, that any artistic fault may be found with Mario's singing:—except perhaps that sometimes he does not sing enough; or care enough. With Gris, a severe artist can find more fault: for amongst other things her trill is quite imperfect: she trills with the wrong note and cannot, I presume, trill with a whole tone: for she never trills but half a one. The perfect artist always gives a whole-tone trill:—but after all, there are not many people who care for these things. And when an artist, like Gris, offers us so much that is exquisite, and in some things where we have no right at all to claim superior excellence, why should we be captious?

We will not be: but jump out of our omnibus to-day in good humor with all the world, and with a hearty musical blessing upon all these charming

people that are so delighting us—Gris, Mario, aye, and that superbly voiced Susini and the new comer Corti, whose confidence will yet grow up to the size of Castle Garden.

#### SHEET MUSIC, CAREFULLY SELECTED.

The following new publications may be relied upon by our readers and by country dealers as well worth of purchase.

NATHAN RICHARDSON, BOSTON.

"*Valze de Bravours*," by William Mason. The first page would be a very pretty introduction to what follows, but it is not for an instance or two of harsh and unmusical harmonies: first in the 18th measure; where the minor chord with the D flat, is very offensive to the ear after the major chord which precedes it. The same thing is repeated in the last measure of the page. The 2d chord after both these instances would also sound better if it were flat: instead of doubling the C flat, it would be better to have the A flat in one of the parts. We speak particularly of this first page, because it is more interesting to us than what follows. The piece is got up in Mr. Richardson's very neat and beautiful style. 75 cents.

"*Trois Valse*," by Fred. Chopin. No. 1, 25 cents. No. 2, 25 cents. No. 3, 25 cents. These are Richardson's correct edition, and we do not doubt that all ears will have given them. The lovers of Chopin will not fail to possess them. "Chanson d'Amour," a sentimental and sweet melody, neatly treated by Jules Egarde. 25 cents.

COOK & BROTHER, N. Y.

"*Bridal Gift Polka*," Easy: practicable for moderate performers and a pretty thing. E. J. Cook.

W. C. FETTER & SONS, CINCINNATI.

"*Globe's Musical Mirror*," No. 2, "Speed the Plough," easily and pleasantly varied for young people.

OLIVER DITSON, BOSTON.

"Six songs without words," for Solo and piano. No. 1, "Barcarole," by Schubert: a well-known and charming air arranged for these two instruments: 25 cents. No. 2, "Unpulsed" (Impassioned) by Schubert, also a beautiful and well known air. Arranged by Wm. Forde. 25 cents.

"L'Amour deli opers" for Solo and piano. A little more difficult than the preceding. W. Forde, 25 cents.

"Why linger so long!" Easy song by Edward Lang. 25 cents.

"Twenty-eight melodious exercises," by A. Diabelli. Book 2d in D major and minor. The melody is written within the compass of five notes, to strengthen the fingers.

"Six operatic overtures" arranged for three performers at one pianoforte. No. 6, *Il Barbiere di Siviglia*.

BERRY & GORDON, NEW YORK.

"Sounds of love," 16 melodies by The Oertens. No. 5, *Love's Service*, No. 4 *Belles Glaces*, No. 2 *Serenade*. Pretty and not over-difficult pieces. Each 25 cents.

#### Letters and Replies:

CORRESPONDENTS, ETC.

"AGUSTA, Cal, Sep. 16, 1864.

"Dear Sir—I hope you will pardon this intrusion. I have been engaged in the business of teaching music for the last twenty-five years, and have never marked the singing for my pupils, but on the contrary, have always contended that the system of marking was not correct. Having a great deal of confidence in your judgment in all matters appertaining to the Science of Music, viz: you have the kindness to drop me a line, stating whether you consider my views of the matter right or wrong?—Again apologizing for troubling you, I sign myself, respectfully yours. V. L."

R E P L Y.

We confess that, in our private opinion, our correspondent is quite right. Fingering has long since been reduced to an art, which can be taught pupils as well as anything else. When once possessed of a system, which every teacher ought to impart to his pupil, nothing is easier, or simpler, than fingering. We know young ladies who have been well taught, who know this as well as they know their notes: and are fully competent, to sit down and finger with a pencil any piece of music. Now, if any of these young ladies should be thrown upon their own resources and compelled to teach music in after life, what an invaluable resource this might be to them!

The great principle in fingering is, to let the hand lie in

one position as long as it can, before changing to another. The use of the thumb, relatively to the black keys, and the application of the fingers, are things easily taught; and after a pianist has once become familiar with the right system, the fingers will instinctively seek the right keys without any thought about it. Following the notes and following fingering at the same time is a double process, which is both difficult and tedious. Better spend a little more time upon the early pieces, as regards fingering, and form a right method: the rest will take care of itself. It is always well, however, afterward, in all difficult passages, to settle first the fingering. Passages are often difficult only because the wrong fingering is applied, and, blindly persisted in. A stubborn passage often becomes singularly facile of performance by a change in the position of the hand and the use of the fingers.

**Dear Musical World:**—I wonder if this morning sun looks down on you in New York as kindly and lovingly as it does at us in the country? Nothing happens here at all: "fietina lente" is the motto in everything; and though I get grievously tired of the monotony sometimes, yet I would not be in your busy Gotham but for one thing—your *Gril and Mario*. Nobody likes a scientific criticism better than I, (when I can appreciate it). It is very pleasant to look at great artists, through an artistic opera glass; but still I confess to a womanly weakness, of wanting to know how they look and act; not only when they do try, but when they don't. Now, my dear *Musical World*, you are *Gril*—you go and hear her—oh, then highly favored of mortals.

We live in a remote corner of the civilized world, where the great celebrities never come. We want to make for ourselves a mind-picture of *Gril*, since the living reality is forbidden to us, and we cannot do it without you give us some material to work upon. We want you to tell us how tall she is, whether her hair is raven or golden, (of course it can't be red, can it?) whether her eyes are beautiful, and whether there is a beautiful light in them when she sings—Nobody can do this better than you. Most people like to be praised. Don't you own to a pardonable weakness of the sort?

I've just taken my pen again after hearing a puppi play Wallace's beautiful *Evening Star Schottisch*, and that brings up the point in hand. I have three or four school-boys who are capable of learning something of a higher order than the ordinary waltzes and polkas. I want some pieces which will not be too difficult but yet will keep them practicing. I have looked over Scharenberg's & Lutz's catalogue, but cannot select, because I do not know the pieces. Will you be so good, then, as to give me a list of ten or twelve pieces of German music, that I may order them for my pupils. I fear I am making your former friendly welcome stretch too far, but as I've begun, I'll face it out now. I want some good four-hand pieces. Will you tell me some? and also, which are the least difficult of the overtures thus arranged? and can a good Melodion be purchased for \$50? All of which is respectfully submitted. Truly yours, Q

#### REPLY.

The "Man in the Omnibus" this week undertakes the task you will observe quite correspondent. To describe *Gril and Mario*: we refer you to him and defer to him the entire kind praise bestowed. The list of pieces we will furnish you next week. A good melodion we think can be bought for \$50. At all events, we will try it for you with.

#### SIGNOR BADIALL.

The incomparable baritone was offered in April, we understand, an engagement with *Gril and Mario*; but could not accept at the time, on account of an engagement with the illustrious *Mad Sontag* in Mexico. We trust that some arrangement may yet be made, by which Badiall, who is perhaps more universal a favorite as a singer than any man we have ever had in this country, may yet be incorporated with Mr. Hackett's company. Mario as a tenor, and Badiall as a baritone are both equals in artistic merit, and surpassed in their several department—thoroughbred, superior artists, both of them. What a pleasure to hear them in the same troupe?

We understand, that a certain operatic party in this country, (the same from whom the cruel scandal with regard to *Mad Sontag* originated) have circulated a report that Badiall has lost his voice. So far from this being the case, the voice, of the robust baritone, according to the testimony of an eminent artist, is stronger and better than ever. The same thing we observe is corroborated in a

Mexican paper. We sincerely hope, that this favorite with the public may return to us this winter.

#### N. B.

We would call attention to two advertisements this week is another column, worth in one instance \$1,000, to some person, and \$500, including board, to another. We have always on hand a great many applications for teachers, of an exceedingly favorable character: we have become, in fact, a gratuitous-intelligence office for this class of the community, who ought we think, from the numbers that we have supplied with abundant means of livelihood who were entirely without it, to call a meeting in the Park and pass us a vote of thanks, which we shall be able to bear from the window of our sanctum. However, we will waive the compliment in consideration that this *virtus doctus*, has its own reward, if not from the applicants, at least from the co-advertisers—when they do deliver.

#### A NEW PIANO.

Among the pianofortes which are to contest the prize in the Crystal Palace exhibition, is one manufactured with great care by Mr. Horace Waters. We have been disappointed as yet in seeing the individual instrument in question, of which we have heard so much: but we have seen others of the same construction, and think them worthy of special attention from the resonant, and exceedingly musical tone which Mr. Waters has succeeded in attaining. American manufacturers of pianos are destined yet, there is no doubt, to contest the supremacy with the only man who still (in some respects only) surpasses them.—Erard of Paris. We hope Mr. Waters and his compeers will look sharply after their laurels, and an exhibition in the Crystal Palace is the true way of doing it.

#### USEFUL KNOWLEDGE.

Q. Why are some things of one color and some of another?—A. As every ray of light is composed of all the colors of the rainbow, some things reflect one of these colors and some another.

Q. Why do some things reflect one color and some another?—Because the surface is differently constructed, both physically and chemically, and there fore some things reflect one ray, some two rays, some all the rays, and some none.

Q. Why is a rose red?—A. Because the surface of a rose absorbs the blue and yellow rays of light, and reflects only the red ones.

Q. Why is a violet blue?—A. Because the surface of the violet absorbs the red and yellow rays of the sun, and reflects the blue only.

Q. Why are some things black?—A. Because they absorb all the rays of light and reflect none.

Q. Why are some things white?—A. Because they absorb none of the rays of light, but reflect them all.

Q. What is the cause of wind?—A. The sun heats the earth, the earth heats the air rising upon it; as the warm air ascends, the void is filled up with a rush of cold air to the place, and this rush of air we call wind.

Q. Why does the black skin of a negro never scorch or blister with the sun?—A. Because the black color absorbs the heat, conveys it below the surface of the skin, and converts it into sensible heat and perspiration.

Q. What are clouds?—A. Moisture evaporated from the earth and again partially condensed in the upper regions of the air.

#### THE WORLD OF MUSIC.

##### CONCERNED NEWS OF A WEEK.

**Boston.**—Over in Charles street there stands a church, which for forty years was under the pastoral charge of the late Dr. Sharp. It is now the pulpit home of a man every way calculated to make a most worthy successor, having even now after the lapse of a few months secured the affections of an increasing congregation, and the respect of the community in which the church stands. Now, notwithstanding the past reputation of the Charles street Baptist Church and the popularity of its present pastor, it suffers very sensibly for want of good singing, which singing is now conducted by a quartet choir, composed of voices as unmusical as could well be imagined. Of course, a church is expected to provide for the worship of God in singing, and it ought to have good music, vocal and instrumental, when it possesses the means. But this church is obliged to listen Sunday after Sunday to some of

the most execrating strains that ever ranked the lung of human beings, or ever tried the patience of a long-suffering audience. The singing is as offensive to the ear of good taste as the eating of sour grapes is to the taste of pearly teeth. It is enough to make delicate women faint and strong-minded men either to weep or—had almost written *weep*. But perhaps the singers are not so much to blame as that influential member of the society whose voice and money has thus kept them there contrary to the desires of the congregation. In fact a petition for a reform in this matter was got up and signed by a large number of persons interested, but without effect. The standing committee was requested to change the order of singing, but were prevented by this one man, referred to above, who himself will not listen to the proposals favorable to such a desideratum. This article is written with special reference to the only man implicated.—Boston Herald.

**Huffalo.**—The enterprising music-house of J. Sage and Sons, have just completed a superb establishment, we understand, for the sale of musical merchandise of every description. Success to them.

**Hoehester.** Sep. 20.—The Musical Convention under the instruction of Prof. Johnson and Frost, commenced its sessions on Monday evening in the Third Presbyterian Church. The attendance is quite flattering. The classes were under instruction yesterday. This evening a Concert of secular music, under the direction of Prof. Johnson and Frost, will be given at Palmer's Concert Saloon on Main street. Among the other singers are Misses Whitehouse and Smith, of Boston, two ladies of great excellence as vocalists. The concert promises to be a very fine affair, and deserves to be fully attended. On Friday evening there will be a Concert of Sacred Music in a church. Particulars hereafter.

**Genio, N. H.**—We understand that the *Windsor Troupe* of singers are about starting from this place on their professional tour for the season. This troupe is under the direction of an amiable and accomplished gentleman, who, during his three years' connection with "Dodge's Barrio" has met with no little success, on the part of the public and the public press. He has traveled through New York, New Jersey, Tennessee, Ohio, Kentucky, Indiana, and two or three times through New England. The New England States are now to be visited by this young troupe, to whom we wish every success. By the way, a good *Bass* singer and employment here. Enquire at the office of the *Musical World*.

**Berlin.**—A private note from our "Diastri" (from whom our readers will soon hear in full) gives us a most interesting list of our week's musical opportunities in Berlin. "There have been given at the Opera house, beside ballets, Aubert's splendid scene 'Fairy Lake' (*Faun*, *et* *Myrthor's* *Prophet*)." Ludwig has given his weekly Saturday concert with this programme: Overture to *Tigra*, by Righini; *Andante* from *Madry*; Overture to *Les deux Jumeaux*, Cherubini; Ninth Symphony, (1) Beethoven; Overture to *Carlemane*, Beethoven; and Mozart's Symphony in E flat;—and all for five silver groshen, i. e. twelve and a half cents! Two other theaters have been giving smaller operas, *Sommach*, etc., and the Don Choez sang on Sunday. We are to have *Don Juan* on Friday next!—According to the best information I could get in Bremen, Schumann's condition is still very critical. I am afraid our rejoicings over his recovery came too soon!—An interesting lecture was given lately at the Theater Royal, by Herr Sudre to a numerous audience, including Prince Karl, a great number of officers and musicians, and several artistic and scientific notabilities. The lecture described an invention of Herr Sudre, called the *Telephon*, or *Telegraphic acoustics*, which is a system of employing music in the symbolical communication of messages, especially military. All the combinations of distinct notes (do, re, mi, fa, sol, la, si) simple rhythmic relations, (for signals with drums and trumpets), as well as the usual musical notation, are pressed into the service. For military purposes a much greater variety of signals is thus obtained. The audience were surprised and delighted at the experiments.—*Deutsche Zeitung of Music*.

**Milan.**—The debut of our young Boston contralto is thus reported in a letter to the *London Musical World*, dated Milan, August 26: Beyond a few concertos and benefits at the theaters, at which a miscellaneous selection composed of acts of various opera is served up to the public, we have had positively nothing to record. We must mention, however, the first appearance of a new English (1) contralto, Miss Adelaide Phillips, who made her debut at a concert, when she sang *Allice's cavatina*, "A young

gloria," from *Scarsdale*, and created a *forma*. This young artist possesses a voice of good quality, powerful and sympathetic. Her style is not yet finished, but she holds out promise for the future, and with proper training I have no doubt will take a high position. Miss Phillips repeated the *cavatina* at a second concert given for the manager's benefit, as also the duet with Asser, in both of which she was much applauded—Balls has finished his new opera entitled *Il Duca di Fiviera*, the libretto by Fiviera, which is to be represented during the autumn season at Trieste. He will then proceed to Turin to complete another opera, *Le Scudiere*, which he is engaged to write for the Royal Theatre at Mantua. The season of the fair commenced with Verdi's *Trovatore*, the principal parts being sustained by Madame Bocchadori and Signor Coliva and Contedini. At Turin, the new opera by Sig. Gagnone, *Amici et Trupole*, was given on the 19th instant, and warmly applauded.—B.

**Italy.**—In music, Italy is still far in advance of us; though Rossini—the song-bird of Paradise, nested in those vineyards—grown old and capricious, perhaps, now shuns all the wealth of his melodious soul within itself, refusing to "minister to the corrupt taste of the day." In other words than his own, Verdi's assumption of the musical throne has driven the king of his realm into moody solitude. And a kindly solitude indeed in old Rossini's! His very silence had a royalty in it that is felt; he refused in grandeur attended by wealth, and the repose of his age as luxurious as the life of his youth, and the reign of his prime. His beautiful villa stands on a commanding point of the coast, and in the resort of his still regal subjects. Too near acquaintance, however, with the persons and private habits of most great men of Europe not only dissipate the illusion of distance, but reveals characteristics and habits so revolting that one often regrets such disenchaining intimacy. In this case, one turns from the elegant retirement of the old voluptuary, Rossini, to the tomb of the spiritual Beethoven, with a less regret that Paradise retained so early its musical child.—*Newark Ad.*

## Letter on Church Music.

PRINCETON, Sept. 20th, 1864.

MY DEAR WORLD—"Better late than never," says the proverb;—it seems to me that I am never better than late. The best delayed my last letter to you; the cholera has done the same for this one. But to the point. To make our congregations sing must we abolish our choirs? or having made them sing, are we then to do so? I am inclined to think that the number of those who answer these questions in the affirmative is increasing, and it therefore behooves them who think differently to have the subject looked into with the eye of reason and common sense, as well as through the medium of notion and prejudice, mingled not unfrequently with ignorance. In my last letter I endeavored to show that the advocating the doing away with a choir erred in principle, by its virtual denial of the truth that the best and the choicest of everything is to be offered to the Almighty. I think too, that it will be found to be a mistake practically. Do away with your choirs, and it will not be long before you will do away with your Congregational singing too, or reduce it to a miserable state. A congregation requires some leading—and something to give them confidence, even where nothing but the simplest music is attempted. Congregational singing cannot long be sustained in anything approaching to a respectable state, without the aid of a choir. You may get along pretty well for a time; a year or two perhaps; having some good leading voices in the congregation; or possibly the minister himself taking the lead. But soon, the novelty having worn off, the musical portion of the congregation will begin to be dissatisfied, and one by one will wander off to places where more respectable, or at any rate less annoying and distressing music is to be found; unless attached to that church by principle or some other pretty strong bond. The musical part thus straying away, the music of course will suffer proportionally, and the numerical will soon begin grumbling and growling, as numerical people well know how, upon the subject. Congregational music, without a choir, is any but a very musical

country, which (under correction I submit it,) this country is not, must decline. It will get worse and worse. The quantity and variety of music used must needs be very limited; the quality cannot be high to begin with, and never can be raised; the style of its performance will be flagrantly vicious; faults will be multiplied and magnified; bad habits will be communicated and perpetuated; and very soon dissatisfaction and grumbling will be springing up in every quarter. I am speaking of pure congregational singing, the choir (as defined in my last letter) being removed; and I am confident that, were the experiment fairly tried anywhere in the land, the facts would very speedily justify what I have said. But wouldn't all this be prevented by having regular gatherings of the people for the practice? Yes, in a measure and for a time it would; but a year or two would effectually cool the interest felt in the matter, and those gatherings would be but the meetings of a few of the most interested who would thus be, to all intents and purposes, the choir of the church. You would thus by your experience be brought to the unintentional formation of that which it was your object to do away with. And let me ask why you could not take precisely the same measure to make the people sing when you have a choir. Call the people together and let the choir be there too, and the people will learn as soon again the music to be used, and will, from the better example before them, sing as well again. It is not your having a choir which prevents your having meetings of the congregation to practice; but your having one would very much facilitate operations at such meetings. But, says another, I wouldn't trouble much about the people's practicing; I would get some man with a good strong voice, and he should set the tones and the people would follow him. But here again you come to the idea of a choir. There is a body for small body to be sure, and perhaps more truly a single body to be large, or small, still a body whose regular duty it is to be present at the public services and to lead the musical performances. And I ask, is it not better to have a large and more effective body, able to do things in a better and more becoming way. Aye, but I would have this one man (or woman) with the big voice sing such music as the people could join in. Well and so you can have your choirs sing such music too.

The great practical mistake which seems to be floating about in grumbling people's mind is a sort of notion that they can't take the same measures for getting the people to sing, with a choir as they can if they have none. If they had no choir they would have the people together for practice. Why can't they do so now? If they had no choir they would have such music as the people could sing. Why can't they have it now? How do the choirs stand in the way? Instead of preventing they would help. They would help the congregation to learn the music more quickly and to sing it in better style; and they would act as a preservative in keeping up the music of the church at least to a respectable pitch. We can take all our measures of reform with a choir as well as, and better than, without one. Why then deny the choir as tho' it had done the mischief? They will aid us in carrying out these measures of reform, and save us from the bad predicament into which without them we are sure to run. Why then wish to get rid of them? Oh, unreasonable grumbler, you have a notion, you have a prejudice against a choir. Nay you have many of them, and I only grieve that they have so much ground for many of them. They have done all sorts of bad things; they have sung bad music, they have sung it in a bad way, with perhaps bad feelings in their hearts, and bad hearts in their bodies. They have been the thorn in the flesh of quiet ministers, the reservoir of scandal-loving churchgoers, the detestation of unmusical people, and the intolerable bore of the musical. And yet for all they have done one good thing; they have sung the praises of God, while the congregation have held their peace. They did not make them silent. There never was a

congregation which sang as they should, where a choir could come in and silence them. Such a choir would at once be ejected. But the congregations being silent the choirs have done something by way of make shift. All credit to the choirs for the bad performance of a good intention. But deal gently and reasonably with them. Let the choir even have his due; and let us see, at a time still future, what these prejudices really amount to. N.A.

## A Young Lady's View

OF THE NEW CANTON LAW.

To the Editor of the London Musical World.

DEAR SIR:—I cannot tell you how delighted I am with the sudden cheapness of Music. I bought Mario's beautiful "Donna e Mobile" for one shilling only this morning—and there's a shop in Oxford St., where you can buy Mendelssohn's Music by the quire and sheet, just like note paper. I don't know what is the real meaning of the music-sellers being so very liberal, but from what every one says I suppose it has something to do with all the fuss in the House of Lords, and about which you have been writing such very long articles. I can't make head or tail of them, except this, that it is thought that musical men are very immoral, and Government says that they are not to be encouraged, and so nobody is to pay them for anything they compose. It is certainly rather hard on the poor foreigners, but I hope Government won't prevent them from giving us lessons too, because, if so, how are we to learn singing! and what will become of the poor men! I am sure the Italian gentlemen who have given me lessons in singing for two years at school, is a most harmless, kind, and gentlemanly man. He smiles so sweetly—he would not hurt a fly—much less a woman. He always gave me about twenty of his Romanesque every quarter, and now I mustn't pay him for them. Paps will be very pleased, because he used to say the bills were so heavy; but what will the poor Signor do, if his lessons are stopped too? If one girl twelve years old, runs away with her music-master, is that any reason why all the rest should suffer? But I know this is the reason why the House of Lords won't allow composers to be paid, so that they may keep away altogether. Now, dear Mr. Editor, I hope you will write a pretty article in defence of foreign composers and music-masters. Although I am very glad to buy music so cheap, and to have all D'Alberty's beautiful waltzes at half-price, I am very sorry that the composers should become poor and shabby. It will be very unpleasant if Mr. Blumenthal should be obliged to come to our school and give his lessons in corridors, because he is not allowed to sell his music. I am, dear Mr. Editor, Yours, very sincerely,  
Regent's Park, Aug. 28. AMELIA VINING.

## How to Walk.

It is well to know how to do everything well—Walking is one art which we have to learn as well as other things. A contemporary gives us the following rules:

When we rise to walk, the whole body,—the trunk, the head and extremities—should be thrown into a universal but general tension; all lassitude, bending, carelessness, falling of the head, dangling of the limbs, bending of the trunk, and loose, irregular gait should be avoided; this general vigor brings all the muscles up to that state which instantly fits them for action. The same rule is practised by the whole animal kingdom whenever any extraordinary effort is required. At the moment of any effort, every muscular armature of the whole system, prepares the body for the encounter by giving force, tone and energy to the entire body.

It is a positive injury to the body to exercise when it is careless, lax, flexible and careless. These the muscles are not led with a sufficient amount of blood

and nervous fluid: the nervous and circulatory systems are then very passive, violent or any exercise is then a tax upon unstrung muscles; which is injurious. During the act of moving the body, the muscles which constitute its motive engine are excited to action by all the blood and nervous force, and when they are feeble, the muscular action is also feeble; and conversely, when they are vigorous the motions will be easy, ready, forcible and beneficial.

We here find an explanation of the opposite views of different individuals respecting the advantages arising from walking. If an invalid, a student, or any one walk with a careless, indifferent, listless, awkward, stammering manner, he will experience an evil rather than a good; but if there is a little spirit, dignity, individuality sovereignty in the gait, the air, the person will be invigorated and much better for the walk.

Second rule of great value in walking is that the body, (if not the spirit,) should be perfectly erect. The whole body must be easily poised upon its own gravity as the beam of the scales upon its pivot. Then the various muscles acting upon the body, levers of the limbs and chest will be freed from the labor of holding the body up for that then will be done by the happily balanced skeleton, and then, the muscles will be ready to move the various joints as the will of the individual may dictate. Ordinarily, walkers throw their bodies so far from the center of gravity, as to compel the muscles to not only bend the joints in the exercise, but in addition actually sustain the whole weight of the body. The erect position in walking is all important; not only is it valuable to the corporeal system, but begets an erect habit in the mind and heart. No person can walk with a dignified, honorable and extensive mind without feeling a mental and moral elevation.

As an aid to this position, the eye should not strike the ground for many rods in the distance; the sight should run horizontally; this will prevent the head from drooping, the trunk from bending, and the joints from being lax and weak.

## A Description

OF THE PERSON OF JESUS CHRIST.

(As it was found in an ancient manuscript, which was sent by Ptolemy Lantulus, President of Judea, to the senate of Rome.)

There lives at this time in Judea a man of singular character, whose name is Jesus Christ. The barbarians esteem him a prophet, but his followers adore him as the immediate offspring of the immortal God. He is endowed with such unparalleled virtues as to call back the dead from their graves, and to heal every kind of disease with a word or touch. His person is tall and elegantly shaped; his aspect amiable and reverend; his hair flows in beautiful shades, which no united colors can match, falling into graceful curls below his ears, agreeably couching on his shoulders, and parting on the crown of his head, like the head-dress of the roset of the Nazareites. His forehead is smooth, and his cheeks without a spot save that of a lovely red. His nose and mouth are formed with exquisite symmetry; his beard is thick, and suitable to the hair of his head, reaching a little below his chin, and parted in the middle like a fork; his eyes are bright, clear and serene. He rebukes with majesty, counsels with mildness, and invites with the most tender and persuasive language. His whole address, whether in word or deed, being elegant, brave and as strictly characteristic of so exalted a being. No man has seen him laugh, but the whole world has frequently beheld him weep; and so perceptive are his tears, that the multitude cannot withhold tears from sympathy with him. He is very modest, temperate and wise. In short, whatever this phenomenon may be in the end, he seems to present a man of excellent beauty and divine perfections; every way surpassing the children of men.

## Singing to some Purpose.

The famous Christy, the white negro minstrel, is said to have made \$160,000 nett profit by his concerts. About this the papers speculate, and some approve and some do condemn. We say nothing except that we should like to have the money. It seems a large sum, but think how many faces have been corked, how many jigs danced, how many songs sung, how many tambourines thumbed, how many banjos thrummed, how many fiddle bows worn out, what tons of rosin used up, what thousands of bad jokes cracked, how often the dilatory Daniel Tucker has been declared too late for the evening repast, how long the wagon has been waited for, how frequently the thoughtless fugitive has requested to be carried back to "ole Virginny," what a number of passages have been made to the other side of Jordan, and what a vast number of times poor Brudder Bones has shouldered his banjo and shambled out—before Christy found that balance to his credit. We do not find fault with him. People may call it low—perhaps it is—but they like it. If laughing makes people fat and long-lived, why then Christy is a public benefactor, and quite as worthy of his money as if he had made it by exhibiting mermaids and live skeletons.—*New Bedford Mercury.*

## Coleridge, an Opium Eater.

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE, the celebrated poet, was born in Devonshire, and was the youngest son of the Rev. John Coleridge, who was the Vicar of the parish of St. Mary Ottery, his native place. His education was first conducted at Christ's Hospital, and subsequently at Cambridge, under the Rev. James Bowyer. There is something singular in the fact that Mr. Coleridge, like Mr. De Quincey (the celebrated opium-eater) ran away from his scholastic pursuits. During the time that Coleridge was at Cambridge, he fell in love with a young woman, who rejected his addresses. This produced so much effect upon his mind, that in a fit of despondency he ran away to London. Here he enlisted as a common soldier in a company of horse, assuming the somewhat awkward name of Elias Temken Cumberbatch. Mr. Coleridge was far from acquiring himself well in this new capacity. He was unable to rub down his horse with credit, and is said to have been assisted by a companion, in return for which service he wrote love stanzas, that his friend might appear well in the eyes of his sweetheart. He did not succeed much better as rider than as a groom, and sometimes, to the amusement of his associates, in mounting on one side of his horse he fell over on the other. The manner in which he got extricated from his military service is on a par with the rest of his adventures. One day he happened to hear some of the officers quoting, or rather mis-quoting, a passage of Euripides; and touching his cap, he ventured, in a very respectful manner, to set them right. This, of course, led to inquiry as to his former life, and in the end he was taken to the medical department at the hospital, from which his friends ultimately removed him.

I need not here enter into a systematic account of the various publications which established the fame of Coleridge; the success of his literary and poetical career is sufficiently known to the world. But talent and learning do not ensure happiness nor prosperity. The excitement of genius is not always compatible

with the tranquillity of domestic life, nor always consistent with the steady progress of pecuniary advancement. The subtleties of metaphysics, and the grandeur of poetical conceptions, did not avail Coleridge in the acquisition of fortune. He began to experience the pressure of poverty; but he also experienced a greater misfortune in seeking to restore his bodily and mental energies by recourse to opium. To how great an extent he carried this habit will shortly appear from some letters which are published by his friend Mr. Cottle, in his "Early Recollections of Coleridge." Mr. Cottle states, that as soon as he suspected the real nature of Mr. Coleridge's misfortunes, and their connexion with his practice of opium eating, he wrote him a long and earnest letter, begging him to renounce the dreadful habit. The following is the reply which Mr. Coleridge addressed to Mr. Cottle:

"*ASRAT, 28, 1814.*  
"You have poured oil in the raw and festering wound of an old friend's conscience, Cottle; but it is oil of vitrol! I but barely glanced at the middle of the first page of your letter, and have seen no more of it—not from resentment, (God forbid!) but from the state of my bodily and mental suffering, that scarcely permitted human fortitude to let in a new visitor of affliction. The object of my present reply, is to state the case just as it is—first, that for years the anguish of my spirit has been indescribable, the sense of my danger staring, but the consciousness of my guilt worse, far worse, than all! I have prayed with drops of agony on my brow; trembling, not only before the justice of my Maker, but even before the mercy of my Redeemer. 'I gave thee so many talents, what hast thou done with them?'—Secondly, overwhelmed as I am with a sense of my direful infirmity, I have never attempted to dispute or conceal the cause. On the contrary, not only to friends have I stated the whole case with tears, and the very bitterness of shame; but in two instances I have warned young men, mere acquaintances, who had spoken of having taken laudanum, of the direful consequences, by a awful exposition of its tremendous effects on myself.—Thirdly, though before God I cannot lift up my eye, and only do not despair of his mercy, because to despair would be adding crime to crime, yet to my fellow men I may say, that I was seduced to the accursed habit ignorantly. I had been almost bed-ridden for many months with swelling in my knees. In a medical journal, I unhappily met with an account of a cure performed in a similar case (or what appeared to me so) by rubbing in of laudanum, at the same time taking a dose internally. It acted like a charm, like a miracle! I recovered the use of my limbs, of my appetite, of my spirits, and this continued for near a fortnight. At length the unusual stimulus subsided, the complaint returned,—the supposed remedy was resorted to—but I cannot go through the dreary history. Suffice it to say, that effects were produced which acted on me by terror and cowardice of pain and sudden death, not (so help me God!) by any temptation of pleasure, or desire of exciting pleasurable sensations. On the very contrary, Mrs. Morgan and her sister had been witness so far as to say, that the longer I abstained, the higher my spirits were, and the more I enjoyed my enjoyment.—Still the direful moment arrived when my pulses began to pulsate and such a dreadful feeling abroad, as it were, of my whole frame, such intolerable restlessness and insipient bewilderment, that in the last of my several attempts to abandon the dire poison, I exclaimed in agony, which I now repeat in seriousness and solemnity—I am too poor to hazard this! Had I but a few hundred pounds, but £200, half to send to Mrs. Coleridge, and half to place myself in a private mad house, where I could procure nothing but what a physician thought proper, and where a medical attendant could be constantly with me for two or three months (in less than that time life or death would be determined), then there might be hope, now there is none! O God, how willingly would I place myself under Dr. Fox, in his establishment! for my case is a species of madness, only that it is a derangement, an utter impotence of the will, and not of the intellectual faculties. You bid me rouse myself; go bid a man paralytic in both arms to rub them briskly together, and that will cure him. 'Alas!' he would reply, 'that I cannot move my arms is my complaint and my misery.' May God bless you, and your fellow-sufferers most afflicted!



It is indeed lamentable to see the fine talents of Coleridge thus reduced, and his very capability of writing rendered abortive by internal misery. "I cannot," says he, in one place, "as he feigned of the nightingale, sing with my breast against a thorn." We see him with health destroyed, money wasted, and domestic happiness sacrificed, oppressed with debt, and with independence gone: he who carried away prizes at the university, and was the admiration of all who could estimate genius. Whoso shall say he is safe, if genius can thus succumb? His "tottering step and glassy eye," told of the miserable servitude into which habit had drawn him. Sir Humphrey Davy had well described the instability of his mental constitution, when he compared "the brilliant images of greatness which floated on his mind" to the images of morning clouds mirrored on the waters, "which are agitated by every breeze, and modified by every sunbeam." It may be supposed that strenuous efforts were made by Mr. Coleridge's friends to reclaim him. Medical assistance was procured; and by the kind intervention of Mr. Josiah Wade, of Bristol, a respectable person was procured to live with him, and exercise a constant surveillance over him, both by night and by day. But even this plan failed; for, as Mr. Coleridge confessed afterwards, he managed still to obtain the laudanum by secret and dexterous means. The quantity of laudanum which he took was amazingly large, and consequently the expense considerable. For years the purchase of opium had exceeded £2. 10s. per week. He was in the habit of taking from two quarts of laudanum a week to a pint a day; and on one occasion he had been known to take a quart of laudanum in twenty-four hours. These statements would appear almost incredible, even upon the respectable authority of Mr. Cottle, were it not for some similar accounts given by the distinguished toxicologist, Dr. Christison, and the late eminent Dr. Pereira.

I must be pardoned one more quotation, for the following letter is so valuable that I cannot bring myself to omit it. It is addressed to Mr. Wade, and is dated Bristol, June 20th, 1814:

"Dear Sir, for I am unworthy to call any good man friend, much less you, whose hospitality and love I have abused; accept, however, my entreaties for your forgiveness and your prayers. Conceive a poor miserable wretch, who for many years has been attempting to beat off pain by a constant recurrence to the vice that reproduces it. Conceive a spirit in hell, employed in tracing out for others the road to that heaven from which his crimes exclude him! In short, conceive what is most wretched, hopeless, and hopeless, and you will form as tolerable a notion of my state as it is possible for a good man to have. I used to think the text in St. James, that 'he who offendeth in one point offendeth in all,' very harsh; but now I feel the actual, the tremendous truth of it. To the one offense of opium, what crimes have I not made myself guilty of! Ingratitude to my Maker! and to my benefactors—injustice! and unnatural enmity to my poor children! Self-contempt for my repeated promise-breaking, may too often attend falsehood! After my death, I earnestly entreat that a full and unqualified narration of my wretchedness, and of the guilty cause, may be made public, that, at least, some little good may be effected by the direful example! May God Almighty bless you, and have mercy on your still affectionate, and in his heart, grateful.

B. T. COLERIDGE.

Coleridge died on the 25th of July, 1834, having written for himself the following epitaph:—

"Stop, Christian passer-by! Stop, child of God! And read with gentle breast.—Beneath this sod

A poet lies, or that which once seemed he;  
Oh, lift a thought in prayer for S. T. C. I!  
That he who many a year with toil of breath  
Frore death in life, may here find life in death;  
Merry for praise—to be forgiven for fame,  
He asked and hoped through Christ—do thou the same."

It is somewhat remarkable, that one who so destroyed the serenity of his own natural sleep by narcotic drugs, should be the author of these beautiful lines,—

"O sleep! it is a gentle thing,  
Beloved from pole to pole,  
To Mary, Queen, the praise be given:  
She sent the gentle sleep from heaven  
That did into my soul."

It is pleasing to be enabled to state that Coleridge eventually overcame the habit of opium-taking.

From Talis Magazine.

## The Count.

PIERRE COIGNARD was the son of a vinedresser of Langens, in the department of the Indre-et-Loire, and served as a grenadier under the Convention. Though a brave soldier, he was an audacious thief, and was at length apprehended, tried, and condemned to fourteen years of the galleys. But he did not like the seclusion of the bagne; and, chained as he was like a wild beast, he contrived, in the fourth year of his imprisonment, to make his escape. His success, however, was attended by a circumstance which he had afterwards occasion to refer to as one of the great landmarks of his history. His comrade in the adventure had been likewise condemned, on the same day with himself, to fourteen years fetters; and the two desperadoes were drawn together, not only by this coincidence in their fortunes, but by a dissimilarity in character and acquirements which seemed to point them out as fit associates in crime. What the one wanted, the other possessed. Coignard was tolerably well educated; the other had known no other school than that of the world. Coignard was an easy, pliant man of society; the other a character of iron, molten by nature in a mould which might be broken, but never bent. Coignard, in fact, obtained his ends by address, fortified by resolution; and the other by an implacable stubbornness of purpose, which was dead to all considerations but the one idea before it, which it grappled and clung to for life or death. The union of two men would have enriched the annals of guilt; but it was not to take place. They were detected in the act of attempting to escape, and only one could fly. Had that one been the comrade, he would at once have rejected the temptation. And why? Because the object of their plan had failed, which was the flight of both. But Coignard, who never grew sulky, with fate, so far from abandoning his enterprise, made use of his unlucky friend as a stepping-stone in his escape; and, putting his foot upon his shoulder, spurred him away as he caught at the wall above, behind which he secretly disappeared, with the vengeful yell of his associate ringing in his ears. He changed his name from Coignard to Pontis, fled into Spain, joined among the French army, became a sergeant under the reign of Marshal Soult, and distinguished himself by his bravery and good conduct.

At Saragossa, in the year 1808, Pontis made the acquaintance of a Spanish girl called Rosa Marcon, whom he afterwards married; and the two conjugial spirits set themselves to work to discover a way to fortune late tedious and doubtful than the ranks. An extraordinary coincidence in names gave them the first hint; and indeed so strange an influence do seeming trifles exercise over the destinies of men, that it was perhaps to this coincidence was owing the intimacy of two beings so well calculated to play into each other's hands in the game of life. Why Pierre Coignard, among all the names in the world, should have chosen the name of Pontis, is not known; but

it so happened that it was even as a household word in the ears of Rosa Marcon, she having served in some capacity or other in an emigrant family bearing that patronymic. Whether her service was that of a governess or a waiting-woman, and whether she retired or was driven from it are matters beyond the ken of biography; but it is certain that she beheld with great interest an individual bearing a name so intimately associated with the events of her own history. And this interest was not lessened by the fact that Pontis was a young and handsome soldier, at once polite and daring, and endowed with that cool and gentle self-possession, before which all weaker spirits quail like lunatics beneath the voiceless eyes of their keeper.

But "Pontis" was the name of a titled family. Was this young grenadier a cadet of the noble house whose representatives had fled before the horrors of the Revolution? He might be so by his person and bearing; and the idea retained hold of the imagination of Rosa, even after she learned that he had as little to do with the nobility either of mind or birth as herself. An epoch by-and-by came when such an idea was likely to present itself in a more enticing form than now, when counts were at a discount. The French were compelled to evacuate the Peninsula. Louis le Desiré returned to the throne of his ancestors; and our Pontis and his wife found themselves once more in a country where the husband had worked in chains as a forced.

They proceeded to Soissons, to look after the wrecks which the Revolution might have spared of their ancestral fortune. They found themselves alone in the field. No other Pontis appeared upon the scene: all had perished in exile; and owing to the registers of the town having been burned in the confusion of the Revolution, the heir of the illustrious house was unable even to prove his birth! Thus unluckily situated, Pontis called upon an old lady of his own name, who was waiting in agony of impatience to see her family re-established in their ancient honors by the blessed Restoration. She recognized the handsome young soldier as a Pontis at the first glance; she knew him by the hereditary nose; she could not be mistaken in the calm, firm, half-smiling lip, which gave the world assurance of a Pontis. But who was this young wife whom he presented to her? Had the unhappy man tarnished his blood with a méfiance! Had he brought some obscure foreigner to mock the state of the Countess de Sainte-Hélène? No. The noble heir of the Pontis assured her aged relation, that even in exile he had been too proud of their common name to share it with one meaner than himself. This lady, though their marriage was unquestioned by her family till his claims should be established, was of the highest blood of Spain; she was a daughter of the viceroys of Madrid! This was enough, almost too much. The old lady wept with pride and delight, and she ended by making the whole town weep with her. An act of notoriety, as it is called in French law, was readily obtained, recognizing the birth of the returned emigrant; and this being transferred to the existing registers of Soissons, Pierre Coignard, the escaped felon, found himself transformed, as if by magic, into Pontis, Count de Sainte-Hélène.

We have not ascertained that the pecuniary resources of the adventurer were much improved by this recognition of his nobility; indeed it would seem from the context that this was not the case. It is far more difficult to obtain an estate than a title; and perhaps the count may have thought it imprudent to refer his claims to the searching arbitrament of the courts of law. But his grateful people would not suffer the son of the noble house to languish in poverty and obscurity; and indeed the talents of the count offered the fairest opportunities for his advancement, or rather made his advancement a duty on the part of the court. He received successively the knightly decorations of the Legion of Honor and Saint Louis, became a member of the order of Alcantara, and rose to be a lieutenant-colonel in the legion

of the Seine. On his part he repaid the royal favor with unbounded devotion, his loyalty was without reproach, and he was esteemed one of the most rising and respectable characters in the French court.

The expensive manner in which the count lived might have afforded, but for one circumstance, some suspicion that he enjoyed still weightier favors of government than crosses and decorations. The pay of a lieutenant-colonel, with any fragments he might have recovered of his hereditary possessions, was not enough to account for a liberality as unbounded as his was uncontentious. The inexhaustible fund on which he drew was neither squandered nor spared; he had money for all legitimate purposes; and when other men had recourse, on extraordinary emergencies, to loans and mortgages, the Count de Sainte-Hélène had nothing to do but to write a cheque. His marriage accounted for this. His noble wife was the mine, on the produce of which he lived; and her Spanish gold was daily transmuted in any quantities into French silver.

It was supposed at the time, however, that other men had recourse to more disreputable means of supply; for the wholesale robberies that were committed on all hands had become as alarming as they were inexplicable. No precautions were sufficient for the safeguard of valuable property. In the recesses of palaces, thefts were as common as in the shops of the citizens; and it was obvious that there had been established a system of brigandage, whose organization comprehended a much higher class than usual. Even a nobleman was not safe from suspicion whose habits exhibited any degree of the mysterious; but as for our count and countess, they lived so much in public, they belonged so completely to the court and to society, that the suspicion must have been wild indeed which could attach itself to them.

One day the count was at the head of his regiment in the place du Carrousel, assisting at a splendid military parade. On one side of the square was the garden and palace of the Tuilleries; on the opposite side the Avenue de Neuilly, extending as straight as an arrow along the side of the Champs Elysées, to the verge of the horizon, now terminated by a triumphal arch; on the third, the Place Vendôme, with its noble column; and on the fourth, the Seine spanned by a bridge loaded with statues. The magnificent scene was crowded with spectators, even to the trees of the Champs Elysées; and as the Count de Sainte-Hélène felt himself to be one of the great actors in the pageant, a wild thrush must have heaved the breast of the escaped fagot. But the word he hardly now considered to apply to him; for his fourteen years' sentence was expired if not fulfilled. Some days ago he had celebrated in his own mind the fourteenth anniversary of his condemnation, and declared himself to be a free man! It is no wonder that on this occasion he should revert exultingly to his escape from the bagne, as an event which had turned the current of his life, and given him to his fortune; but as his thoughts lost themselves in the recollection, he leaped suddenly in the saddle, as if transfixed with a spear.

At first he hardly knew what it was that had affected him, or knowing it, he set it down as a delusion growing out of his waking dream. An eye had rested upon his for a moment, as his face was turned towards the crowd—a phantom eye doubtless, such as sometimes glares upon us from the abysses of memory, for he never could meet with it again. Yet the count could not help repeating to himself, nor avoid a sensation of sickness as he did so, that the comrade he had abandoned to the chains, springing him with his foot as he did so, was now a free man like himself, and by a more legitimate title! In the case of almost any other human being in similar circumstances, this would have been of little consequence, for he was now rich enough to buy silence from hate itself. But Pontis knew his man.

That night the portress of a common looking house in the rue Saint Marc was called from her repose by a gentle ring at the bell.

"What is your pleasure?" said she, speaking through the wicket; "I am alone, and although very poor, do not care to open to strangers." The visitor muttered a word in reply, and the door was opened as instantly as its ponderous bolts permitted. He followed her through a ruinous court, and signifying by a silent gesture that he would dispense with her further service, he knocked at another door. Here he was again challenged; but his voice gained him admittance as before, and presently he found himself in a room much more comfortable than might have been expected from the exterior.

"What! you here?" said the man who opened the door to him, and who was the only inmate of the apartment. Why, Peter, this is an unusual and unexpected honor."

"I have reasons, Alexander," replied the visitor gravely; and as he opened his cloak and threw his hat upon the table, the striking resemblance between the two men would enable a stranger to pronounce them at once to be brothers.

"Reasons you of course have, for you never met without them; but before you open your budget, let me put you in good humor by presenting you with this handsome sum of money, your share of as rich a spoil as we have yet taken."

"Set it down; I cannot attend to business at present! I have seen a ghost."

"A ghost! I know a man who would scare even you; but I was not aware that you stood in special awe of the immaterial world. In what form appeared the ghost?"

"In the form of a human eye, which was fixed upon mine to-day for an instant in the Place du Carrousel. Whether it is anything more than the fragment of a dream I had fallen into at the moment, I cannot tell; but if it was really in a human head, it belongs to the man you allude to."

"And what then?"

"Merely that I am lost."

"What nonsense! You are too clever, too self-possessed, too far-seeing for that. You are unknown even to your own hand—I, your Lieutenant and your brother, being the sole medium of communication between you. Besides me, you have no confidant in the world but your own wife, your splendid countess, who is the life and soul of the association, without whose guiding voice we could not stir a step, and who could not eliminate you without destroying herself."

"All that is true; but you do not know the man as I do."

"We must try him."

"It is for that I am here—take care on your high. Strip me of all I possess—take the diamond crosses from my breast—take the jewels from my wife's hair—but let him have his price! You must do still more than that."

"Not blood?"

"Not without necessity. We must employ him. We must steep his hand in crime—and that will be your easiest task. Till he is again at the mercy of the police—till the fourteen years' fetters of Toulon drag again before his vision—it is impossible for me to sleep."

"And if all falls? If he will neither steal gold nor accept it as a present?"

"Then we shall talk farther."

Among the crowd that day in the Place du Carrousel, there had been a man who attracted the attention of some of the older members of the police. His was a well-known face; but it had not been seen for many years, and the thief-takers employed themselves in getting the lineaments again by heart. But the man, secure in his innocence (for the hague visits off all scores), strolled carelessly on. He did not meet a single acquaintance—fourteen years being, in his calling, the outside limits of a generation; till all on a sudden, as he glanced upon a general officer passing slowly on horseback, an expression of surprise crossed his dull eye lightened with joy, and then the

brief illumination faded away into a fixed and lurid glare. At that moment the officer appeared to see him; and shutting his eyes suddenly, and ducking under the shoulders of the crowd, the old fagot turned away.

It was easy for him to ascertain the rank and position of the object of his interest; to learn that, without estates, he possessed prodigious wealth; that he had brought a wife with him from Spain, who was supposed to be the source of his riches; and that the records of Solons having been burned, he had established his birth as an act of notoriety.

"Ah!" said he; "that is so like him! He is a clever fellow, and he is now at his old tricks; but he has climbed thus far upon the shoulder of his comrade—he must down!" He went straight to the office of the prefect, and denounced Lieutenant-Colonel Pontis, Count de Sainte-Hélène, as an escaped fagot. The clerks laughed at him, the prefect ordered him to be turned out, and the informer saying politely that he would call again took his leave.

The next morning he was met near the prefecture by a man who entered into conversation with him.

"You are from Toulon?" said the stranger abruptly.

"Well, if so?"

"You are going to denounce somebody?"

"Well?"

"He is too strong for you."

"We shall see."

"Are you rich?"

"I have still enough for dinner; I must shift as I can for the rest of the day."

"Will a thousand francs do?"

"No."

"Ten thousand?"

"No."

"Twenty thousand?"

"No."

"Come, at a word—we want to be friends with you. What do you want?"

"Take four from fourteen, and there are ten: ten years' fetters would satisfy me. I will not abate him a month!"

"Ha!—ha!—ha! that is a good joke! But do you not know that he is more than a count, more than a knight, more than a lieutenant-colonel! Can you guess what he is?"

"Yes; he is the man who broke his compact with me in the hague of Toulon, and spurned me away with his foot as he sprang over the wall. I must have him back: it is only justice. Good morning!" and the old fagot went into the prefecture.

This time he was apparently but little more successful than on the former occasion; but the functionaries were surprised at his pertinacity, and considered it due to the character of the count to send some one to him to hint delicately at the calamities that were abroad. They told the informer, therefore, that inquiries would be made, and directed him to call the next day, in the idea that by that time they would have authority to take him into custody. He was pleased accordingly, with his success. He dined cheerfully; spent the afternoon in walking about; in the evening felt hungry again, but resisted the temptation to commit a theft, lest he should be locked up from the business that engrossed him; and at night, being perfectly moneyless, he repaired to one of the bridges to sleep under an arch.

This was the most quiet, though by no means the most solitary, bed-chamber he could have found; for that night every crib in Paris was searched for him by messengers who would have silenced him in any way or other. As it was, he lay undisturbed except by his dreams, and the fitful moonbeams glancing like spectres upon his face. Sometimes he awoke, and fancied himself in the prison of Toulon, till reassured by the voice of the river which murmured in his ear. "It is only justice." Then he felt hungry, and the night air grew chill and the light





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A Cot beside the hill.  
Ah! for wings.  
Annie Laurie.  
Arab Steed.  
Ave Maria.  
Are we almost there?  
Away down East.

Be watchful and beware.  
Blue Juniata.  
Blanche Alpen.  
Bosid Sojer Boy.  
Burial of Mrs. Judson.  
By the sea and sea waves.

Call me pet names.  
Charity.  
Child's wish.  
Chink of Gold.  
Comin' thro' the rye.  
Come! oh! come with me.  
Come sit thee down.

Dearest, I will love thee more.  
Distant Drum.  
Do they miss me at home?  
Dream on.  
Dreams.

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Fond Wishes.

Go thou and dream.  
God of the Fatherless.  
Grave of Bonaparte.  
Grave of Washington.

Happy Bayadera.  
Hearts and Homes.  
Heather bell.  
Hero's Serenade.  
Hour of Love.

Ida May.  
I'd offer thee this heart of mine.  
In this old chair.  
It is better to laugh.  
I've been roaming.

Jammie's on the stormy sea.  
Joe Hardy.  
Johnny Sands.

Katy Darling.  
Katy did and Katy didn't.

Last greeting.  
Last serenade.  
Light sparks.  
Lilly Dale.  
Lilly dear, rove with me.  
Lords of creation.  
Lulu is my darling pride.

Make me no gaudy chaplet.  
Mary of Argyle.  
Miller's Maid.  
Molly Bawn.  
Mountain bugle.  
Mountain maid's invitation.  
My dream of Love is o'er.  
My father's coming home.  
My sighs shall on the balmy breeze.

Napolitana. (I'm dreaming.)  
No, no'er can thy home be mine.  
Not for gold or precious stones.

Oh! charming May.  
Oh! home of my childhood.  
Oh! would I were a girl again.  
On the banks of Guadalquivir.  
On, to the field of glory.  
Ossian's serenade.

Pauper's funeral.  
Pestal.

Rome! thou art no more.  
Scenes that are brightest.  
Serenade. (Don Pasquale.)  
Silver moon.  
Soft glides the sea.  
Songs of Love.  
Songs of other days.

There's a sigh in the heart.  
Thou art gone from my gaze.  
Thou hast learned to love another.  
Three Belles.  
Thy name was once a magic spell.  
'Twas in the glad season.  
'Twas on a Sunday morning.

We are almost there.  
We met by chance.  
We miss thee at home.  
When the moon on the lake.  
When the swallows.  
Where are the friends of my youth?  
Willow song.  
Will you love me then as now?  
Why do I weep for thee?  
Yes! I have loved before.  
Yes, 'tis true that thy Katy.

Also just published, the complete operas of

**Norma, Lucrezia Borgia, Lucia di Lammermoor and Don Giovanni,**

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3, Katy Darling,  
4, Lilly Dale,  
12, Gipsy Polka,  
15, Feet march,  
17, Wedding march,  
21, Home, sweet home,  
25, Hall Columbia,  
38, Norma march,  
46, I would that my love.  
Music sent by mail, postage free.



# Musical World

"Music is the Art of the Prophets: it is the only Art which can calm the agitation of the Soul, and put the Devil to flight."—MARTIN LUTHER.

"I ever held this sentence of the Poet, as a canon of my creeds: that whom God loveth not, they love not Musicks."—T. MOULAY, 1589.

RICHARD STORRS WILLIS, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

5—of Volume X.]

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, OCT. 7, 1854.

[185—of whole Number.

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## MUSIC FOR THIS NUMBER:

A charming piece for the pianoforte, adapted to players of moderate ability, by F. Schubert.

## ENLARGEMENT.

We are obliged occasionally to increase the number of our paper in order to accommodate our advertisers, and, at the same time do justice to our readers. This is the case with the present number, in which we have twenty instead of sixteen pages.

The Musical World is now universally admitted to be an unequalled medium for musical advertising. Our advertisers feel its effect upon their trade and act accordingly. The truth is, the Musical World reaches the musical classes, throughout the length and breadth of this vast country; the very classes advertisers wish to reach, and whom they do not exclusively reach in non-musical papers. Hence the cheerfulness with which advertisers pay us our established rates, from \$1,000 a page downward, according to the scheme which will be seen above. This week, it will be observed, one publishing house alone occupies two entire pages: This house; (Oliver Ditson of Boston) is one of the oldest, most experienced, most extensive and reliable in the United States. It is also an old and well-tried advertising friend of ours, and we feel happy in this evidence of its increased confidence in the value of our Journal for advertising purposes. Long may it prosper.

And let us here say to our reading friends, that all our advertisements are well worth attentive perusal. They

furnish a reflex of the vast musical energy of this country, such as will astonish those who never have had their attention called to the subject. If any one would know what the Hall & Sons, the Ditsons, the Richardsons, the Goodies, the Princes, the Burgesses, the Boardman and Greys, the Watertons, the Grosvenors and Truitts, and the many, many more, are doing, in the way of music, let them but give a glance at our advertising pages from week to week.

## WILLIAM MASON.

Thus prompting young American pianist will soon make himself heard among us. We give much space this week to a notice of him by an intelligent judge of pianism, Mr. Nathan Richardson, of Boston. We hope to be able to confirm this opinion after we have heard him.

## OLEES.

CRYSTAL PALACE EXHAUSTION.—The Crystal Palace Company held a meeting the other day, when a number of curious statistics were brought to light. It was ascertained that—45,052 females had exclaimed on entering the building, "Well, I never!"—32,341 gent. In all-round circles, declared that it was "truly magnificent."—21,728 babies had insisted on calling the policemen at the doors "dada."—16,444 found it very hot—29,266 individuals discovered it to be very cold.—In the refreshment department we find that out of 124,847 persons who called for a bottle of ale, 122,000 persons placed the adjective "nice" before it, and 37 individuals perpetrated the joke about its being drawn mild—52,368 persons who had plates of cold beef, said they didn't like it—48,229 who partook of the same repeat said they did.—6,354 who had bottles of ginger-beer had exclaimed, "Mind your eye."—Two persons were found drunk and inebriate, in the refreshment room.—And one individual was detected asleep in the Alhambra Court.—Diogenes.

WAGON side of a horse invariably has the most hair on? The outside.

A SCHOLAR'S ASSURANCE.—Oh how I wish I were a fountain, for then I could be always playing!—Punchinello.

BETWIXT AND BETWEEN.—It appears that the Sandwich Islands have recently become annexed to America. The natives no doubt know from conviction on which side their bread was buttered, and asked the United States if they would like to take a Sandwich.—Diogenes.

THINGS WE SHOULD LIKE TO KNOW.—"Is prepared bar ley" likely to be taken by surprise? If an argument is carried on "on the one hand," what is carried off with the other? When a tailor makes up his mind, what does he do with the remnants? What sort of insects does a man use to make light of his troubles?

POOR WARRIORS.—Bakers, it must be confessed, are a very unfortunate race of men; for no matter how full their shops may be of loaves, they always knead bread.—Punchinello.

"ALL flesh is grass," with the philosopher; but it would be rather difficult, we imagine, to persuade a man dining off a pennyworth of watercress, that it is tantamount to having a fine leg of mutton.—Punchinello.

—He that cannot forgive others, breaks the bridge over which he must pass himself; for every man has need to be forgiven.

## The Man in the Omnibus.

NUMBER II.

THE 4TH AVENUE CHURCH—GERMAN DRAMA—NEW OPERA HOUSE.

JOLTING down 4th Avenue the other day, (what an execrable pavement that always is, to be sure!) my eye was arrested by the new and very unique church just building on the corner of 20th street: the material of which is a very white, imported stone, alternating with Philadelphia or Baltimore brick. The white and red stand forth in, very sharp contrast.

This is destined to be, I doubt not, a very tasteful and elegant edifice. And yet, as our "cave" moved on, my eye fell upon a butcher's shop, next door the exposed, inside wall of which, next to the church was most singularly hung with a broad expanse of roast-beef.

Now, how perverse the human mind is! I saw, in the beef, a streak of fat and a streak of lean. And, in that elegant church edifice close alongside, what else could my perverted sense see there, also, than—a streak of fat and a streak of lean. A most ridiculous and annoying thing! But—I could not help it. The idea was lodged, and every time I pass that charming new church, I see, and cannot help seeing, roast-beef all over it.

I therefore strongly protest against that butcher's shop, next door to the church. Let the church buy that butcher out. I verily should strongly suspect, (if the butcher were not there before the church,) that this mischievous public purveyor, like the lively stable-men, who rent a vacant lot in the most fashionable quarters and begin to keep a stable in order to be bought off by an indignant neighborhood, also knew what color the tasteful J. Wrey Mould was going to employ, and purposely put up his perfidious roast-beef as an extortory feature in the landscape.

"St. Charles"—I am reading through the window of my perambulating house, which fronts me upon the entire length of Broadway. This name reminds me of an evening I passed at the German drama last week, in an establishment of that name. I had been dining at that quiet and cozy retreat of al-babels (temporary and permanent), artists, editors of *id est* genus of odd fellows,—at German *Itiner's* in Grand st: and having commenced with the German element, I thought I would make an evening desert of the same, and listen to a Gerp mas farce.

But let me first here interject, what a wretched



life is that of a married summer-bachelor in the city! A man who knows what a home is, and has once escaped the dreariness of bachelor-hood; who is compelled to remain disgracefully in the city, where he may never allow, poor man, during the season, that he is in the city; but is supposed like his house, if he does remain, to be all covered with cobwebs; he, the discovered half of a pair of scissors; with charming wife, and (that small, connecting screw-rivet, we may call it) an unparalleled first baby,—miles off in the country!—Ah me.

Strolling down Broadway to Chambers st. then,—for, to have drawn a straight line from Titner's to Chatham square would have taken me through that very dramatic quarter the Five Points; and this time I preferred the drama entirely within doors—I suddenly launched into the furious human tide of Chatham st.; was washed past the Hebrew Sylla and Charybdis of old *old* maris, on either side; floated into the more open bay of Chatham square, and finally dropped anchor at the "St. Charles." A row of luminous gas globes on the outside of the building announced that I was there. But finding that I was early on the ground, I strolled on, exploring this *terra incognita* of the metropolis, and was duly astonished at the variety of shows; the flare of illuminated houses of amusement; the pea-ant and apple stands; the model-artist demonstrations, negro minstrels, etc.; and all the whirl and excitement of that tumultuous part of the city. There was also within a few doors, another rival German dramatic establishment.

The "St. Charles." I afterward found, was drama in a nut-shell; the house albeit being arranged as if intended for a metropolitan establishment; with a parquet and a succession of galleries. The wee bit of a place was gaudily daubed *a la fresco*, and—somewhat scant of audience. Half an hour after the time to commence, four or five musicians filed into the orchestra, responding to the highly exciting cries of *mosaik, mosaik*, from obsequious German youth in the upper tier. And here I could not help reflecting how impossible that kind of demonstration would be in the orderly old country, and how the slow German nature soon becomes very fast on our American soil.

The orchestra played a single polka and then stopped. This was evidently all they had engaged to do—they had played their money's worth and declined to proceed. Still, the curtain did not rise. Hereupon one of the German boys up stairs aimed a missile at the leader's fiddle, which was reposing in innocent security on a stool behind him. The fiddle was immediately felled, and a shudder seized all sensitive musical natures. The indignant Kapellmeister then arose, and, turning around, addressed a most vehement speech upward, to the offending region. He hugged his violin and asseverated, that it was worth two hundred Thaler,—and that any rowdy fellow who could be so *feigelt* (so much a scamp) as to attack an unoffending violin, belonged to the "Tombs," and not in a respectable temple of the muses. (I quite agreed with him.)

Hereupon, a sturdy old German who, with his buxum *frow* beside him, had thus far been quietly waiting for the curtain to rise, arose himself in his seat in the first tier of boxes, and proposed to start a sixpenny contribution for what the orchestra had already played; declaring himself willing to head the list. Thereupon laughter and great commo-

tion. The leader sharply responded, and addressed the old gentleman. Old gent. grew irascible and began to snarl and spirt like a terrier. Another retort from the leader. Highly incensed arose waxed the old gent: he fought with his arms, downward upon the kapellmeister, and behind him upon the fat arms of his *liebe frau*, who was tugging at his coat-tails behind, and trying to get him down. Thereupon a new disputant arose close beside the old gentleman, and the two then had the whole quarrel between them.

But now, an element of German concord was suddenly introduced. Several waiters appeared, bearing trays. On the first were glasses of Lager Bier. On the second cakes and pastry. On the third bouquets of flowers.—A droll combination.

Presto!—what a change! Immediately ceased a general fumbling in pockets for alpenrocks: huge draughts of Lager Bier succeeded; and order was restored. The pastry sweetened still more the concord; the flowers confirmed the general tranquillity. The entire audience was now blissfully employed in eating cake and drinking Lager Bier; the combatants themselves forgot the fiddle-grievance and their personal animosities; burying the hatchet of their wrongs in the sweet depths of apple tart. And for myself, what could I do? I drank Lager Bier too. It was very good.

But yet—the curtain did not rise. The cakes were devoured—the Lager Bier consumed—and a general outbreak seemed again imminent. The first signs of it were two or three bouquets, which some of the audience threw directly in front of the motionless curtains, in ironical testimony of what what the company had already accomplished.

Finally, the curtain did rise. There then succeeded a broad German farce; the best thing of which was attested by the principal clown, who, upon declaring to a sister of his that he was positively fond enough of her to marry her, and being remonstrated with by said sister on the unattractiveness of such expression, responded—"and why not forsooth!—didn't my father marry his wife?"—The audience thought this conclusive.

After the farce, a most extraordinary exhibition took place called the devil's promenade.

A tall, gaunt figure, clothed in tight-fitting scarlet from the sole of his foot to the tip of his head, all in one piece, and with red horns projecting from the corners of his forehead, suddenly bounded upon the stage, and straightway assumed such impossible and miraculous attitudes as made one's blood curdle: now rolling over the stage like a hoop, with his face staring out between his legs, now bending over backwards till his head was between his legs again the reverse way; now writhing and tying himself up like a whip-cord, and setting bones, sinews, and the life apparently, that flowed between, at defiance. The Germans drank hugely of the Lager Bier, which still circulated, and laughed. But I could only hold my breath and positively tremble. The very revoltingness of the exhibition seemed horribly to enchain me not, finally, I was let loose of the enchantment by the disappearance of the odious German devil.

The manager shortly after made his appearance, begged amiably off from the rest of the programme, and the lager bier having effected its soothing and conciliating mission, the audience complied and composedly retired. The moral of this history I believe is, that the best German police is always—unlimited Lager Bier.

By violent contrast, I found myself on Monday evening in that gorgeous place,—the Academy Building. The daily press, I believe, think the building a failure in some respects and speak disparagingly. But the public may be assured, it is entirely a new sensation to enter that edifice. And having entered it, it is still another new sensation to listen to an opera in it. Everything and everybody are dignified and glorified by the sumptuous and magnificent surroundings of that gorgeous place. For one, I felt proud, that in America we now have a building, with which the former Dresden opera house and others of its class cannot compare—so far as general effect is concerned, and acoustical advantage. I resolutely shut my eyes to possible defects, which, by assuming a critical attitude might have been discovered, with unlimited faith in the energy of Americans, to remedy, eventually, whatever is wrong: for the present reflecting, that life is short—and so are the pleasant moments and the new sensations of life. Here you have a gorgeous house, at which you are pleasantly astonished,—Grisi and Mario on the stage—and the opera of Norma. Mr. Hackett has politely accorded to you a couple of admirable and comfortable seats for the season: beautiful faces beam everywhere—and, prithce, man, is not this enough for an evening? Let criticism then incontinently go hang, and let us enjoy what Art and the pleasing Present now afford us.

#### THE PRIZE ODE TO POWERS' GREEK SLAVE.

(From the Evening Mirror.)

The Derby stake has been won by Augustin Duganne, of this city. As the public are well aware, Mr. G. L. Derby, the Actuary of "The Cosmopolitan Art and Literary Association," purchased some time since the original statue of Powers' Greek Slave as one of the prizes to be distributed by the Association, established at Sandusky City, Ohio. Mr. Derby then offered a prize of One Hundred Dollars for the best Ode written on this beautiful creation of American Genius; and selected the following gentlemen as judges to decide upon the merits of the offerings:—Messrs. Bayard Taylor of the Tribune, Richard Storrs Willis of the Musical World, and H. Fuller of the Evening Mirror, who met at the St. Nicholas Hotel on Tuesday evening, Oct. 3. About two hundred contributions were sent in, with the writer's name enclosed in sealed envelope, with the understanding that only the name of the winner should be known. This condition was strictly observed; and the Committee after carefully reading them, and discussing the merits and defects of the fifteen or twenty worth considering, unanimously decided in favor of the following:—

#### ODE TO THE GREEK SLAVE.

Dedicated to the Cosmopolitan Art and Literary Association.  
BY AUGUSTIN DUGANNE.

O Greek! by more than Modern feters thralld!  
O marble prison of a radiant thought,  
Where life is half recall'd,  
And beauty & wit created, not wrought—  
Why hasten thou my dream, unveil to light,  
And smothered with parity, wherein  
Mine own soul is transfigured, and grows bright,  
As though an angel smil'd away its sin.

O chastity of Art!  
Behold! this maiden shape makes solitude  
Of all the busy mart;  
Beneath her soul's immeasurable woe,  
All evanescent vision she subdues,  
And from her veiled eyes the flow  
Of tears is inward turned upon her heart;  
While on the pinning lips  
Her eloquent spirit awakes,  
And from the inarticulate mould  
Falls patient glory, as from clouded mould:  
Severe in vernal green, yet warm  
And fragile with the delicate glow of youth.

She stands, the sweet embodiment of truth;  
Her pure thoughts clustering round her form;  
Like seraph garments, whiter than the snows  
Which the wild sea upthrows.

O Genius! thou canst not obtain  
Not marble only, but the human soul,  
And melt the heart with soft control,  
And wake such reverence in the brain,  
That man may be forgiven,  
If in the ancient days he dwelt  
Idolotrous with sculptured life, and kneel  
To beauty more than Heaven!

Genius is worship! for his works adore  
The Infinite source of all their glorious thought.  
So blessed Art, like Nature is overfraught  
With such a wondrous store  
Of hallowed influence, that we who gaze  
Aright on her creations haply pray and praise!

Go, then, fair Sister! and in thy festive teach  
What Heaven inspired and Genius hath designed—  
Be thou Evangel of true Art, and preach  
The freedom of the Mind!

For the Musical World.

### TO MAGGIE.

WRITTEN ON A SLEEPLESS NIGHT, AFTER HAVING SPENT THE  
EVENING WITH HER!—BY JOHN G. PARKER

Why should we part? I know I dare not love thee,  
And yet my spirit is akin to thine;  
Oh! may the sky be ever bright above thee,  
And sweetest flowers round thy pathway wind.  
When we shall part

Why should we part? I feel thou dost not love me,  
Yet very often doth thine eye meet mine;  
No other glance has half the power to move me,  
In sooth, I ask no answering eye but thine;  
Why should we part?

Why should we part? Earth hath no dearer pleasure,  
Than still to meet as we have often met;  
Like the old minstrel glowing o'er his treasure,  
These moments we will hoard; and we'll forget,  
Though we shall part

Why should we part? We cannot meet another  
So prompt to understand the inward heart.  
A sister's love, a kind, protecting brother,  
May not prevent regret and tear to start;  
Why should we part?

Why should we part? The nights will be so lonely,  
When I no longer can thy sweet, sad tone;  
For in the crowd that round us meet, then only  
Couldst thou charm mine ear—I worshipped those tones.  
Why should we part?

But we must part! and yet we fondly linger,  
We scarce know why, round each familiar spot  
Where we can trace the print of memory's finger,  
And read a story, we're to be forgot,  
Though we must part.

Yes, we must part—regrets are unavailing.  
Yet will the mind oft to these meetings dwell;  
Our friendship and our love will be unending,  
Though we are forced at last to say "farewell,"  
For we must part!

### SHEET MUSIC, CAREFULLY SELECTED.

The following new publications may be relied upon by our readers and by country dealers as well worthy of purchase.

#### MAYER & TREHAR, BUFFALO

"Capriccio pour le piano," by H. A. Wollmann. We have here a very superior composition by one of our most able artists. The first theme is an exceedingly interesting one and carried out with taste and elegance.

"Haine grande valeur brillante," another composition by the same author. The movement is spirited and characteristic (as every work should be), increasing in brilliancy to the close. Both these pieces we commend to such pianists as can master music of moderate difficulty, in the modern drawing room style.

#### V. J. HUNTINGTON, NEW YORK.

"First Steps to the Piano-forte," by Geo C. Taylor. This is a small compendium of all the knowledge necessary to commence playing the piano-forte. The chapter on "Grass

Notes," particularly, we think valuable and important. At the close are Five Finger exercises and the scales. There seems to be a call for this little book judging from letters we receive. Price 75 cents.

#### OLIVER DITSON, BOSTON.

"O weary, weary are our feet!" A pretty German popular air adapted to music by H. W. Carstane.

"Favorite songs by Mozart." Happy childhood 38 cts.

"Come and call the ducks together." Words by Schiller, music by J. F. Reichardt. 25 cents.

"Never Surrender." Words by M. F. Tupper, music by J. C. Barrett. 25 cents.

"Apollo Polka," by M. Hoeffner. 25 cents.

#### WM. HALL & SON.

"The mother's smile." Favorite ballad by W. V. Wallace, adapted to the guitar by Charlie O. Converse. 25 cents.

"Summer Showers." Ballad by J. H. Tully. 25 cents.

"Israel Ditt." Song and chorus by Warsaw, arranged for guitar. 25 cents.

Chorus melodies, by L. Dronet, for flute and piano-forte. O some Carls; by Verdi. 25 cents.

### COMMUNICATION.

New York, October 24, 1864

DEAR SIR—Having returned from my European tour, I will acquaint you with a few musical facts which might be of interest to your readers.

On my way from Frankfurt to Leipzig I chanced to meet our old friend and favorite Alfred Jæll at one of the railway stations. We continued our travel together, and I received from him that he had just given concerts in Dresden-Hamburg. He is going to make a Concert-tour through Austria and other parts of Germany, and will also play this season in the Leipzig Gewandhaus concerts. He intends in a year to return to this country.

In Leipzig, I saw another young American, Bruno Wollephant; who three years ago left his adopted home, New York, for the purpose of perfecting himself on the violin at the Conservatory of Leipzig: an instrument which he played then in a manner to give great hopes of future success. I heard him play, and found that he fully realized my expectations, having become an artist of high culture. In a short time, I believe he will rank amongst the first artists on that instrument.

After a short stay in Leipzig I reached my native city Prague, where my arrival coincided, in the artistic circle, something of a sensation; it being a very rare case, to see an American artist (at least so they called me).

I met there several artists of distinction, some of them old friends and playmates. I will mention such names as Dreysehoff, Schulhoff, Kittle, Wehr, S. Goldschmidt. I attended a very interesting meeting, at Dreysehoff's where Kittle, the Director of the Prague Conservatory, and my old friend Julius Schulhoff, whom I had not seen for thirteen years, were present. The more interesting was this meeting, as we all four, were pupils of one, our much lamented master, Tomasek. It seems, as if this country, (America) were looked upon by all the artists as a Gold mine; if the expectations of all these artists, who wish to come here were realized, America would soon be too small to hold them.

These gentlemen were much astonished to hear, through me, how high music in this country stands, and to what kind of musical performances we are accustomed; as, for instance, the musical congress, held in the Crystal Palace four months ago.

We played mutually for each other, and I had the satisfaction to have some of my compositions highly commended by those distinguished artists. But I got more than I gave, hearing Schulhoff and Dreysehoff improvise on the piano.

I think, we have in America not worse off than in Europe, if we only appreciate what we have got. I left Prague, with good wishes from artists and family members, to continue my career in this country, the country of my adoption, love and affection. As I am now here, I shall consider it my duty, to join my colleagues and fellow-artists in the endeavour, to develop and cultivate the taste for real art in any branch of pursuit, so quickly growing country.

Hoping not to have intruded upon your readers' patience, I remain Sir, Yours respectfully, CHARLES WEISS.

—People go according to their brains. If these lie in their head, they study; if in their stomach they eat; if in their heels, they dance.

### Excerpts.

Our friend Brace, writing from England to the *Independent*, says of a party at an English country gentleman's table:

It was very interesting to find there a lineal descendant of one of the generals who led the British forces in the war of our Revolution—a noble specimen, too, of a cultivated English gentleman. Naturally we spoke of the war. Like every other person I ever met in England, she seemed to care little about it, and was only sorry we had not become free without the evil of an armed struggle. She told me her family knew intimately the mother of *André*; that they never recovered the disgrace of his execution; and though the king made the brother a peer, the sisters would never marry. They were an old French family, and felt peculiarly the dishonor of the mode of his death. One of her earliest memories was the bowed form and sad face of the proud old lady, Madame *André*, clothed always in black. She said she considered the act the only one on the memory of Washington.

### AGAIN:

On this evening, after tea was served by the lady, we had some music. I am glad to find everywhere how much German music is taking the place of the Italian. We had some Beethoven sonatas, whose mysterious elevating melodies sounded as sweetly, and were as intensely accepted as in certain of our own drawing-rooms. Various songs followed, and at length the most genial olderman was called on for a real *Jacobin* song. He refused, perhaps out of consideration for me; but I joined in the request heartily, and at length he came to the piano and sang those songs of which some one has said that they made more Jacobins than all other arguments or persuasions. He warmed as we applauded, and finally came out as heartily as would a turkey person of '45, with the chorus again and again repeated:

"Aa! Whigs, aa!"

You're a pack of traitor loons,

You're done as good as aa!" C. L. B.

The Boston correspondent of the same journal tells the following story of Deacon Foster and the coal-dealers. He might have added that so much interest and inquiry was caused in that city by its publication in the *Transcript*, that one person thought it necessary to publish a statement that he was not the person referred to, and procured the Deacon's signature in confirmation:

### DEACON FOSTER AND THE COAL-DEALERS.

Utility and fun never got into closer communion than in the case of Deacon Cyrus Foster and the coal-dealer a few days since. The deacon is a colored gentleman, a little eccentric, witty in the best style of his race, and respected by everybody for his real goodness and integrity. Having bought three tons of coal, which proved short weight by 1,500 pounds, as he knew by his bin, the deacon had it taken out and weighed, and sent back, telling the teamster to "dump it right down dar, any whar, I don't want it." Going himself to the counting-room of the coal-dealer, and laying it on in the following style, as the *Transcript* reports it: "Look hee, sa, I ordered three ton coal; my bin hold just dat, and de coal don't fill 'em, and I sent it back right out dar; I don't want it—I don't want it; I dump it de wharf dar, any whar. Now, sa, I want just nine dollar, sa, for trouble and expense, and I want just three ton sent ther, sa, which must be given to me, and dar will be nuffin more said about it." There was no room for argument or shuffling. The money was paid, and three tons of coal "dumped" into the deacon's bin, filling it to the brim, and given to him, and he has never said a word about it. Deacon Foster's shrewdness, in having at hand the means of telling the weight of his coal, may suggest the same prudence to others.

We commend the following to Panch's

would seem that if the ministering M. D.'s in petticoats are not likely to be celebrated in verse, like their sister "ministering angels," they will at least have the wherewith to console themselves:

#### A MINISTERING M. D.

The fifth annual announcement of the Philadelphia Female College states, that the success of those who have graduated at that institution and engaged in practice has realized the most sanguine expectations. It is stated that the receipts of several for the first year's practice, have been over one thousand dollars, and the success of all in this respect has been very encouraging.

A late English writer, in speaking of the standing of a divine of the church of England, says, "He had refused a bishopric, and was so far superior to him who had accepted one." This would seem to be true of Doctorates as well as bishoprics.

#### A NEW TITLE.

The editor of a western paper proposes the adoption of a new degree, namely, D. D. D.—Doctor of Divinity Declined. This we think an excellent idea, for since it has become known that the best way to gain celebrity from a *Doctorate* is to publicly reject it, the number of such rejections is rapidly multiplying. Too Bad!

A late able statesman, more famous for his wit than his love of music, being asked why he did not subscribe to the ancient concert, and it being urged as a reason for it that his brother, the Bishop of W—, did: "Oh!" replied his lordship, "If I was as deaf as my brother, I would subscribe too."

#### ABRAHAM'S ESSAY:

The Bishop of Victoria, describing his late tour in Southern India, says that there is now a Brahmin in the Judge's Court, and educated in the Madras University, who gained the prize for the best essay on the evidences in favor of the Christian religion, and who yet remains a heathen!

A very fine essay, unquestionably but we doubt its making many converts. As well might imitation-thunder curdle milk.

#### A BRIDAL TROUSSEAU.

We translate from *L' Illustration*, for the admiration of our lady friends, (of course they will be no envy in the case) the following account of the trousseau of Fat-ma (prophetess?) Sultane, daughter of Abdul Medjed, Emperor of Turkey.

On Monday, the seventh, the trousseau of the young princess was transported by water from the imperial palace of Tophergan to the palace of Baltaliman. The procession was organized and arranged with the most scrupulous attention to oriental etiquette. In front, glided the caïque of the khaznadar, treasurer of the Sultan, followed by that of the khaznadar-ousa, treasurer of the palace. Then came thirty caïques of twelve pairs of oars, and two mahmarias (Turkish ships) richly ornamented and filled with the articles composing the trousseau of the princess. In the front and rear of each boat, were displayed rich caïques and coffers of gold, silver and shell-work, chibouques, coffee cups ornamented with precious stones, a magnificent service of chased silver, vases of elegant forms, candelabras, and many other ornamental articles richly incriminated; all alone and sparkling in the rays of a mid-day sun, through an eddy of gauze, silk, or silver, fastened by long ribbons, which floated over the surface of the water. Women were not wanted at this spectacle: ranged along upon the wharves, they gazed upon those treasures, with looks of admiration and envy, which may easily be imagined. All the robes, yashmaks, and other articles of the toilette, were folded in rich tissues of silk, silver or gold. In each of the boats were seated one of the caïques, in the service of the Sultan. Twenty-eight caïques, filled with the wives of the Sultan and the eunuchs of the palace, in uniform, closed the procession. The trousseau is valued at 60 millions. This includes the magnificent diamonds, which formerly belonged to the mother of the

young princess, and were presented to her by the Sultan, on the occasion of her marriage.

## Department of Scissors:

OUR EDITOR.

**MARTIN THE PAINTER.**—When designing his picture of "The Deluge," he found it necessary to introduce some rocks: how to draw them he knew not—his beads would not lay quite as they should do. A sudden thought of true genius struck him: he rang the bell and ordered the servant to send for a wagon load of large coal. In half an hour it came, and by his directions was shot down pell mello on the floor of his studio. He then with a pickaxe shattered some of its largest masses, and "The Deluge" proceeded.

**A FEW OLD QUESTIONS.**—Can a very pale young lady be considered the pink of fashion? Are the currents of the ocean always green, and are they very fruit-ful? Can a man with propriety be called a ghost, when he's a goblin? (goblin!) Why is a heavily laden river barge called a lighter? Is it constant night in Algiers, now that the Day has ceased to reign there? How can members reasonably comply with Standing Orders, when Parliament is sitting? Since the Americans are so clever at ship-building, may they not be appropriately designated a tar-nation set of smart fellows?—*Punchinello.*

**ROWLAND HILL.**—The late Rev. Rowland Hill was remarkable for his eccentric rebukes from the pulpit. He once said, on observing some persons enter his chapel to avoid the rain that was falling, "Many persons are to be blamed for making their religion a cloak; but I do not think those much better, who make it an umbrella!" Again, after receiving some anonymous letters from some of his congregation, "If you wish me to read your anonymous letters, you must enclose a five pound note in them for some good charity." On another occasion, "I do not want the walls of separation between different orders of Christians to be destroyed, but only lowered, that we may shake hands a little easier over them."

**GUSTAVUS ADOLPHUS King of Sweden,** hearing that two officers were to fight a duel, directed that it should be fought in his presence. They met at the appointed time, and saw to their astonishment a gallows erected on the spot. The king told them to commence their fight as soon as they pleased; but, pointing to the gallows, added, "I am resolved that the conqueror shall be hanged by the neck and his opponent by the heels." Dismayed at this, they retired in silence, and shortly afterwards commenced an intimate and obiding friendship.

**MRS PARTINGTON ON REMEDIES.**—"This is an age of conservatism in medicine, sure enough!" said Mrs. Partington, as she glanced at the column of new and remarkable specifics; "why will people run after metaphysics and their nostrums, when, by taking some simple purgative, they can get well so soon? I'll all concede, it is, and if people instead of dealing themselves with calumny and bitterness, would only take exercise and a little more, and wash them with care and a coarse towel, they would be all the better for it."—*Shillaber.*

**MARMON MELODIES.**—The Mormons of Utah coöperative hymns for their public assemblies in which the railway kings of England might join with devout fervor. Here is a sample:

Haad, oh, haad! construct a railway,

Where the valleys of Ephraim bloom:

Cast ye up, cast ye up a highway,

Where "swift messengers" will come!

Soon will we see the proud Atlantic

With the great Pacific joined—

Through the skill of swift conveyance,

Leaving distance all behind.

**SCARCITY OF PAPER.**—A reward of £1,000 is offered by the proprietors of a well known newspaper to any one who can suggest a plentiful supply of any product cheap enough to supersede the material from which paper is now made. Without any *arrivé* present, might I suggest that if a similar reward was of-

fered to our chemists or manufacturers for a plan to reduce paper again to its primitive pulp, and then discharge from it the printers' ink, the same end would be obtained? The old monks, we are well aware, destroyed many valuable MSS. for the sake of the parchment on which they were written. In the present day there are tons of paper stained with productions of an ephemeral estate (returns to parliament, to wit), which might do duty over and over again, with as little to the public; on the contrary, there are few persons with even a moderate supply of printed material who would not be happy to contribute to the paper bleacher, saving both binding and shelf-room.

**TERESA SOLICITUDE.**—(Bring an extract from a fashionable young lady's farewell agonizing letter).—

"Oh! Charles, dear, they tell me you are ordered to the theater of war. I beg of you therefore, dear, as you love me to bear in mind one thing—and that is, above all, not to forget to take your opera glass with you, for I know myself how extremely inconvenient it is to go to the theater without one.—*Punch.*"

In consequence of the extreme heat of the weather lately, a young man who was always in the habit of looking on the sunny side of things, has been compelled to retire into the shade!—*Punchinello.*

**SIR PHILIP SIDNEY** defines "Health" in these words:—Great temperance, open air, easy labor, little care.

A MAN is in the sight of God what his habitual and cherished wishes are.

**WAY'S** the difference between a soldier and a policeman!—The one upholds the honor of his country's flag, and the other maintains the integrity of his country's pavement.

**GET UP.**—Stopping in bed too long is decidedly bad for the temper—even Port wine gets crasier the longer it has been!—*Down.—Punch.*

**A PRINCESS T.** **KERR.**—Princess Murat has recently purchased a residence in the vicinity of Tallahassee, which she is improving and ornamenting according to her taste. She lately sent to the editor of the *Florida Sentinel* an Irish potato weighing 15 ounces, as a sample of her crop. We rather suspect, however, that this is over an average specimen. The Princess Murat, our readers know, is widow of Achille Murat, son of Marshal Murat, King Joachim of Naples. She is a Virginia lady, daughter of the Hon. Bird Willis.

For the Musical World.

## Noctes Cantorum.

SHORT VAIDS.

If music could be enjoyed "without money and without price," its office in the world would be more generally diffusive of good, and more in accordance with its divine origin. Like the good things announced to the shepherds of Bethlehem it should, and if enjoyed freely it would, make glad the heart of every repentant soul. And verily, the celestial music heard on that miraculous occasion, was the rare yet appropriate accompaniment of its "tidings of great joy!" and both, it is well to remember, were heard from angel lips. As, on a dark day, the clouds separate but once, disclosing the light and beauty of the empyrean; so, but once in the history of man, does the music which ushered in the babe of Bethlehem, reveal to us in our life of probation and toil, the glory of that hour "when the morning stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy;" bidding us also to exalt the Apocalyptic vision, when the redeemed amongst men shall sing "Alleluia, for the Lord God omnipotent reigneth."

But in days when an educated ministry and the churches in which they perform divine service "cost money," it cannot be reasonably supposed that musicians and music will be made use of for nothing, notwithstanding this last idea is currently reported to be gaining ground with certain ministers and musical committees. Neither can it be expected on the other hand, that distinguished singers in the opera will be self-supporting. Even clergyman and incum-

bers of music committees are known to have paid handsomely for hearing Jany Lind, and it is possible that they might not be shocked at hearing Cried and Marie in a concert room. Thus, it appears that music, whether in church or out of it (and I wish the church could be so munificent as the world) must be paid for; which conclusion, though it rob the art of the glory of a

"Wide diffusing joy."

is yet a necessity of the age in which we live, and will not I suppose, be particularly envied at by professors.

Mention must now be made, however, of a musical evening, wherein all who participated acted independently of people, pennies, wind and weather. The occasion was a rare one. A certain wealthy manufacturer, Mr. Julius H— (would that there were more like him!) generously offered the use of his elegant hall for a free musical exhibition. Consider, now, capitalists, whether Mr. H— gained or lost by this operation. People certainly were amazed at the move. Some started, but more inquired; and of course, for information. "Mr. H— give the free use of his hall for a concert? Well, And Mr. So-and-so is going to sing! And Miss So-and-so is going to play! A free concert in a Yankee town! Golly! I'll go."—And go they did in magnificent numbers. The evening, as if Providence benignly smiled upon all such voluntary efforts, was mild and pleasant. The hall, the elegant hall was crowded, yes, "crowded" with intelligent and expectant faces. Gas light never shone upon an audience more determined "to enjoy, not the worth of their money, (61 bl' it!), but music for its own sweet sake, and for the sake of that evening's art administrators. Forever be banished from my soul, all remembrance of sweet sounds, if I did not play my opening piece, on that occasion, with unrepentant enthusiasm,

"Feeling, oh, how!"

It seemed to me that the singers and the players caught my animation and the general joy of the occasion, and vied with each other to secure the legitimate and unpaid-for plaudits of the well-pleased audience. The good-natured Mr. D., he sang "The Sea," and battled its waves courageously. "Mrs. Ellis D. (a bride you see!) played Schalkoff's grand valves, brilliantly. Miss Gertrude C., she played with me, on themes about "those tones so feeling, still to me much joy revealing." And Mr. S. with such address sang the "Sailor Boy" far off from shore, that all "the boys" cried out encore! While the pretty Melissa (bliss the man who can kiss her) sang "Good Night" in a manner so enchanting that the people sat still and for more of it seemed panting. I must not forget in this musical set, Miss Emma H., the "first lady" who sings in the stone church with a very high step, and gladdens each Sunday morning, some three or four hundred people. For myself I declare, I seemed walking in air, which accounts for this short inspiration; so pleasant a sight as that musical night calls for more than your common laudation.

In sober truth, how by a natural consequence, does one generous act become father to many more of the same sort! When Mr. H—'s offer became known, with what a noble enthusiasm did my fair assistants respond to the call for help. And not less generously did the gentlemen participate in the sentiment. No ordinary compliments circulated among the music-loving portion of the people, next day. "C. My dear fellow, that was a charming entertainment you gave us last evening. Why, I was not aware of the existence of so much musical talent in the place, etc., etc."

Whereupon, brother professors, and ye fluttering, timid amateurs, let me counsel you to higher efforts in your noble art, not so much for purposes of gain, as to make those around you happier and better. And you, ye less impressive capitalists, take note of Mr. H—'s novel and easy way of doing a good thing, and be admonished of new sources of elevation and refinement.

C.

## A "Great" Convict.

JOHN MITCHELL observes, in the course of his *Grand Journal*—which, as so small medium of nonsense—that he has ascertained one main feature in convict life to be a deep and heartfelt respect for atrocious villainy—regard the more profound as the villain is more outrageous. If anything can add to the esteem which a man in the felon world secures by the reckless brutality of his language and manners, the extent of his present thievings, and largeness of his daily livery, it is the enormity of the original offence for which he is supposed to be suffering.

He relates a whimsical illustration of the same, which he saw while he passed a few days in the Tenedos hospital ship.

On my arrival there, I had hardly been left alone in my cabin, before a convict softly entered. He was a servant to the assistant surgeon, and came with a pineapple which his master had sent me. This man was about fifty years of age, but very stout and active-looking, and highly consequential in his manner. As he soon turned out, he had a good-right to be.

"I trust, sir," said he, "you will find everything as you wish here! If I can do anything for you, I'm sure I shall be happy—I'm Garrett!"

"Well, Garrett!" quoth I.

"Garrett, sir—Garrett! You must know all about me—it was in all the papers; Garrett, you know!"

"Never heard of you before, Garrett!"

"Oh, dear, yes, sir; you must be quite well aware of it! The great railway affair—do you remember?"

"No, I do not!"

"Oh, then, I am Mr. Garrett, who was connected with the—'railway'!" (I forgot the name of the railway.) "It was a matter of £40,000 I realised! Forty thousand pounds sir! Left it behind me, sir, with Mrs. Garrett; she is living in England, in very handsome style! I have been here now two years, and like it very well! Devilish few brown girls here, sir! I am very highly thought of—created a great sensation when I came! In fact until you came, I was reckoned the first man in the colony! Forty thousand pounds, sir—not a farthing less! But now you have cut me out!"

I rose and bowed to this sublime rascal. The overwhelming idea that I should supersede a swifder of forty thousand pounds power, was too much for me! So I said, graciously bowing:

"Oh, sir, you do me too much honor! I am sure you are far more worthy of the post of distinction! For me, I never saw so much money in all my life, as forty thousand pounds!"

"My dear sir!" said my friend, bowing back again; "my dear sir! but then you are a prisoner of state, patriotic martyr, and all that! Indeed, for my part, my little affair was made of a concern of state, too! Lord John Russell, since I came out here, had a private application made to me, offering to remit my whole sentence if I would disclose my method—the way I had done it, you know! They want to guard against similar things in other lines—you understand!"

"I trust, sir," quoth I, respectfully, "you treated the man's application with the contempt it deserved!"

The miscreant winked with one eye. I tried to wink, but failing, bowed again.

"You may be sure of that, sir!" said he; "the very little I care for any of them! I enjoy myself here very much—have never had a day's illness—very often go across to the nearest island to look after Dr. Book's ducks! Ah, sir—there are two or three splendid coloured girls on that island! Then I sometimes correspond with the newspapers—have a private way of getting anything I please sent out without these people knowing anything about it! should be most happy to have any document sent for you, in a quiet way, you know—of course you will want to show up these rascals now and then!"

"No, Garrett!" said I, getting tired; "there, that will do—you may leave the room!"

The old monster looked a little black, but walked off at once; and as I requested to be protected from such intrusions for the future, Dr. Hall took order with him and I saw him no more.

## Children Nurtured by Wolves

IN INDIA.

"AN ACCOUNT OF WOLVES NURTURING CHILDREN IN THEIR DEN," is the title of a curious pamphlet "by an Indian Official," published two years since at Plymouth. It is reported that the author is Colonel Sleeman, whose name is well known not only as the exterminator of the Thugs, but also as a high authority on Indian affairs. The statements which it contains are, however, so strange and improbable, that it is desirable that they should be authenticated by some avowed writer. For this reason I am desirous of calling the attention of the readers of "Notes and Queries" to its contents.

This pamphlet, then, alleges that the native children have, in certain districts of India, been in their early years either carried away by a she-wolf, or fallen into her power; that they have been nurtured by the wild animal; that they have been subsequently seen in a wild state in the company of their adopted mother; and that they have been rescued from her, and restored to the care of human beings. The following is the first case mentioned by the anonymous writer:

"There is now at Saultpoor, a boy who was found alive in a wolf's den near Chandoor, ten miles from Saultpoor, about two years and a half ago. A trooper, sent by the native governor of the district to Chandoor, to demand payment of some revenue, was passing along the bank of the river, near Chandoor, about noon, when he saw a large female wolf leave her den, followed by three whelps and a little boy. The boy went on all fours, and seemed to be on the best possible terms with the old dame and three whelps, and the mother seemed to guard all four with equal care. They all went down to the river and drank without perceiving the trooper, who sat upon his horse watching them; the trooper pushed on to cut off and secure the boy; but he ran as fast as the whelps could, and kept up with the old one. The ground was uneven, and the trooper's horse could not overtake them. They all entered the den; and the trooper assembled some people from Chandoor with pikemen, and dog into the den. When they had dug in about six or eight feet, the old wolf bolted with her three whelps and the boy. The trooper mounted and pursued, followed by the fleetest of the young men of the party; and, as the ground over which they had to fly was more even, he headed them, and turned the whelps and boy back upon the men on foot, who seemed the boy, and let the old dame and her three cubs go on their way."

The boy was taken to the village; but he behaved like a wild animal, trying to escape on his way into holes or dens; and instead of articulate speech, making only an angry growl or snarl. He avoided grown-up persons, but bit at children; he rejected cooked meat, but ate raw flesh, which he put on the ground under his hands like a dog. He would not allow any one to come near him while he was eating, but would share his food with a dog. The trooper left the boy in charge of the Rajah of Humsupoor, and the latter sent him to Captain Nichollet, who commanded the first regiment of Oude Local Infantry at Saultpoor. From this time he remained in charge of Captain Nichollet's servants; he was apparently nine or ten years old when found; he lived about three years afterwards and died in August, 1850. His features were coarse; his countenance was repulsive, and he was very filthy in his habits. He ate and drank greedily; would devour half a lamb at a time, and was fond of taking up earth and small stones and eating them. He could never be induced to keep on any kind of clothing, even in the coldest weather. He was inoffensive except when teased. He was never known to laugh or smile; or to speak, until within a few minutes of his death, when he said that he had been. He understood little of what was said to him, and seemed to take no notice of what was going on around him. He formed no attachment for any one, nor did he seem to care for any

one. He shunned human beings of all kinds, and would never willingly remain near one. He used signs when he wanted anything, and very few of them, except when hungry; and he then pointed to his mouth. To cold, heat and rain, he appeared to be indifferent; and seemed to care for nothing but eating.

The account of the boy, while he was under the care of Captain Nicoletti, authenticated by the testimony of an English officer, is entitled to implicit belief; it leaves no doubt that he was an idiot, and that he exhibited unmistakable marks of imbecility. The account of his discovery, however, rests upon a very different foundation. It is a mere hearsay story, conveyed by the Rajah of Hunsapur to the English officer, and told to him by a native unnamed trooper. In order to ascertain what this trooper really saw, it would have been desirable that he should have been examined and cross-examined by an Englishman.

The next case is that of a boy three years of age, the son of a cultivator at Chupra, twenty miles east from Sultapoor. In March, 1843, the child was taken into the fields by his parents; and while the father was reaping, and the mother gleaning, a wolf rushed upon him; caught him up by the loins, and made off with him towards the ravines. The boy was not heard of for six years: at the end of that time, two speys, watching for hogs at the edge of a jungle, ten miles from Chupra, saw three wolf-cubs and a boy come out of the jungle, and go down together to the stream to drink. The speys watched them till they had drunk, and were about to return, when they rushed towards them. All four ran towards a den in the ravines. The speys followed as fast as they could, but the three cubs had got in before the speys could come up with them; and the boy was half way in, when one of the speys caught him by the hind leg and drew him back. He seemed very angry and ferocious, bit at them, and seized in his teeth the barrel of one of the guns, which they put forward to keep him off, and shook it. They however secured him, brought him home, and kept him for twenty-one days. They could make him eat nothing but raw flesh. He was soon after recognized by the cultivator's widow (the man in the men's dress died) in a neighboring village as her son, and identified by some marks on his body. She took him home, and kept him for two months. He preferred raw flesh to cooked, and fed on carrion when he could get it. When a halfcock died and the skin was removed, he went and ate of it like a village dog. His body smelt offensively. At night he went off to the jungle. The front of his knees and elbows had become hardened, from going on all fours with the wolves. He never spoke articulately, and he showed no affection for his mother. At the end of two months, the mother, despairing of ever making anything of him, left him to the common charity of the village. The account of this boy's physical and mental state is similar to that of the former one. As in the other case, the evidence of the speys, who are said to have found the boy with the wolf-cubs, is not obtained at the fountain-head, but is filtered through intermediate informants. It is therefore of little value.

Another case of a boy, whose body was originally covered with short hair, who could walk but never could be taught to speak, was also reported by the Rajah of Hunsapur. The hair, however, by degrees disappeared, in consequence as the Rajah stated, of his coating salt with his food. It is alleged that this boy "had evidently been brought up by wolves;" but it is not pretended that he was ever seen in company with a wolf.

About 1543 a shepherd, twelve miles from Sultapoor, saw a boy trotting upon all fours by the side of a wolf one morning, as he was out with his flock. With great difficulty he caught the boy who ran very fast, and brought him home. He fed him for some time, and tried to make him speak, and associate with men or boys, but he failed. He continued to be alarmed at the sight of men, but was brought to

Citonal Gray, who commanded the first Oude Local Infantry at Sultapoor. He and Mrs. Gray, and all the officers in the regiment, saw him often, and kept him for several days. But he soon after ran into the jungle, while the shepherd was asleep. It seems in this case as if the account of the finding of the boy had been given to the English officer by the eye-witness; but this is not distinctly stated, nor is it said that the shepherd was a person whose unassorted statement could be safely believed.

Another case, reported by a respectable land-holder on the estate of Hunsapur, ten miles from the Sultapoor cantonments, is that of a boy, nine or ten years of age, who was reared by a trooper, eight or nine years previously, from wolves, among the ravines on the road. He preferred raw meat, he could not utter any articulate sound, but could understand signs; he walked on his legs, but there were evident marks on his knees and elbows of his having gone very long on all fours; and when asked to run on all fours he used to do so, and went so fast that no one could overtake him. A shepherd claimed the boy as his son, and said that he was six years old when the wolf took him off at night some four years before. In this case again the evidence is hearsay, and the rescue of the boy from the wolves by the trooper is said to have taken place eight or nine years before the time when his account, having passed through an uncertain number of intermediate links, reached the English officers.

The last case is that of a boy, about ten years old, who was seen by a trooper, in the Baharat district, with two wolf-cubs, drinking in a stream. The trooper, who had a companion with him, managed to seize the boy, and put him on his saddle; but the boy was so fierce, that though his hands were tied, he tore the trooper's clothes, and bit him severely in several places. The trooper gave him to the Rajah of Bondee, but his wild and filthy habits soon tired both the Rajah and a comedian, into whose hands he afterwards fell. He was subsequently taken up by a lad named Janoo, who rubbed him with mustard seed soaked in water, and fed him with vegetable food, in the hope of curing him of his offensive odour, but without success. He had hardened marks upon his knees and elbows from having gone on all fours. With a good deal of beating and rubbing of his joints with oil, he was made to stand and walk upon his legs like other human beings. He was never heard to utter more than one articulate sound, and that was "Aheodee," the name of the little daughter of the Cashmere comedian. In about four months he began to understand and obey signs. He was unwilling to wear clothes, took them off when left alone, but put them on again in alarm when discovered; and to the last often injured or destroyed them by rubbing them against trees or posts, like a beast, when any part of his body itched. The Indian officer says,—"One night, while the boy was lying under the tree, near Janoo, Janoo saw two wolves come up stealthily, and smell at the boy. They then touched him, and he got up, and instead of being frightened, the boy put his hands upon their heads, and they began to play with him. They espied around him, and he threw straw and leaves at them. Janoo tried to drive them off, but could not, and became much alarmed; and he called out to the sentry over the guns, Meer Akbar Allie, and told him that the wolves were going to eat the boy. He replied, 'Come away, and leave him, or they will eat you also;' but when they saw them begin to play together, his fears subsided, and he kept quiet. Gaining confidence by degrees he drove them away, but after going a little distance they returned, and began to play again with the boy. At last he succeeded in driving them off altogether. The night after three wolves came, and the boy and they played together. A few nights after four wolves came, but at no time did more than four come; they came four or five times, and Janoo had no longer any fear of them, and he thinks that the first two that came, must have been the two cubs with which the boy was first found,

and that they were prevented from seizing him by recognizing the smell; they licked his face with their tongues as he put his hands on their heads."

Whenever the boy passed the jungle he always tried to escape into it; at last he ran away and did not return. About two months after he had gone, a woman of the weaver caste, from a neighbouring village, came and gave such a description of marks on the boy's body, as identified him as her son, who had been taken from her five or six years before, at about four years of age, by a wolf. The author of the pamphlet states that the circumstances regarding the boy, after he had been brought to the village, were verified before him by Janoo and the other original witnesses; in this, however, as in the other cases, the trooper's story, who is supposed to have seen the boy with the wolf-cubs, rests on hearsay.

The author makes at the end the following remarks:—"From what I have seen and heard, I should doubt whether any boy, who had been many years with wolves, up to the age of eight or ten, would ever attain the average intellect of man. I have never heard of a man who had been spared and nurtured by wolves having been found; and, as many boys have been recovered by wolves after they had been many years with them, we must conclude that, after a time, they either die from living exclusively on animal food, before they attain the age of manhood, or are destroyed by the wolves themselves, or other beasts of prey, in the jungle, from whom they are unable to escape, like the wolves themselves, from want of the same speed."

## Night in Sweden.

THERE is nothing that strikes a stranger more forcibly, if he visits Sweden at this season of the year when the days are the longest, than the absence of the night. Dr. Baird tells us that he had no conception of the effect produced, before his arrival at Stockholm, five hundred miles distant from Gothenburg. He arrived in the morning, and in the afternoon went to see some friends. He had not taken notes of time, and returned about night; it was as light as it is here half an hour before sun-down. You see distinctly. But all was quiet in the streets; it seemed as if the inhabitants had gone away, or were dead. No signs of life—the shops closed.

The sun in June goes down in Stockholm at a little before ten o'clock. There is a great illumination all night, as the sun passes round the earth towards the North Pole; and the refraction of its rays is such that you can see to read at midnight without artificial light. There is a mountain at the head of the Bothnia, where, on the 21st of June, the sun does not go down at all. Travellers go there to see it. A steam-boat goes up from Stockholm for the purpose of carrying those who are curious to witness this great phenomenon. It occurs only once a night. When the sun goes down to the horizon, you can see the whole face of it, and in five minutes it begins to rise.

At the North Cape, latitude 72 deg., the sun does not go down for several weeks. In June it would be about 25 deg. above the horizon at midnight. The way the people there know that it is midnight, is—they see the sun rise. The changes in these latitudes from summer to winter are so great, that we can have no conception of them at all. In the winter time the sun disappears, and is not seen for weeks. Then it comes and shows its face. Afterwards it remains for ten, fifteen, or twenty minutes, and then descends; and finally it does not set at all, but makes almost a circle around the heavens. Dr. Baird was asked how they managed in regard to hired persons, and what they considered a day. He could not say, but supposed they worked by the hour—and twelve hours would be considered a day's work.

Birds and animals take their accustomed rest at the usual hours. The doctor did not know how they learned the time—but they had; and go to rest whether the sun goes down or not. The hens take

to the trees about seven, or eight, and stay till the sun is well up in the morning; and the people get into the habit of late rising, too. The first morning Dr. Baird awoke in Stockholm, he was surprised to see the sun shining into his room. He looked at the watch, and found it was only three o'clock! The next time he awoke it was five o'clock; but there were no persons in the street. The Swedes in this city are not very indolent—owing, probably to the climate.

### Lord Byron's Theft

OF A SILVER PENCIL CASE.

THE most amusingly readable and most freshly instructive books do not often as qualities come together; but we think the world will agree that such is "Captain Canot, or Twenty Years of an African Slave," just issued by the Appleton's. Our readers will remember that we spoke of this as in press some time ago. \* It is the most curious autobiography, taken from the life of a remarkable adventurer now resident in Baltimore, and put into book shape by Brants Mayer, Esq., of Baltimore, and our former Charge d'Affaires to Mexico. The narrative commences with the hero's boyhood as a sailor, and, as our present object is only to make some entertaining extracts from the work, we will begin copying the story he tells of Lord Byron:

"The anecdote told in the last chapter revived my uncle's recollection of several instances of my early impetuosity; among which was a rencontre with Lord Byron, while that poet was residing at his villa on the slope of Monte Negro, near Leghorn, which he took the liberty to narrate to Mr. Gray.

"A commercial house in that port, in which my uncle had some interest, was the noble lord's banker—and one day, while my relative and the poet were inspecting some boxes recently arrived from Greece, I was despatched to see them safely deposited in the warehouse. Suddenly Lord Byron demanded a pencil. My uncle had none with him, but remembering that I had lately been presented one in a handsome silver case, requested the loan of it. Now, as this was my first silver possession, I was somewhat reluctant to let it leave my possession even for a moment, and handed it to his lordship with a bad grace. When the poet had made his memorandum, he paused a moment as if lost in thought, and then very unceremoniously, but doubtless in a fit of abstraction—put the pencil in his pocket. If I had already visited America at that time, it is likely that I would have warned the Englishman of his mistake on the spot; but as children in the Old World are rather more enured in their intercourse with elders than on this side of the Atlantic, I bared the forgetfulness as well as I could until next morning. Summoning all my recollection I repaired without my uncle's knowledge, to the poet's house at an early hour, and after much difficulty was admitted to his room. He was still in bed. Everybody has heard of Byron's peevishness when disturbed or intruded on. He demanded my business in a petulant and offensive tone. I replied respectfully, that on the preceding day I loaned him a silver pencil—strongly emphasizing and repeating the word silver—which, I was grieved to say, he forgot to return.

Byron reflected a moment, and then declared he had restored it to me on the spot! I mildly but firmly denied the fact; while his lordship as

sturdily reasserted it. In a short time we were both in such a passion that Byron commanded me to leave the room. I edged out of the apartment with the slow defying air of angry boyhood; but when I reached the door, I suddenly turned, and looking at him with all the bitterness I felt for his nation, called him, in French, "an English hog!" Till then our quarrel had been waged in Italian. Hardly were the words out of my mouth when his lordship leaped from the bed, and in the scantiest drapery imaginable, seized me by the collar, inflicting such a shaking as I would willingly have exchanged for a Tertian ague from the Pontine marshes. The sudden air bath probably cooled his ebullition, for, in a few moments, we found ourselves in a pacific explanation about the loquacious pencil. Hitherto I had not mentioned my uncle; but the moment I stated the relationship, Byron became pacified and credited my story. After searching his pockets once more ineffectually for the lost silver, he presented his own gold pencil instead, and requested me to say why I cursed him in French.

"My father was a Frenchman, my lord," said I.

"And your mother?"

"She is an Italian, sir."

"Ah! no wonder, then, you called me an 'English hog.' The hatred runs in the blood; you could not help it."

After a moment's hesitation he continued—still pacing the apartment in his night linen—

"You don't like the English, do you my boy?"

"No," said I, "I don't."

"Why?" returned Byron quietly.

"Because my father died fighting them," replied I.

Then, youngster, you have a right to hate them," said the poet, as he put me gently out of the door, and locked it on the inside.

"A week after one of the porters of my uncle's warehouse offered to sell at an exorbitant price, what he called 'Lord Byron's Pencil,' declaring that his lordship had presented it to him. My uncle was on the eve of bargaining with the man when he perceived his own initials on the silver. In fact it was my lost gift. Byron in his abstraction, had evidently mistaken the porter for myself; so the servant was rewarded with a trifling gratuity, while my virtuous uncle took the liberty to appropriate the golden relic of Byron to himself, and put me off with this humbler remembrance of his honored name."

### William Mason.

WE give below an interesting review of the career of Mr. Wm. Mason, the pianist, while in Europe, together with an intelligent criticism upon his style of playing, from the pen of a gentleman well qualified for the task:

EDITOR OF THE BOSTON JOURNAL: SIR: Our accomplished young townsman having returned from Europe after an absence of five years, and being about to commence his professional musical career in his native city, I feel that (having been personally acquainted with this gentleman, and in fact lived and studied with him, and even been under the instruction of the same teachers) it would not be considered improper to state some facts relating to his studies, progress, popularity, reputation and success as an artist while abroad. For this purpose, I

should be glad to avail myself of the columns of your widely circulated journal.

I was first introduced to Mr. William Mason in August, 1849. I met him in Leipzig, where he was studying with the celebrated Moscheles and Hauptmann. Long before this, however, I knew him by reputation, as our most talented American pianist, and had listened to his remarkable performances many times in the music halls of Boston, with the greatest interest and pleasure. But though a skillful performer, he was then a mere pupil, and, like one of no experience, he executed great difficulties without artistic finish and feeling. Soon after his arrival in Leipzig he became a pupil of Moscheles; who, having heard him play, expressed much admiration of his natural talent, and gave him for his first lessons, his celebrated *Etudes*, op. 70, together with selections from the sonatas of Beethoven. The pupil's progress was so very remarkable as to astonish his teacher. In casual conversation with me, Professor Moscheles observed, "Mr. Mason is a musician of superior talent, and will become a distinguished pianist, provided he pursues the proper course."

Mr. Mason went to Dresden in March, 1850; (at this time I was studying with Carl Mayer.) On his arrival we were invited to the house of Mr. Mayer to a private soiree, on which occasion Mr. Mason was induced to play one of his own compositions, op. 16, *Valse de Bravour*, the performance of which created much enthusiasm among the auditors—a matter of no small gratification to the Americans present. As he was playing, his distinguished listener, (Carl Mayer) exclaimed "Bravo! bravo!" and remarked that Mr. Mason's touch was peculiar to himself, and could not be surpassed, and that his pianissimo passages were as pure and delicate as the most finished masters. While in Dresden he became quite distinguished as the "American Pianist," and received the most flattering compliments from all who had an opportunity of hearing him play. It was in Dresden that we became acquainted with Alexander Dreychock, who was passing through that city on his way to London to give concerts. We made arrangements to study with him on his return, in Aug. 1850. At that time we were in Prague, where we commenced our lessons with Dreychock, who is perhaps the best teacher of the pianoforte in the world. When Mr. Mason presented himself to his teacher as a pupil, I was present. Mr. Dreychock examined him thoroughly, and said that his talent for music was truly extraordinary, and that his execution was wonderful. He also said, "If you will follow my advice strictly, you will be the greatest pianist in the world"—a bold remark to be sure, but nevertheless true. His first lessons of this celebrated master were the scales—the entire twenty-four in all the various movements, similar to those laid down in the *Modern School for the Pianoforte*. The scales were thoroughly practised daily, (observing every mark of expression,) until Mr. Mason acquired perfect evenness of execution in all the different keys. He practised also, mechanical exercises peculiar to the method taught by Dreychock, by which he gained immense strength in his hands, wrists and arms, which enables him to execute passages requiring great muscular strength and flexibility.

After he had undergone a thorough mechanical training, he was ready to turn his attention to style, character, expression,—to the *poetry* of music,—and qualify himself to appear before the world as a *virtuoso*. He studied and practised thoroughly, not only the works of Dreychock, Thalberg, Liszt, Henselt, Donier, Chopin, and other modern authors, but, also, the classical compositions of Bach, Beethoven, Mozart, Weber, Mendelssohn, Schumann, and others. The last mentioned compositions he studied in connection with the former, whereby he acquired a *general musical knowledge*, and was soon capable of interpreting artistically the works of any composer. After having gone through a thorough course with Dreychock, he made his *debut* at a concert given in Prague, by Prof. Pisarowitz, under the patronage of Countess SCHLICK and METROWITZ. The audience embraced the most able critics, professors of music and fashionable musical circles. He played *Zum Wintermarchen*, op. 19, by Dreychock, and was most enthusiastically endured. His second piece was a grand duo for piano and clarinet, from Weber, op. 73; the clarinet was played by Pisarowitz himself. After the concert Mr. Mason was warmly congratulated by the best musical judges. Having achieved such a complete triumph at his first appearance, he was prevailed upon to play at a concert of the highest classical order, which takes place once a year under the distinguished patronage of Prince Rohan. This annual concert is the great musical event of the year in Prague, and none but the most distinguished artists are allowed to take part in it. Mr. Mason played the grand concert piece with orchestral accompaniments, which was composed by Dreychock expressly for the London concerts, and gave the author his reputation in that city as a composer and performer. This piece is full of immense difficulties. It contains one renowned octave passage, to perform which, an exceedingly flexible wrist and extraordinary execution are required. These difficulties were successfully overcome in the midst of the warmest applause. Dreychock expressed his satisfaction in the most complimentary manner, and I can assure the reader that it gave me much pleasure to witness a scene so completely triumphant to an American abroad. Prince Rohan, who possesses fine musical taste, invited Mr. Mason to a private banquet a few days afterwards as a token of his appreciation of his performance, a compliment seldom bestowed on any artist. With Dreychock, Mr. Mason finished his study of execution, and learned some of the most brilliant and classical compositions, such as Weber's Concert-Stück, Beethoven's Concerto in E flat, op. 73, etc.

In Prague, Mr. Mason's wonderful talent for improvisation, which had so astonished "the old folks at home," was for the first time exhibited in Europe. A party of musicians, including Mr. M., attended a performance of the opera of *Joseph*, by Mehul, which abounds in most original and delicious harmonies. After the opera, the party attended a *soirée* at the rooms of Mr. Brandeis, the celebrated Bohemian portrait painter. In the course of the evening, Mr. Mason sat down to the pianoforte and played from memory a great portion of the opera, producing the original harmonies, and imitating (so far as it was possible on the in-

strument) the entire orchestral performance. He also improvised (adhering strictly to the rules of musical composition) on some of the melodies in the most masterly manner. This is a talent which few possess, and its exhibition on that occasion made an impression on Mr. M.'s Bohemian friends which will not soon be effaced.

Mr. Mason completed his scholastic career by spending a year with the world-renowned LISZT, at Weimar. This is an advantage which few have enjoyed, inasmuch as LISZT seldom meets with a person possessing sufficient talent and genius to enlist his interest so far as to induce him to give instruction. The advantage of enjoying such instruction and intimate companionship with Liszt, as did Mr. Mason, are incalculable. Liszt's taste is immaculate; his criticisms severe, searching, and illuminating; and his tact in bringing out and developing the æsthetic powers of his pupils is truly remarkable. His judgment is so highly esteemed, he is visited by nearly all the *virtuosi* of Europe, who play and converse with him. His pupils enjoy the society and quickening influence of those visitors; thus they become familiar with the styles of all artists; and by this means they can (if possessing sufficient genius) form an original and irreproachable style of their own.

Mr. Mason is no longer a pupil. The masters of Europe permit him to take a seat beside them. He has come home, and is about to appear before the public of the city of his birth. It only remains for me to express my opinion of him, as an *artist*. This I venture to do in advance of his appearance. After having heard him the public will decide on the truthfulness of my criticism.

Since Mr. Mason's return, I have had several opportunities of *hearing* and *seeing* him play the pianoforte, under various circumstances. I have heard him play when in his best mood, and when in other moods. I have heard him perform upon pianos suited to his touch, and those not suited to his touch. I have heard him play the compositions of Bach, Beethoven, Handel, Mendelssohn, Chopin, Liszt, Thalberg, Dreychock, Willmers, Stephen Heller, and others; and in brief, I consider him a master of them all. Speaking of his playing mechanically, he is capable of executing the greatest difficulties, and as regards certainty, clearness, power, delicacy, and evenness of touch, and equality of tone, I believe him to be equal to any living pianist. His scales and arpeggios are even, clear, and finished. They are played with the fingers rising and falling, (as they should,) entirely from the third joints, without any motion of the other parts of the hand, which enables him to play with perfect ease. *Octaves, double thirds and sixths*, he plays superior to any pianist I have ever heard, excepting Dreychock; his octaves, in the *particular*, which are played *entirely from the wrist, the arm remaining perfectly quiet*, are exceedingly beautiful. His trills are even, without the least shake, stiffness or trembling of the hand, the fingers lifting up and down upon the keys in the most flexible manner, which gives evidence of a thorough muscular development. *He strikes the heaviest chords with the hand alone, without forcing or contracting the muscles of the arm, or exhibiting those contortions of the body which mar the performances of many pianists.* The hands are thoroughly separated, and do not seem to have the least

sympathy with each other; therefore, he is able to perform great difficulties where the movements in either hand are quite different. His execution in the left hand is truly remarkable; there is great independence of the fingers of that hand. He executes the most complicated melody with the thumb, while at the same time, the fingers of the *same hand* are playing an accompaniment in the most expressive manner. In listening to Mr. Mason's performance, particular attention should be given to the easy and graceful manner in which he executes the great difficulties found in modern music.

The foregoing relates only to *mechanical* execution—that which can be acquired by proper study and practice. But there is something higher than this—something which neither study nor practice can give;—it is *GENIUS*. To show its full power, genius needs all the mechanism I have described: for if a man possesses musical genius of the highest order, and has no execution he never can excel as a performer. Mr. M. possesses all the requisites of a great pianist. He has the mind to understand, fancy and imagination to embellish and adorn, genius to interpret, and a hand to execute. He can penetrate the hidden mysteries and meanings of the great masters, enter into the spirit which animated them, and tell to his auditors the story of their emotions and conceptions. When he plays Thalberg, the auditor has the quiet, gentlemanly, fascinating, Thalberg, before him, showing his brilliant arpeggio's, scales and multifarious embellishments; when he plays Beethoven, the listener feels the quickening impulses of that great soul; when he plays Dreychock, the beholder may witness the dexterous feats of his magician of execution, and hear the thunders of "that awful left hand;" when he plays Willmers, he takes his listeners a dreamy walk through music's bowers; and when he plays Liszt—he plays all the rest. He has a Titanic grasp of the instrument, and in his most delicate and fleetest passages, the auditor is conscious of a reserved power in the performer, more than sufficient to meet any exigencies that may arise. In short, and in conclusion, through all the range of pianism, from the most delicate pianissimo, to the heaviest fortissimo,—from the most stately and majestic adagio, to the fiery prestissimo,—from the softest and sweetest embellishment, to the most extended, thundering chords, Mr. Mason exhibits the hand of a master. YOURS, &c., NATHAN RICHARDSON.

## Recollections of Military Life.

COLUMEL LARSON'S "Recollections of Military Life," just published by Messrs. Hurst & Blackett, of Great Marlborough street, is a work of considerable interest. The author was in the Peninsula war; and his book is all gossip, anecdotes, and variety. Nothing can be more simple than his way of relating an adventure, whether it be a charge against French bayonets, or a salute to the pretty women of Coimbra. Here is a peep at English heroes in school hours. It exhibits Sir Sidney Smith going through his exercises with that famous dirk, which in his hand, was so terrible weapon:—

His attitude was with his right foot advanced, his body bent back, and his right arm raised and covering his forehead, holding the dagger or dirk, which had a strong broad blade, pointed at his antagonist in position to stab. "Then," said he, "should my opponent cut down at my head, I should drop the blade of the dirk along my arm, which it should cover up to my elbow;





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I shall now recommend Müller's Method before any

other, and hope it will meet that extensive reception which its real merits demand for it.

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## MUSIC IN PISA AND GENOA.

BY LEON HUNT.

"There seems to be a good deal of talent for music among the Pisans which does not know how to make its way. You never hear the poorest melody but some body starts in with what he can muster of a harmony. Boys go about of an evening, and parties sit at their doors, singing popular airs and hanging as long as possible on the last chord. It is not an uncommon thing for gentlemen to play their guitars as they go along to a party. I heard, one evening, a couple that would not have disgraced an opera, singing past a window; and I once walked behind a common post boy, who, in default of having another to help him to a harmony, contrived to make a show of all his tones, by rapidly sounding the second and the treble one after the other. The whole people are bitten with a new song, and hardly sing anything else till the next. There were two epidemic airs of this kind when I was there, which had been imported from Florence, which the inhabitants sang from morning to night, though they were nothing remarkable. Yet Pisa is said to be the least fond of music of any city in Tuscany."

"The Genoese are not a musical specimen of the Italians, though the national talent seems lurking wherever you go. The most beggarly minstrel gets another to make out a harmony with him, on some sort of an instrument, if only a guitar with a string or two. Such, at least, appears to be a strange wild foot of a fiddle, which they use, or rather a guitar stuck upon a long fiddle of deal. They all sing out their words distinctly, some accompanying themselves all the while in the guitar style, others putting in a symphony now and then, even if it be nothing better than two notes always the same. There was one blind beggar who seemed as enthusiastic for Rossini. Imagine a sturdy fellow in rag, laying his hot face upon the fiddle, rolling his blind eyeballs against the eye, and vociferating with all the true, open-mouthed enthusiasm particularly of the Italians, a part of one of the duets of that splendid master. His companion having his eyesight, and being not therefore so vicious, sings his part with a sedate vigor; though even when the former is singing a solo, I have heard the associate throw in some unities at intervals, as though his help had been of necessity wanting to the blind man, on 'Tond' as well as corporal occasions."

## LORD CARLISLE ON MUSIC.

I consider music to be the most graceful accomplishment and delightful recreation that adorns this hard-working world, and renovates our busy, overcharged existence. Its negative import is great. It provides an amusement for our people, and keeps many from the alcove and midnight brawl. Its positive importance and value are incalculable, for the combining chords that regulate our whole being are so interwoven, none with external circumstances. I am aware that, from every altar, however pure and sacred, fire might be stolen and destroyed; but we should emulate the flame which, while it

cultures all around, points to the skies. I would not confuse music to any walk in life. Not alone in the sacred cathedral, nor alone in the costly theater, nor in the gilded saloon, nor confined to its six gilded stalls; but I would bear our symphonies along in every grove and trill on every bough. I would have the happy heart enliven the domestic tea table, add variety to the village school, and linger in the sanctuary.

## ELOPEMENT.

Mr. John Atkinson, organist and teacher of music, has been convicted at the Northern assizes of abducting a Miss Ward, a school girl, only twelve years of age, but entitled to 10,000. The silly girl was ready enough to run away with a man nearly double her own age, and as the school was at Appleby, they easily succeeded in reaching Gretna, where they were married. The young wife has been carried away by her friends, and the husband sentenced to some month's imprisonment with hard labor.—*Manchester paper.*

## THE MAN IN THE OMNIBUS.

NUMBER VII.

DREAMS, ETC.

As we rolled past a Broadway corner this morning my eyes fell upon the very suggestive words—Grisi and Mario. Thereupon I fell a dreaming.

I dreamt ("it was not all a dream") that Grisi and Mario had suddenly determined to come out in three novelties to the New York public: namely, the operas of *Norma*, *Lucresia Borgia* and *Puritani*—even with *Sonnambula*. I dreamt that the American world was as yet unfamiliar with these compositions; that, excepting, perhaps, a few conceited rogues, who pretended, for the effect of the thing, that they had heard them in some foreign countries. The old, hackneyed opera, which the fascinating Grisi and Mario, in association with all other foreign stars, had been giving themselves so much trouble to teach the American public by heart, such as the better operas of maestro Rossini and the newer operas of Verdi, to say nothing of the German repertory, were, at length, to be thrown aside and the fresh and novel operas of *Norma*, *Lucresia* and *Puritani* were to be substituted.

"It was in a dream to be blotted."

Is so sweet that I ask for no more!"

and such were my sensations while revelling in the luxury of these delightful anticipations.—But suddenly I slipped off into another dream vagary.

I dreamt that a new style of church-music book was about to be issued, in which the compiler was to set himself a series of very novel and extraordinary tasks. First, he was positively to make an attempt to collect all the old familiar tunes, and actually bind them up between two covers. When

we consider how rarely the public have had an opportunity of purchasing these ancient compositions, this alone would seem task enough for the capacity and ambition of one man.

But no—a second task was to be undertaken: namely, the novel arrangement of the elements of music, as an introduction; which had never been put in any church-music book before. What a surprise to the public!—to see the very A, B, C, of music, the *arcana* of the Art, which till now, like the learning of a by-gone, monkish age had been kept from the common eye, suddenly revealed to all!

Nor was the singular ambition of the compiler to be restrained here. He was to accomplish a new and seemingly impossible task in musical composition. The usual melodious progressions of harmonies peculiar to our old books was to be discontinued: that hackneyed style of our church collections, in which every part has a foolish little melody of its own, was to be given over to the puerilities of a former age; and the crazy compiler was absolutely bound to attempt the feat, of restricting his harmonies to the tonica, dominant, and subdominant!—three chords!

What infatuation.

Of course, to accomplish this task, he must most dexterously avoid all chords based upon anything else than the usual progression of *do, fa, sol, do*.—A feat, for which, apparently, no parallel could be found, except that of undertaking to write the English language upon the first four letters of the alphabet, A—B—C—D. Really, what extravagant and absurd dreams one can have, to be sure!

The next task which, in my thought, this eccentric composer set himself, was that of disemboweling the old masters—positively—secular, and sacred, church and opera, whatever school the old fellows had espoused, the very musical heart of them was to be cut out—all their fine melodies to be incessantly cribbed, and then the impossible task (nothing is impossible in dreams) was to be accomplished, of putting them into a kind of Yankee musical transforming machine, and what went in as a love-song, or a jolly drinking-song, or an operatic aria, was to come out at the other end—a church tune! That which a composer had conceived for one voice, with a subordinate orchestral accompaniment, was to come out transformed into a flowing four-voiced piece! That, which was written in the time of an *Allargo*, was to march out a solemn *Largo*. That which was originally complete, with a head and a tail, was to come out without either a head or tail, and, thus fore-shortened and sur-tail-



ed of its natural proportions, was to be presented as a complete whole.

Ah me—what tricks a wayward and extravagant fancy can play us!

Unexpectedly the big fire-bell of the City Hall we were just passing sounded so alarm and broke the chain of my dream. I started and found that—I was not at all asleep, but wide awake: that what I dreamt of about to be, actually was: and, as fact is stranger than fiction, so I found that what does exist is funnier, half the time, than what might exist; and things that are, than things that might be.

## The World of Music.

CONDENSED NEWS OF A WEEK.

Mario's indisposition has checked, for a time, the performance of the Italian Opera. Our climate is a trying, if not an almost fatal one, to tenors. Benedetti lost his voice here, and if Mario's delicate and susceptible organ should not be able to stand the test of acclimating—what shall we do, hereafter, for tenors?

—But sopranos, this season, seem equally to suffer: Miss Pyne as an instance. Wallace's *Maritana* however, was stopped but for one night thereby. Whether colds, or "indisposition" in a general and artistic sense—an indisposition to perform—stopped the performance of German Opera in the Bowers, we are unable to say.

It is certainly a remarkable thing, that the last week we have opera in three languages on the New York stage. Italian at the Academy—English at the Broadway—German in the Bowers.

Wallace's opera of *Maritana* has been a success. The plot is a familiar and an appealing one: of the music, we like particularly the Andantino air sung by *Gisela*: it is fresh, characteristic and piquant. The instrumentation is most discreetly and successfully managed—which means a good deal, as brought into comparison with many operas of the modern Italian school. Mr. Wallace distributes his harmony well—a very important thing in instrumental writing. The art of well-distributed and skillfully-expanded harmony can perhaps best be studied in the scores of Mozart: for who, more than any other composer, excelled in this particular point. Listen to his overtures or symphonies and hear how clear is his harmony: how exquisitely ear-filling and sense-delighting!

We rejoice in Mr. Wallace's success; but how let us ask, where are our Native-American composers (by which we mean not a "Know-Nothing" party) and their operas? Why can we not have a continuation of English operas? Our friend Wm. Henry Fry ought to be heard on the New York operatic stage this winter, and so ought George Britzow. Both have composed English (or rather American) operas, and the public would exult in such a demonstration of native talent. Let us have it, by all means.

—We attended a concert on Tuesday evening of Madame Isidora Clark. The programme was enriched with the grand Septette of Beethoven, and possessed, besides the principal attraction of the lady concert-giver, other pleasing features. We always think well of any concert enterprise whatever, the moment we see on the programme so admirable an *aside* feature as the Septette of Beethoven. It is rather a singular, and perhaps wrong, association; but we cannot help comparing such a circumstance with the advantage recurred

by a beautiful, prescribed form of service, like that in the Episcopal Church—if the sermon be not good, we have at least something we can always profitably and pleasantly fall back upon.

Madame Isidora Clark has a good voice, in its native quality, as ever Grief had, or Soating. Alas, that it has not been developed and trained as well! Madame has neglected the chest voice and fallen into a shallow and superficial tone which, at times, is painful to hear—the more so, because the voice is naturally so good. Forcing has done this, and neglect of her deeper vocal resources. The execution of Madame is very unusual for an American singer, and, in some respects, really surpassingly fine. We do not remember to have heard a better trill, than that possessed by this lady. It is superior to Grisi's. It is the whole-tone trill, (when necessary to be so) and in its crescendo and diminishing is quite perfect.

In other cases of embellishment Madame is not so successful, because, although she hits each particular note, she falls into that shallow tone, which approaches almost (if it be not too harsh a word) to a *winnow*, and completely disguises the fine natural tone of the voice. How important a thing is a thoroughbred teacher in vocal art!—how important in vocal or instrumental art!—in all art.

Mr. Appy made a very favorable impression upon the audience, and his violin performance was warmly applauded and encored. Sig. Giovanni Leonardo sang acceptably several solos. Mr. Timm tastefully accompanied. The audience was a very good one, and numbered more people of style, than we have seen at a New York concert for some time.

—Among late arrivals from Europe we observe that of our countryman, Mr. Harrison Milford, who has returned to us after an absence of more than three years, which time has been spent mostly in Italy, in the study of music. We understand it to be his intention, after a short visit to Boston, to settle in New York and pursue here his profession, that of a teacher of singing, for which his experience as a singer in Italy eminently qualifies him. We welcome him to the New York ranks of "Maestro di canto."

**Troy**, Oct. 17th, 1854.—BOSTON MUSICAL WORLD.—More than ordinary enthusiasm prevailed here last evening, on occasion of the exhibition of a new organ, built by the Messrs. Hook of Boston, for the old Episcopal church in this place, St. Paul's. The organ is of the first class, with three sets of manuals, from C to G in all, and two sets of pedals, from C to C, containing in all 28 stops, inclusive of complete. The diapasons are full and mellow, and well graduated from swell to shrill organ, and so forth, up to the great. An unusually fine reed stop, called the *corona*, is in the choir organ, and the absence of a *crumhorn*. Alto, in the great organ, a wooden stop, called the *melodia*, is marked and beautiful in character. The viola and hautboy in the swell, and the flute in the choir, go far to make out the list of *et cetera* delicate stops; while for grand accompaniment, or choral purposes, the instrument will compare favorably with any of a similar size.

The cost is \$4,000.—an appropriate and magnificent gift from a benevolent Christian lady, Mrs. Warren, relict of the late Stephen Warren, Esq., whose life-long devotion to the interests of St. Paul's church, in this city, is still freshly and dearly remembered.

Mr. Wilcox, with whom organ playing is a passion, and whom for this excellent reason the Messrs. Hook are fortunate enough to have special engagements with, opened with an extemporaneous performance, succeeded by extracts from R. Wagner's *Tannhäuser*, the overture to *Die Meistersinger*, a prayer by Bach, and a chorus ("And with his stripes") by H. Adol. These various pieces were managed with taste, developing the resources of the organ admirably, and eliciting decided marks of satisfaction from the nu-

merous and intelligent audience. Mr. Geo. Henry Curtis, lately of New York, and recently settled here as organist in St. Paul's, followed with two stirring passages from Bach, winding up with an impromptu fantasia on airs from Don Paquale. The organist of St. Mary's (Roman Catholic) Mr. Guy, played two pieces, a fantasia on the German chorale "A strong tower is our God," arranged by Liszt, and a fugue in C minor by Hummel. Mr. Geo. Wm. Werrin, organist of St. Paul's, Albany, next extemporized in his usual fanciful and somewhat comic style. Mr. Saxton (organist at Dr. Roman's) and Mr. Curtis next played, as a duet, that noble fugue by Spohr, the overture to the oratorio of the Last Judgment. Mr. Wilcox concluded the organ performance with the overture Zoster's Mendelssohn's Wedding March, "With a mile of Bismarck," God save the Queen and the Star Spangled Banner. Concerning the introduction of secular music on such occasions, it may not be amiss to say, that, in my opinion, it is the only time when the organ may be perverted to such purposes. A distinction should be made somewhere, and it is honorable to suppose at least, that they who love the church and its sacred services the most, are quite willing to shut out worldly influences at this point.

I must not omit to mention the performances of the choir. Mrs. Laibis, Miss Clark, Messrs. Colby and Bell—Mrs. Laibis sang "How is the glad become glad" from Curtis's cantata *Eden*, with appropriate distinction and clear conception. The chorus "As germs from winter's chilling night," and the *quintette* "Stormy seas" from the same Cantata, were given with marked energy and much to the relief of the audience, who it is natural to suppose, were somewhat fatigued with so much organ-playing. A principal feature in the evening's entertainment was the old 100th sung in unison by all, with "full to trumpet" on the organ. When will the *choral* age of the church come again! PHILADEL.

OCTOBER 25, 1854.

**DEAN BIRN**.—I send you a few statements, concerning my concert given on the 18th inst. I was successful in procuring the services of Miss Brainerd. Notwithstanding the evening was rather unfavorable, we had a large and fashionable audience. At the hour appointed we began with our list of fifteen pieces and when we had finished (at half past ten) not a half-dozen persons had left the room. Miss Brainerd received an enthusiastic encore for the "Sky Lark;" she has made a very good impression here. Her rendering of "Robert, Robert, let us go j'ville" was very characteristic and beautiful. Miss Connolly (a young lady of seventeen years), has a fine soprano voice, which though not yet matured has a fine quality and good compass. Mr. O. H. Curtis who has just taken charge of the new organ at St. Paul's takes the position amongst which his qualities as gentleman and musician so justly deserve, viz: number one. When he had finished the Fantasia brilliant on themes from Don Paquale by Herr, the applause which called for a repetition showed plainly that he had stamped himself once as a first class artist. Mr. D. B. Bell, well known in New York as a soloist at the Sacred Music Society &c., sustained his reputation well and gave the air from Curtis's *Eleutheria*. "Open thy gates O morning" with much effect. Mr. Schmitz, the violinist, performed an air by J. B. in the usual superior style, although he labored under a great disadvantage. Some days previous to the concert, whilst rehearsing with Mr. Andrews, the accompanist, he let fall his violin and cracked the back. This, together with other injuries it received, although it was repaired, affected the tone very materially. However, he was well revived, and in his second piece was loudly encored. Mr. J. W. Andrews had, as you may see, a very difficult task to perform, he did it to the satisfaction of the singers and the entire audience. "Altra voce della Gloria," is very long for the concert song, still I managed to keep the audience interested, and when I had finished (the thirtieth page) was pleased to hear a good round of applause. "Largo al Pastorale" was done by me for the first time in public, and although I saw many points where I did and where I did not, the audience were delighted with it, and I was encored. The concert was decidedly a successful one. The combination of talent better than ever announced for a local concert in this city before; the attendance was large, and the result in point of art and diffusion of taste must prove beneficial. Yours in haste, T. J. WALLACE.

**Rochester, N. H.**, Oct. 23.—**Ms. WELLS**.—Although our little village is situated "among dense hills," our people are not entirely insensible of the "world of





elation Scientific Society. Amid other learned and curious statistics he thus details his own experience.

"One hot evening last week one of the race under notice came into the speaker's room, where he was sitting in *pursu-sitibus*, and sang in his war three hundred and seventy-six times. He received from the afore-mentioned, eighty-seven bites, of which fifty-nine were about the region of the head. He made thirty-four attempts to seize the insect with his hand, and sixteen with the towel. By means of the first he bestowed on himself a bloody nose, and with the latter he upset the lamp, split the oil on the carpet, and got notice to quit from his landlady. Under these aggravated circumstances, more stringent measures against those "Arabs of the air" were advocated by the speaker and carried by the meeting.

#### NEGRO WIT.

A "colored person," well known about town as "Old Kit," while passing under a new three-story building, in process of erection, a brick-bat fell from the hand of a brick-layer on the wall above, and in descending came in contact with the negro's head. The resistance was great, and the brick bat was broken in two. After recovering from the temporary stun, he addressed the brick-layer with: "I say you wile man up dar. If you don't want yer bricks broke, just keep 'em off my head!" We have a good many clever anecdotes of the odd and bright sayings of "the dark people," but we have seldom heard a keener satire than was expressed by a colored "boy," as related to us just now, by a friend upon whom no good thing was ever lost. "It seems that we be looking through a grave-yard fence upon the tombstone of a villager who in life had been known as a rather close fistful citizen, whose principal care had been 'the greatest good of the greatest number,' the 'greatest number,' with him having been 'number one.' After a pompous inscription, the following passage of Scripture was recorded: 'He that giveth to the poor, lendeth to the Lord.' 'Dat may be so,' colloquial Sambo, 'but w'en der man died, de Lord did not owe 'im a red cent.'"—*Knick-erbocker*.

#### EXCLUSIVENESS REBUKED.

The author of a History of Newburyport, recently published, gives the following account of the churches in colonial times.

It was in the old times that the names of all the meeting folks were written down and seals in the meeting house assigned them to prevent crowding. "Afterwards," says the record, "a pew was built for the minister's wife, and permission given to some young ladies to have a pew built for themselves. This being looked upon as a piece of insupportable pride, some young men broke into the meeting-house one night, broke the chairs in the pew, and committed other injuries.

#### FOUR FOLLS.

In *The Land-M Times* appear the two following advertisements, the one (immediately) after the other:

**FLOWN AWAY** from a villa in St. John's Wood, a most charming GREY PARROT. It is a very lively bird; and although its articulation is indistinct, it will talk for hours with the greatest ardor. Whoever has caught it is presently requested to treat the sweet creature well, not to pay attention to its biting and to restore it to its inaccessible mistress, who will pay a reward of Three Guineas.

Address Mrs. De Poppelis, Arcrocraunla Cottage, St. John's Wood.

**FLOWN AWAY** from a Cottage in St. John's Wood, a GREY PARROT, that can be recognized by its ill-nature as well as by its never speaking a word, but screaming for hours at a time in the most disgusting way without any occasion. Whoever has caught it, and will deliver it stuffed to the undersigned address, shall receive Four Guineas and grateful thanks.

Mr. De Poppelis,

Arcrocraunla Cottage, St. John's Wood.

Four guineas against three. We could sympathize with Mr. de Poppelis but for that. It was an ungenerous

of his hold upon the pure-strings. There can be no question of the result. Pretty Polly is stuffed before this.

#### RUINS IN THE OLD WORLD AND THE NEW.

A writer in the National Magazine, in discussing the question of the comparative antiquity of the ruins in Central America and Egypt, says,

One striking contrast between the American and the Egyptian ruins has been sternly insisted on; but it was a contrast inevitable from the nature of the two countries, and supplies no argument to either side of the discussion. On the banks of the Nile the bright ruins stand, near no shadows but their own, glowing in every tint of the sky, visible afar, reared like visions on the "lone and level waste." In Mexico, Chiapas and Yucatan they are herded in forests; their walls are addressed by stains of damp, vegetation obscures their passages, and the wayfarer may stand one hundred feet from the ruins of a great city without perceiving where one stone stands upon another. A screen, entangled and fantastic droops along the colonnade of trees; leaves and brilliant flowers, with birds as bright, clinging and fluttering among them, are trained into an impervious network, so that the traveler, if the way is known to him, must break through these luxuriant defenses before he can see the tall solemn idols, the quality-wrought altars, the walls high but broken, the confusion of beauty and ruin that lies within the echo of his voice.

#### La Motte.

We have seldom seen a better example of the sudden and transitory bias toward religion so frequently produced by trouble or disappointment of any kind, than is described in the following extract from a sketch of La Motte, by Arsene Harsanyi. A. the old rhyme wittily though somewhat profanely hath it

"When the devil was sick, the devil a monk would be. But when the devil got well, the devil a monk was he."

In 1693, there was represented at the theater of the Comédie-Italienne, for the first time, a piece styled *The Originals*. The author was a young adventurer who was an earnest seeker after all that was new under the sun, even at the expense of common sense. His name was Antoine Houdard de La Motte. He had pursued his studies under the Jesuits at Paris, listening rather to his natural instincts than to his masters; therefore he learned but little Latin and less Greek; he already protested against the Greeks and Romans. To make amends, however, he had read Corneille with admiration; he had found the ancient poets by no means to his taste; he had vowed to change the world's opinion in this matter. With these free views in prospect, he determined not to follow those of his family, who wished to make an attorney of him. As in those days there were no journals, the theater was the only field for the innovator. After having played comedy amid a circle of friends, he made his first appearance as dramatic author, in a strange piece made up of an odd mixture of Italian and French prose. On the day of representation, he calculated upon great success. This success was to be the source of his fortune and his glory. With a great reputation once obtained, he could proclaim aloud his ideas upon ancient and modern literature; he would become the leader of a sect, he would contend for his cause with all the might of his mind. He had the thousand other, I cannot say how, brilliant dreams of youth. But his success was, like the milk pail of Perette, who thought she had her fortune in her hands; but the milk was split, good bye to calf, corn, pig, and butter. The piece was blessed. The innovator was so far from expecting such a result, that it nearly set him crazy. He hurried from the theater, keeping out of the way of those friends he had invited to celebrate his success; he departed the same evening, repeating La Fontaine's fable. Where did an author who had been damned, had retired in this way from the world. Not only did he go without sleeping, but once arrived in this sombre retreat, he submitted completely to all its austere rules. Many

dramatic authors of our day should be condemned to La Trappe.

La Trappe was in those days well peopled. Monsieur de Ranec had made the place qu'il le fashion. The great retreat themselves to it is pious retreat without turning their faces toward the storms and pleasures of the world without. The Abbé de Ranec was the chief confessor of all those souls in trouble, who came to enjoy the pleasures of heaven in advance. It was our young soldier's turn. He had taken the habit, he had sung psalms, his flagellations had left their marks. "My child," said Monsieur de Ranec to him, "you seem very young to take the path of death and eternity." "What can I do better, father?" "Listen to the teachings of your heart. Are you sure you have done so? Does your heart ever turn to the world from the solemn interests of prayer and retirement?"

The young man reflected. A monastic life was anything but attractive to a heart of only twenty years. What did he find there? The abandonment of glory. But at this thought the blessings at the Comédie-Italienne resounded again in his ears. "My revered father, I am resolved to die in this pious retreat." "Think well of it, my son," replied the abbé, who wished by all means to know the cause of his withdrawal from the world; "the regrets which may torment you here, will be a thousand times more dangerous to your soul than any earthly passion. God has not placed us here upon earth to contemplate heaven always; we must submit to the laws of creation. Our Lord extends his blessing to labor, to the joys of the heart, to domestic enjoyment. All are not made to dig their graves here below. There is here and there, a garden or a field where the ear of corn is more acceptable to God than the unfruitful herb of our retreat. Trust me, a man must have a good right to complain of the world before he abandons it for ever. Have you a mother?" "Alas!" said the young man, "I have a mother, who loves me and weeps for my loss, if I can trust to my dreams." "Beware, such tears will not mediate for you with God: to love one's mother is to love God. I want to know what brought you here. Was it faith or sorrow? Was it some mad love. . . ?" "God defend me, no, father."

At this place in his confession, the young solitary had turned his face more than once toward the world; that world that he had fled with so much disgust, now appeared, from the walls of La Trappe, to possess a thousand new charms; it seemed smiled upon him more sweetly than the saint; he saw with his mind's eye a certain orchard at Troyes, where he had plucked peaches with a certain Laura worthy of another Petrarch. "Father," replied he, with a blush, "I will confess to you without more ado why I came to this refuge." "Speak, my child." "I come in La Trappe because I was hired at the Comédie-Italienne."

The handsome but melancholy face of the Abbé de Ranec was lighted up with a smile. "Vanity of vanity!" said he with a sigh, as he thought of his own past life: "these are not the kind of misfortunes that people come to mourn over at La Trappe. Why did you not go to dry your tears upon your mother's bosom? If hereafter the Lord should afflict you with great misfortune, come hither to this retreat of peace and consolation; but for the present depart—go take your place in the sun."

The young man kissed the hands of the abbé and immediately left La Trappe order to return. According to the Abbé de Valence: "I had not lost his time, for he came out with an opera all written. He returned to Paris, without knowing exactly what he was to do. On the day of his arrival, he heard some sacred music by Campra, and an opera of Lullu's. He went to see Campra. He spoke to him about his musical piece. He told him that a great composer ought sometimes to leave the church for the theater, and the result, whether good or ill, was that Campra was induced to consent to make his débüt together

with him. *L'Europe Galante* was prepared in a few weeks; but at the opera one is obliged to wait his turn. *L'Europe Galante* was not represented till 1897. This time the success was triumphant. La Motte entirely forgot La Trappe in the theater.

## Mademoiselle Rachel.

Two following interesting particulars respecting the great French tragic actress are extracted from the fourth volume of the *Mémoires d'un Bourgeois de Paris*, by Dr. Véron, and will no doubt, possess an attraction for all our readers, who in their character of artists, must necessarily be always the first to appreciate and admire the grand representatives and models of art:—

"One fine summer's evening, the 12th of June, 1838, being in search of shade and solitude (if you search well you will find everything at Paris, even solitude and shade,) I entered the Théâtre Français, about eight or nine o'clock. There were four spectators in the stalls I made the fifth. My attention was attracted to the stage by a strange physiognomy, full of expression, with a projecting forehead, and a black eye, hidden beneath the orbit, and full of fire, the whole placed upon a fragile body, and, however, with a certain degree of elegance in its postures, movements and attitudes. A resonant, sympathetic voice of the most happy pitch, and particularly intelligent, enthralled my mind, which was little and more inclined to idleness than admiration. This strange physiognomy—the eye full of fire, the fragile body, the intelligent voice, were those of Mademoiselle Rachel, who was reciting the part of Camille in *Horace* for her debut. The lively and profound impression the young actress instantaneously produced on me, recalled to my mind a train of confused thoughts. At last by taxing my memory, I remembered a young girl with a singular physiognomy, playing the part of *la Vendue* at the Gymnase, and I also remembered a mere child with poor garments and clumsy shoes, who, on being asked before me in the passage of some theater, what she was doing, replied to my great astonishment, in a base voice and with the utmost seriousness: 'I am pursuing my studies.' I recognized in Mademoiselle Rachel the singular physiognomy at the Gymnase who 'was pursuing her studies.'

"Those persons are greatly to be pitied who, in matters of art, can neither abhor nor admire. Whether I have to do with pictures, statues, monuments, singers, comedians, or tragedians, I abhor or admire. Little Rachel astonished me—her talents rendered me enthusiastic. Nothing would satisfy me but to find out as soon as possible, my friend Melis, whose literary tastes and partialities I shared, and compel him to attend the *débuts* of what I called my little prodigy. 'When the twelve or fifteen hundred clever persons who compose public opinion in Paris,' I said to him, 'shall have passed judgment upon that child, she will become the glory and fortune of the French theater.'

"In 1838, I had quitted the opera; the talent and success of my tragic actress became my fixed idea and business. Before saying good day to any one, I used to inquire: 'Have you seen her in *Horace* or *Andromaque*?' Most persons did not know whom I meant. I used to lose my temper and not spare reproaches or even familiar insults. The pleasures and joys of my summer of 1838 were assured; my emotions as habits of the Théâtre Français were destined to replace all rural pleasures as well as the incidents and surprises of travel.

"During the entire month of June and the entire month of July, very few persons seemed converted to my new faith; it mattered nothing that Mdlle. Rachel played Camille, Emille, or Hermione; the apostles of the new divinity preached in vain in the desert. In the month of August, however, in spite of the dog-days, the *débuts* of Mdlle. Rachel, in the parts just mentioned, began to be better attended.

When the house struck me as being tolerably full, I used to wipe my forehead, and like the fly on the coach-wheel, say to myself with a degree of satisfaction amounting to pride, 'Mdlle. Rachel and myself will beat the public. Those people have got common sense.'

During the entire month of October, the young tragedian played nine times, and the smallest receipts (for Monnaie in *Mithridate*) amounted to 2,600 francs 90 centimes. When she played Hermione, the receipts amounted to more than 6,000 francs; her victory was complete—her triumph absolutely astounding. Cornelli and Racine once more flourished among us, as in the grand age of Louis XIV. A feverish popularity surrounded the young *tragiédienne* and old tragedy.

"While still a child, Mdlle. Rachel who was already admitted at the Conservatoire, begged for private lessons from M. Provost, a greatly esteemed actor, possessor of real talent, and a *scintilla* of the Théâtre Français. On seeing the poor weak and sickly child, he replied 'Go and tell nosegays, my good girl.' One evening, young Hermione revenged herself in the most clever and charming manner for the disdain of her brother-artist, who had proved so bad a prophet. After having been most enthusiastically applauded and frantically recalled, she was actually applauded when the curtain had dropped, to fill her Greek tunic with flowers thrown upon the stage. She then ran up to him who could give her no other advice than to go and tell nosegays, and, sinking down on one knee before him, with the most graceful coquetry, said: 'I have taken your advice, M. Provost, and taken to selling nosegays. Will you buy some of me?' With a smile, the learned professor raised up the young artist and expressed his delight at having been so completely deceived.

"Madlle. Raché's celebrity soon descended from the competent judges, from the cream of the aristocracy, to the general body of the public. In 1771, Voltaire thus flattered a celebrated actress of the day:—

"Quand, dans les arts de l'esprit et du goût,  
"On est sublime, on est agut a tout;  
"Que dis-je? On rigole et d'un pique 5046  
"On est chat, surtout si l'on est belle.

"At first, Madlle. Rachel did not even achieve the success due to youth and attractive beauty

(as we conceive.)

## Irish Oddities.

A LATE foreign reviewer discusses the oddities of the Irish character. The Irishman, he says, reverses the usual mode of rationalization, according to which things are valuable in the inverse ratio of their accessibility. He is for the direct ratio. Whatever is easiest to come at, the same is also the best. To the same principle is to be referred the national mode of digging, and the form of the implement employed in the operation. That the Irish spade should be twice as long as the English, and unprovided with any aperture for thrusting the hand into it, is only, therefore, not curious, because it saves half the labor. Standing pretty nearly upright, with a cheerful countenance, and an unconstrained posture, which presents no obstacle either to his conversing freely with his neighbor, or observing the natural beauty of the landscape, the Irish peasant plants his foot on a sort of stirrup provided for the purpose, and turns up the soil "as unconsciously as possible." "Sure it saves breaking the back over it." It does so, no doubt; but it also saves breaking the soil to any extent worth mentioning. This, however, is a secondary matter; and it is obvious that this implement, like other contrivances of the country, is constructed chiefly with a view of "saving trouble."

One thing, to truth, there is, which the Irishman does not worship, and that is material property. Indeed he has rather a contempt for it than otherwise. To his imagining his humble lot is a "bee-e-tiful" one already, and you can't meet it much by your

tinkering. What signifies just poking a stone into the wall here, to make it weather-light, or pushing another out there, to prevent its being smoke-light? What signifies an old hat more or less in the window, or an increased appropriation between the different levels of the floor of which, as at the bottom of the Lacus Asphalticus, and other inland seas, there are always two at least. These things will not add a grain to the sands of gold over which the Pactolus of his imagination wanders. "Sure, it'll do!" say, the existing structure will not only "do" but is full of "illegant contrivances," the whole beauty and merit of which would be sacrificed by the threatened innovations.

In referring to the Idiomatic tendencies among them, the critic gives examples of some, which the American reader will notice, have, from some cause—perhaps the great number of Irish among us—affected somewhat our own popular modes of speech. A nocturnal foray against a garden was thus summed up: "There were eight of them in it," that is to say, as afterward appeared, not "in" the garden,—into which, owing to the timely alarm, the thieves were unable to penetrate,—but merely "in" the translocation. "On" or "upon" is used again, in the peculiar sense of "to the detriment of." "They're rosie the market upon us," or, "that young man has put a mile upon us," viz., by giving at the wrong direction as the road. Occasional misconceptions of course arise here, for want of due notice being given whether the physical or metaphysical sense of the proposition is intended. Thus, to the inquiry, how a small farmer came to be behindhand with his rent? it was replied, "Why, you see, sir, two cows died upon him in the one year, and that was very bad for him." "And the next year a cow burst upon him, wid eating" (It was fortunately added in explanation) "too much clover."

Mrs Edgeworth endeavors to explain the national propensity to perpetrate "hulls," by a habit of using figurative language. She adduces an instance, that of pronouncing a certain ship the finest "that ever sailed on the face of the earth." Now it is true that in this particular instance the temptation to make a hull lay in the general recognised figurative expression, "on the face of the earth." Catching at this tempting flourish, and not adjusting the rest of his sentence very accurately to it, the speaker committed a hull incoherently. The same temptation, too, is no doubt the exciting cause of other hulls; some of English growth, such as the well-known denunciation, "Sir, the hand of justice cannot any longer wink at your iniquities." The attempt to combine two incompatible figures does certainly produce the result in question; the Cretan Minotaur is the first Irish hull on record. But there are other varieties roaming over the pastures of the Green Isle. An Irish hull may be defined as a dilemma—or *spiloglossus cornutus*, as the logicians speak, of which both horns are embraced at once—and this, for aught we know, may be the derivation of the term. It is two alternatives taken together. Mankind in general are sensible that, in the case of incompatible alternatives presented to the mind, you must reject one of them. The Irishman does not see this. He takes both. Being told that one of Arnold's stanzas saves half the truth, he resolves to get two, and save the whole. Understanding that music is taught at two guineas the first month and one the second, he declares he won't begin till the second. A little consideration would show that these confusions are merely the result of an endeavor to combine two incompatible opinions.

The true secret of Irish incohering, with or without metaphor, lies in that soil for ideas, that vehement pertinacity on behalf of the topic of the moment, which appears in so many forms as a national characteristic. In some cases the speaker rises, as it were, with his subject, and after proceeding rationally for some time, puts a colophon of absurdity to a piece of plain common sense. So a young recruit, soberly describing to his officer his circumstances in other respects, ventures on a final stroke to the ef-



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*My dream of love is over,  
I wake once more to pain,  
I've no one now to cheer me,  
But am alone again.*

*Last Greeting*,.....Schnbert.

*Adieu! 'tis love's last greeting.  
The parting hour is come!  
And fast thy soul is fleeing,  
To seek its starry home!*

*My Sighs shall on the balmy breeze*, Donizetti.

*My sighs shall on the balmy breeze  
That hither wafts thee be borne;  
Each answering wave shall echo me,  
How I thy absence do mourn, love.*

*When the swallows homeward fly*,.....Abt.

*When the swallows homeward fly,  
When the roses scattered lie,  
When from neither hill or dale,  
Chants the silvery nightingale.*

*Napoliata*,.....A. Leo.

*I am dreaming of thee,  
I'm hearing thy footfall so joyous and free,  
Thy dark flashing eyes are entwining me yet,  
Thy voice with his tone, I ne'er can forget!*

*Why do I weep for thee?*.....W. V. Wallace.

*Why do I weep for thee?  
Why in my sad dreams?  
Parted for aye are we,  
Yes, parted like mountain streams.*

*Serenade of Don Pasquale*,.....Donizetti.

*Oh! summer night!  
So softly bright!  
How sweet the bow's  
Where sleeps my oradled flower.*

*There's a sigh in the heart*,.....A. Tucker.

*There's a sigh in the heart,  
Tho' the lip may be gay,  
When we think of the land,  
Yes, the land far away.*

*Dreams*,.....Hodges.

*Oh! I have had dreams, I have had sweet dreams  
Of childhood's bright and sunny hours,  
When I wandered all day, by the sparkling  
streams,*

*And I call'd for my mother, the gay wild flower's.  
Had I met thee in thy beauty*,.....Vaocoy.

*Had I met thee in thy beauty,  
When my heart and hand were free,  
When no other claim'd the duty,  
Which my soul would yield to thee.*

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*In this old arm chair*,.....M. W. Balfe.  
*In this my mother's smile'd,  
I hear thy blessings on me wait  
And feel myself a child.*

*Scenes that are brightest*,.....W. V. Wallace.

*Scenes that are brightest  
May charm awhile,  
Hearts that are lightest,  
And eyes that smile; &c.*

*Oh! she was good as she was fair*, M. W. Balfe.

*Oh! she was good as she was fair,  
None, none on earth above her.  
As pure in thought as angels are,  
To know her was to love her.*

*Silence! silence!*.....J. L. Reethen.

*Silence, silence, make no noise or stir,  
For in you bow the throne above,  
Sleeps my gentle lady love.*

*By the sad sea waves*,.....J. Bentiadi.

*I listen while they moan,  
A lament o'er graves of hope and pleasure gone:  
I was young, I was fair, I had once not a care,  
From the rising of the morn to the setting of  
the sun.*

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Yours truly, A. A. FORBES.

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Teacher of Music.

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RICHARD STORRS WILLIS, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

12—of Volume X]

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, NOV. 18, 1854.

[190—of whole Number.

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In the twilight, long ago,  
And my spirit with joy went wild, Bell Brown,  
As your voice breathed soft, and low;  
For it breathed a vow of faith, Bell Brown,  
As gentle as April showers,  
But the love that you pledged till death, Bell Brown,  
Was gone with the falling flowers.

Oh, you loved me more than your life, Bell Brown—  
For a month, and a summer day;  
Till whistled spring, with his rings, came down,  
From his rambles in gay Broadway;  
And the light that shined on my heart was gone,  
And the walks by the trying tree;  
And your smile was bright as the breaking dawn,  
But it bled me no more for me.

O, the smile you are wearing now, Bell Brown,  
Is as sweet, as sweet can be,  
But I prize it just as I prized the frown,  
That you bent last year on me;  
And your words are as smooth as oil, Bell Brown,  
And there's witchery in your laugh,  
But the bird that was once in the toll, Bell Brown,  
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RICHARD STORRS WILLIS,

Editor and proprietor, 237 Broadway, New York.

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NEXT to the pleasure of an acquaintance with the genius of persons of celebrity is an acquaintance with their lineaments:—to know how they look—to see them imaged before us. The personal presence of the brightest genius of the world is something of which the lack is particularly felt in the world of music. This is to a greater extent true of this country than European countries, where the faces of men of genius in every department of human exertion are far more familiar to the world at large, from their pictorial multiplication everywhere.

We remember with what intense interest we used to regard the collection of portraits arranged upon the walls of old Father Rink, in Darmstadt, Germany, over whose *Flügel* (grand piano) were hung, in pyramidal array, the portraits of all the great masters of song; faces which we had never seen before—Handel, Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, Weber, Mendelssohn, Hummel, Spohr, and numerous other masters of the Art. They seemed to gaze smilingly down upon their worthy disciple, Rink, and serve as artistic incitement and inspiration to him. Poor Rink! We attended his golden bridal (his 50th wedding day, of which our readers will remember we once wrote a description) and he has since then taken his own place among that galaxy of eminent composers, of whom now, alas, we have only left to us the portraits.

The want in this country of life-like portraits of men (and women) of genius in the world of music, we have set ourselves the task to supply: having commenced a *Gallery of Musical Portraits* designed as a pictorial accompaniment of this journal. We have now ready eight portraits: that of the lamented Madame Sonag; Beethoven; Weber; Mendelssohn; Liszt; Schumann; Schubert; Wallace:—the choice of one of which is offered to every subscriber to the *Musical World* commencing with the new volume of 1855. For the subscription price then, \$3.00, we send the *Musical World* with its weekly budget of four pages of fresh music to lay upon the piano, and a portrait of some eminent composer or artist, to place above the piano.

These portraits are not poor lithographs, but elegant steel engravings, and well worthy of a place in the drawing room.

## The World of Music.

CONCERNED NEWS OF A WEEK.

NEW YORK.—The Harmonic Society gave an eminently attractive performance of the "Seasons" on Tuesday, under the leadership of Mr. Bristow, to a very large audience in the Church of the Divine Unity, Broadway. With regard to the text we copy the following statement from the libretto.

"In order to connect the various parts of the poem for the purpose of forming a continuous story or plot, it was deemed advisable to dramatize, in a measure, Thompson's purely descriptive language. To accomplish this end, characters have been introduced, who are made to say simply what the author says to the reader; they are pastoral characters, farmers, villagers, and hunters—in short, they are the living representatives of what the poet has described. The adapter of the poem to the present purpose has been compelled to make considerable alterations in the measure, and effect certain transpositions; but he has not presumed to add, (save when compelled by the action of the story); that were indeed to gild refined gold, to paint the lily, and throw perfume on the violet." The poem, as it is, is a lovely and unequalled landscape; as the adapter has only added life to the scene."

The characters introduced are *Simon*, a farmer, (Bass), Mr. Alden and Mr. Camoens, (the two alternating); *Jane*, his daughter, treble, (Mrs. Stewart); *Lucas*, her rustic lover, (Mr. Johnson), tenor; and a chorus.

The solo singers did exceedingly well: although the Basses, particularly Mr. Camoens, was not always true to the pitch, but this was ascribed to the slight trepidation we observed, and the very heavy caliber of his voice. Mrs. Stewart sang charmingly. She has a captivating voice. This lady deserved all the more credit, from the fact of having learned her part (as a substitute for Miss Brainard) since the Saturday preceding; two days; and a trying part it is. Mr. Johnson, the well known conductor of music at Dr. Muhlenberg's church, sang with great spirit and expression; he made a very fervent lover. The young lady, (Miss Comstock, we believe,) to whom Mrs. Stewart assigned the task of singing the droll little ballad in the cantata, went through her part very neatly. The choruses were well-drilled and exceedingly effective: for which Mr. Bristow deserves much commendation.

The cantata is to be repeated on Thanksgiving evening, and, we hope, frequently, during the season. As a novel and extremely interesting work of Art, every person in this city who pretends to any love for music should hear it. All intelligent people should like to see or hear the best thing of its kind in every department of human effort. Then let them hear the *Seasons*.

—The Italian opera has again opened, but under the auspices of the stockholders: Mr. Hackett having resigned the helm of affairs. On Tuesday evening *Puritani* was announced. We did not attend, finding Hadyn's *Seasons*, as given by the Harmonic Society, the superior attraction. In the *Tribune*, however, we read the following paragraph.

"A published certificate by G. Belcredi, M. D., and J. C. Peters, M. D., informs the public that, four weeks since, M. Mario had a bilious attack, accompanied by an acute inflammation of the throat, and entire loss of the voice; and they add that, on trying it yesterday morning, it was found too weak for service in the evening. Accordingly, portions of *The Puritani* and of *Semirami* were

given without M. Mario, in favor of the first opera entire, with him; and such auditors as were afflicted with the change attended—enough to make a brilliant audience. We have nothing new to add of the interpretations of last evening, except that the tried favorite of the public, M. Badiali, made his first appearance this season, and was received with much applause. He is a great accession, and, with the re-appearance of M. Mario, will render the vocal quartet worthy of their work. The management is now in the hands of some of the mock-holders—a good idea, for the men interested in the property are capable of pushing it along if they have the discretion to put new pieces on the stage."

—Let it not be forgotten that Mr. Eisfeld's first Quartet Soirée comes off at Dodworth's Academy on Tuesday evening next, November 21st. On this occasion a very interesting quartet by Franz Schubert will be performed; Beethoven's Quintet; a quartet by Hadyn, and two songs by Spohr and Ahi, sung by Mrs. Brickerhoff.

—Some interesting intelligence of Rossini will be found among our foreign news. The great *maestro* has been attacked by that worst misfortune—immobility. The secret cause of this, a gentleman who has just returned from Italy assures us, is a blow to Rossini's well-known last of gold; he having of late suffered a pecuniary reverse: which though small, was sensitively felt by him.—Rossini's wealth, nevertheless, is doubtless enormous.

(Correspondence.)

**Philadelphia.**—The English Opera has been all the rage last week. On Monday the company opened with *Semirami*. Miss Louise Fyne made a favorable impression in the role of *Amira*. Mr. Harrison (*Eliazar*) was scarcely any thing he should have been either in the singing or acting. The audience manifested much dissatisfaction; so much so, that Mr. Sefton, the stage manager, appeared before the curtain and begged a suspension of the opinion of the audience as to Mr. Harrison's ability. In consequence of his having been suddenly seized with a hemorrhage.

Mr. Borani sustained the character of *Count Rodolphe*—reputably; nothing more. His voice seems worn and not very musical, his acting merely passable. Miss Fyne's *Lia* was an ordinary impersonation. She has little voice, but sings correctly. If we except Miss L. Fyne, the first representation must be considered very inferior.

The same opera was repeated on Tuesday evening.

The *Bolshevik* Girl was produced on Wednesday evening. As the part of *Thaddeus* was written by Baitt expressly for Mr. Harrison, we expected in this he would redeem himself, but were doomed to be disappointed. His singing was decidedly bad, and his acting below mediocrity. His voice seemed to be entirely broken up. He produced his tones from the throat, and where force was required sang flat. His delivery of the tones and the words was very elegant. Mr. Meyer's *Dorval* we did not admire. We could not help comparing him with the lamented artist, Mr. Regale. Mr. Reeves *Florentine* was but poorly calculated for him; it being an undesirable part at best. Mr. Borani, as the Count, was better than his *Rodolphe*; and improved upon acquaintances.

On Friday evening Wallace's opera of *Maritani* was produced, which drew an excellent house. The performance of this opera was far superior to either of the others, and the music better suited to the artist's powers. Miss Louise Fyne rendered her part in an exceptional manner. Mr. Harrison also did himself much credit in this; his acting was good, and singing much improved; it is possible that he may grow quite in favor yet. Monday evening of this week the *Crown Diamonds* was produced. In this, Miss Louise Fyne surpassed all her former efforts, and succeeded in bringing down the house with numerous bursts of applause. Her execution of Rodi's Variations was really an artistic achievement, and she has established herself as a first class artist. Her execution is most facile, and elegant, her voice melodious, flexible and pure. She was called before the curtain at the close of the opera, and greeted with long and loud applause, and a shower of bouquets.

Upon the whole, I think that the company has grown

much in favor since the first performance. The choruses are good, very good. The orchestra, led by our old friend, Signor La Mura, is excellent; and, through the tact of Mr. McLeod Smith, the management will make a pleasant and profitable operation here. From this place they return to your city for a few nights, and from thence to Boston, where they will be sure to succeed.

Next week I will give you an account of local musical matters. I have only time now to say that Mr. Thorbeck's books are open at Mr. O. Andra & Co.'s Music Store for his winter soirees. Mr. Thorbeck is one of the best Piano Forte teachers in the country, and a thorough musician. It has been his custom during the winter season to give a series of classic soirees, for which he engages the best talent of the city, and performs the very best compositions. These entertainments have been received with success, and patronized by the very elite of our citizens. I learn that the list is fast filling up, and no subscriptions will be received after the 20th of this month.

More anon

J. S. B.

**Glenn's Falls, N. Y.**—A three days convention was held here, commencing October 10th, in which was represented the best talent of Washington, Warren and Saratoga counties: at the time of commencement no distinct plan had been made for defraying the expenses; the gentlemen, however, had pledged themselves to liquidate all obligations that might accrue, by voluntary contributions. But the first intention, that was immediately diffused throughout the place, resulted in the realization of sufficient funds from the concert, to more than meet all the pecuniary engagements. Although this was the first regularly organized effort ever made in this section, yet from the teachers represented in the convention, it was obvious that music here, had not suffered neglect. Among the places that I am from week visiting, I usually find the ordinary amount of talent, which is common in all localities; but rarely as great a concentration of it as was here. Dr. Button, of Saratoga, H. W. Carpenter, of Bennington, Geo. J. Huston, of Glenn's Falls, and others, who participated in the exercises, are prominent in the musical profession; and their presence in a community, exempt fall of creating and perpetuating an interest in the divine art. Without competent music in a place, music languishes; however many others there may be, in whom dwells the latent love of it; and who, whose interest is awakened, are ready to second all necessary measures for the promotion of the cause. There ever must be, to ensure the progress of music in any community, a centralization of influence; and the nucleus of this can only be found among the real devotees of the art. And what is strange and unphilosophical in this, is the phenomena of this central revolving wheel, in that it does not impart motion to its circumference, simultaneously with that of its axis. But no the other hand, incoherently true is that of the axis ceasing its motion, that the periphery or outer portion of the body is never known to exhibit the effect of a prolonged motion. But such is the nature of mind. The intellect must be overcome by constant and self-sacrificing efforts. Another convention is to be held at Glenn's Falls, commencing the 9th of January, which, also, I have engaged to direct.

Y. C. TAYLOR.

**North Brookfield, N. Y.**—This is a small village situated in the eastern portion of Madison county, and contains a population too sparse to give promise of much musical success in forming a musical festival. But as the "race is not to the swift, nor the battle to the strong," so, willing hands, and a ready disposition to deplete well filled purses, gave a spring to the enterprise here, which resulted most creditably to all concerned. One distinguished characteristic of the occasion was, a desire to improve; and when the exercises had terminated, the ardent wish was, still to go on. They proposed holding another convention immediately—which my pre-existing engagements forbade my attending to. In nearly all places where I hold conventions, I find the same kind of enthusiasm among singers, which need to be removed; but here was a most happy exemption from a part of such a task: and the credit of this is due to Mr. John A. White. This gentleman possesses all the requisites of a most accomplished teacher. He is not only thorough in imparting the ground-work of a musical education, but accompanies his instructions with a faithful rendition of the true sentiment of the music. It is comparatively easy to hold conventions, where one is preceded by so thorough an auxiliary as Mr. White. Mr. Beebe, leader of the untrained choir, the first of the order of the latter choir, with others, lent voluntary assistance throughout the convention. Being impressed with the importance of a more general diffusion of musical literature, the convention passed—among others—a just and invited resolution, com-

medatory of the *Musical World*; and vined their dignity of the act, by making up a liberal subscription for the paper, which may have been forwarded to you before the present time. Y. C. TAYLOR.

**Manlius, Onondaga Co. N. Y.**—From North Brookfield, I proceeded to this place, and held a convention, four consecutive days, commencing October 1st. The attendance of ladies was unusually large, rendered so by a too indiscriminate admission of many who lacked a more systematic course of previous elementary instruction. But all struggled most perseveringly against the incidental impediments which they had to encounter, and made good progress. The closing concert was aided by the presence of the "Columbian," a quartet club of good artistic abilities, and embracing voices, with careful cultivation, would compare favorably with any of the American star singers. The singers of various towns in the vicinity of this place, propose holding conventions as soon as arrangements can be effected.

Yours Fraternally, Y. C. TAYLOR.

#### FOREIGN.

From the London Musical Transcript.

**Leghorn.**—During my sojourn at the baths of Lucca, I sent you some intelligence respecting Rosini, who was passing the summer there for the benefit of his health, then in a most precarious state. Now all hope is quite over. A few days since, a fearful attack nearly put an end to his life, but through the administering of some very powerful medicine, he has so far recovered as to be able to be removed. He can never regain his intellect, if even his existence should drag its weary length along. The deepest melancholy has cast a veil around him, never more to be raised by mortal hands. If Mozart died at thirty, in delirium, Donizetti at forty, an imbecile, caused by over excitement of every kind, Rosini, now in his sixty-fifth year (he was born in 1790), has at least outlived his mood, which has for some time ceased to be creative or settle.

Some are of opinion, that this inactivity this restless imagination, may have cost his life. Last summer, before the cholera had set its mark upon the city, the *Concriste* was announced at the Theater San Marco, the charming melodies of which formed a happy contrast to the poor effusions of Verdi, now holding, also: no prominent a position throughout Italy. But still a stronger contrast was offered, whilst the tones were still ringing in my ears, to watch, on the Polesa a Beroglio, the unhappy maestro, attended by his wife and a friend, whose expression visibly manifested that nature in vain spread out her beauties, for he was sunk in endless melancholy and forgetfulness.

**Paris.**—A success has been achieved at the Opera Comique, by a little one-act opera, *les Sabots de la Marguerite*, the libretto by MM. Michel Carré and Jules Barbier, and the music by M. Ernest Boulanger. The plot carries us into the eighteenth century, and into a certain province where a young and pretty Marchioness (Mlle. Boulanger) is chasing away the *coquet* which overcomes her in her widowed condition, by singing and playing on the harp, talking to her maid (Mlle. Lemerder), and receiving the visits of two of her neighbors. In her way the marchioness has a bit of a conquest, and both the above-mentioned gentlemen are in love with her, each testifying his passion in his own peculiar way. The chevalier is sentimental and *fale*, and hovers the marchioness with madrigals and serenades, while the Baron, on the other hand, is a rustic fellow of the chase, who has never quitted his estate, and knows nothing of the civilized manners of Paris and Versailles. Instead of a madrigal he sends the Marchioness a pair of letters, to prevent her feet from getting wet of an evening, and, although she is a fine lady, she cannot but give the preference to the good heart of the Baron. Sometimes, however, she is inclined to be offended with him, on the unceremonious manner in which he invites himself to breakfast with her after going out shooting; she nevertheless restrains her indignation, and is content with telling him some homely truths during the meal; on one occasion the Baron retorts, and the Marchioness snuffs herself up in her beauty. Mademoiselle Lise, the maid, who is beloved by Nicolas, in the service of the Baron, retains that person at the chateau, and endeavors to make him comprehend the customs and usages of the beau monde. About this time, the Marchioness has reflected, and begins to think there was some truth in the reproaches addressed to her by the Baron, and to doubt whether the natural force of a provincial passion is not better than the affectation of Parisian love; her doubts are increased by the method of her making as described by Nicolas; the result is, that

the Baron becomes for the time the sentimental chevalier, and the Marchioness assumes not only the costume, but even the manners of a country girl. The return to sensibility is more rapid, and the master, and mistress, and man, and maid, are supposed to be happily united after the fall of the curtain. The music is pleasing and tuneful, and the whole performance has the merit of completeness.

**Leipzig.**—The first of the Gewandhaus Concerts, for the present season took place on the 1st inst., under most favorable circumstances. The room, which is capable of holding about 1100, was crowded in every corner, the ladies, as usual, occupying the center, and the gentlemen being seated on the outside. A good example is always set at these concerts to English people, as regards the length of the programme. The overture commenced at half-past six, and by half past eight, the programme was exhausted—but not the audience; the exact reverse being generally the case after two hours' performance in England. There was no attempt at novelty on the present occasion, but the music was chosen with a full appreciation of the tastes of the patrons of the concert. The following was the programme: PART I.

Overture—"Fingel Rave" . . . Mendelssohn.  
"Ab! Perdo!" (Mlle Staback) . . . Beethoven.  
Concerto Violoncello . . . . . Molique.  
"Heer Jule!" (Mlle Staback) . . . Mendelssohn.

PART II.

The Rods Symphony . . . . . Beethoven.

The overture was finely played by the band, which is this year fully equal to its former reputation. Especial attention is paid to the wood instruments, and probably they are on the wind unrivalled; but some of the English orchestras are decidedly superior as regards the string. Mlle Staback was favorably received on her appearance in the orchestra, and gained at once the good-will of the audience. Her first song served to convince the directors that Mr. Sterndale Bennett's recommendation was well merited, and she retired amid general applause. But in Mendelssohn's air, "Heer Jule," her voice was heard to much greater advantage, and she gave such unequalled evidence of acquaintance with the music, as well as appreciation of its beauties, that the admirers of the lamented composer were fairly roused to enthusiasm, and, at its conclusion, they applauded with the utmost unanimity. Her encore in, therefore, undoubted. Molique's charming violoncello concerto was executed in a masterly style, and gave unequalled satisfaction. The Rods Symphony, with which the concert closed, was finely played, and the Germans were as usual, enraptured with the strains of Beethoven, but the violins were in several places very distinguishable for a baritone, which in some measure injured the general effect. The concert, however, was altogether eminently successful.

**Belgium.**—The Belgians, it is well known, are, in a great measure, derived from the same origin as the Germans, which may be everywhere traced in their language, manners, and customs. From this circumstance it would not be unusual to conclude that they must possess the same talents and dispositions of music. Nothing, however, can be more erroneous than such a conjecture. From the highest to the lowest classes of society in Germany, a ready susceptibility of the charms of melody, and that feeling of the beauties of harmony, are found universally to prevail. In the Netherlands, on the contrary, but few songs are found in the mouths of the common people, and even these are, for the greater part, devoid of all grace and beauty, and, like the French *revolvers*, are mostly sung in a monotonous unison. In those institutions for singing also, which lie open to the artisan as as the peasant, there appears no disposition to make any progress in song. This indifference extends also to Church music, for, with the exception of Antwerp and Ghent, there is no place in which music of this kind is regularly cultivated. In the latter places, though the musical performances are not quite what the connoisseur could wish, yet, both with regard to the selection of music, and the manner of its execution, with great praise is certainly due to the exertions that have been made. In the other towns of the Netherlands, Brussels itself not excepted, we look in vain for any union of talents for the furtherance of this object. The oratorio, that species of composition so much cultivated in Germany, is scarcely known in the Netherlands even by name.

"I cannot bear children," said Mrs. Prim, disdainfully. Mrs. Farrington looked over her spectacles mildly before she replied—"perhaps if you could you would like them better."

#### Editorial Translations.

NO. 2. HAVING A WIFE.

In a late number of the *Courier des Etats-Unis*, the question is discussed, whether, under any circumstances, a husband may be permitted to beat his wife. The person who maintains the affirmative tells the following story in support of his opinion.

"I once knew a husband, who was addicted to this practice, and chance led me to his house during one of those crises. I felt some compunction for my untimely arrival, and excused myself as well as I could. The wife burst into tears. I attempted to withdraw, but she detained me. A strange woman you will say; but this is not all. She threw her arms about her husband's neck, and with sobs and parrings, (hysterics) and screams, asked his pardon. You do not believe me? I assure you that I am telling you the simple truth. The husband, whom this deluge of tears and screams somewhat embarrassed, intimated his wish to speak with me, and we remained alone.

"The scene had somewhat astonished me, and I maintained, at first, a significant silence. He came to me, took my hand, and said, "you have been my friend from childhood—you know me—at school it was I that was beaten, and you surprised me hearing my wife. You think that this deluge of the meanest order, and apparently I am so. Ah! my dear friend, if you knew the truth! but it is incredible, you will not believe me." "I listen," I replied. "Wait then my friend, I love my wife. You will not object to that?" "Certainly not, but you must agree that you love her in a singular fashion." "I have no choice." "Bah! You might love her a little more—gently." "I repeat that I love my wife and my wife loves me, and I should desire nothing better than to love her gently." "But this does not depend upon myself." "Upon whom then?" "Upon her." "What can you mean?" "My wife, who is the best woman in the world, has very exalted ideas about love—and will not be content with a little. I loved her as well as I knew how, but she was not satisfied. One evening, we went to the theater to see the representation of Othello. She returned in the highest state of excitement. She threw her arms around my neck, and said, swear to me, that if I ever deceive you, you will kill me like Desdemona. But my love, I replied, remember that Othello was in the wrong, that his stupid jealousy—"he interrupted me. Do not degrade, by such a term, so noble a sentiment. He at least knew how to love—you would not then kill me on suspicion—you do not love me!

"I thought, at first, she was jesting, but she spoke seriously. She was foolish, but I loved her, and I felt the danger of permitting any doubts in that excitable little head. I tried to assure her of my affection, but she would not believe me, and I fancied that I perceived a slight contempt in her manner. I became alarmed, and determined, cost what it would, to preserve her love. But how could I do it! My wife did not believe my protestations. Acts were necessary. A sublime idea came into my head, which saved us both."

"And you began to beat your wife?" "Yes, as an experiment, but, at first, very moderately, like a man who tries to remedy. Ah! my friend, I was right. She no longer doubted my love and my jealousy. A well bred man would never commit such an act, unless impelled by violent passion. She knew that my manners were naturally gentle, that I had never killed a fly, except in legitimate defence, and to tell this monstrously my nature, my instincts, my education, could only be accounted for by one of those blind, fierce uncontrollable passions, which it is not the power of every one to inspire. In short, my wife, since then, has been the happiest of women. She is proud of the frantic passion of which she is the object, and would be well pleased if I should beat her every day."

"And you use no sterner parsimony in contributing to her happiness?"

"You loath, but, if I did not do it with all my heart, I should run the risk of being surprised, which would ruin all. If you only knew with what skill and ingenuity she excites my anger, and what transports and endowments follow these inconceivable scenes. Ah! my friend, it is as delightful for me as for her. After all I use moderation. I never carry it to excess. And now, do you understand me?" "Perfectly. Provided both parties are agreed, it is not for me to object."

All this seemed too strange to be an invention, yet, some doubt still lingered in my mind, and I determined to be satisfied. The next day, I went again to the house. The wife was alone. She seized my hand, and exclaimed, "How he loves me!" Love was his excuse and her triumph. I felt that my friend was a great husband, a much more difficult thing than to be a great man.

### Glees.

—EARLY PRETTY.—An individual about town, whose resemblance to the portrait of John Huss in the Dusseldorf Gallery is quite remarkable, upon being asked the cause of his belatedness, replied, as his eye twinkled with the true martyr spirit, "that it resulted entirely from carrying his catechism in his hat when a Sunday school boy."—*Boston Transcript.*

—A NEW WRINKLE.—It is said to have been satisfactorily demonstrated that every time a wife scolds her husband she adds a new wrinkle to her face! It is thought that the announcement of this fact will have a most salutary effect, especially as it is understood that every time a wife smiles on her husband it will remove one of the old wrinkles!

MY UNCLE JOSHUA is somewhat peculiar in making his domestic arrangements, and in the strict enforcement of family discipline.

Hardly had the last quarter of the honeymoon begun to wane, for instance, ere my uncle drew up, and presented my aunt with the following

#### CODE OF HOUSEHOLD LAWS:

**First.** Every lamp, altar, plain, or otherwise, every candle, or any light whatsoever, that may have been ignited in the house, must be extinguished at 9 o'clock, P. M.

**Second.** Every member of the family must be astir, throughout the year, at 6 o'clock, A. M.

**Third.** The breakfast hour shall be at 7 A. M.—dinner at 12—supper at 6 P. M. An infringement of even five minutes on these hours, will cause trouble for somebody.

**Fourth.** On Sundays, no one must speak above a whisper. It is my wish not even to hear a pin fall upon the carpet, during the meditations of that day.

**Fifth.** The windows must be washed, sidewalk swept, and the library well dusted, every Saturday morning, while I am down at the barbers'. If, however, on my return, I find any papers or books out of place, somebody may get into difficulty.

**Sixth.** A plot of milk per day is a large allowance for a family without children. Until something takes place, therefore, (a catastrophe which may Providence, in its infinite mercy, forbid!) I shall not allow a larger purchase.

**Seventh.** The butcher must be closely watched. His pass book must be handed to me for examination immediately after tea, every evening.

**Eighth.** The item of fuel is a very serious matter. I think, therefore, that I shall devote my personal attention to that branch of household expenses. Not a stick of wood, nor a lump of coal, must be handled by any one save myself. Should I lose sight of one or the other, (even the smallest particle,) somebody will have reason to feel bad.

**Ninth.** Wearing apparel is another costly item. I sometimes wish, when any tailor presents his "small bill," (as he ironically call it,) that he might dress as Adam and Eve did. But that being entirely out of the question, I order that the strictest economy be observed in all the dealings with dry goods and fancy shop keepers.

My grandmother was a bonnet three years, before it faded out. She also wore a shawl that lasted her upwards of eleven years. Why should the ladies of the present day feel obliged to shift one and the other every three months? It's all nonsense,—and somebody may as well believe it, first as last.

—Rosini wrote to his mother, "I am the bandoneon young man in Italy, and Canova wishes to represent me in marble with as little drapery as Ajax the son of Telamon." The letter was superscribed, "To the very celebrated and honored Madame Rosini unto Mother to the great maestro Rosini. Jules Jarvin."

—A story is current in St. Petersburg respecting the loss of a costly vase by one of the city authorities. After a few months of unavailing search, a policeman called at the owner's residence in his absence, with a request from him that the pedestal which was equally valuable with the vase, should be sent to the police office, where he was waiting in order to identify the discovered treasure. But vase or pedestal was never identified by the owner. The audacious thief had donned the police uniform, and applied at the house of the head officer, carrying off in broad daylight the remainder of his plunder by his bold stratagem.—*National Mag.*

—A Dakotan Indian offered himself for baptism to some Presbyterian missionaries. On being questioned he said that he had several wives. "It was told that he could not be baptized while he had more wives than one. The heathen went away and returned in a few months renewing his request. He was again questioned how many wives he had. One only said he. 'What had he done with all the others?' I have eaten them, was his reply."

—Sir Thomas Mitchell tells us that, after having traveled many months during an exploring expedition into the wide of Australia, and having suffered immensely through the scarcity of water, to find which was the constant care and endeavor of himself and party, he was all of a sudden, surrounded by a fresh water sea; and it was only by creeping to higher ground he was enabled to save himself on this cattle from drowning; though, but the day before a glass of water was hardly procurable. So long had he been accustomed to drink muddy water, that when he came to clean water he could not relish it, as it seemed to "want body."

—When a gourmand was shown the models of the restored antediluvian animals at Sydenham, firing his eyes steadily on the figure of an enormous turbot, he whined to pre-diluvian days, he exclaimed, "Well, those were the sort of animals I do like to see!"

—BIRD SPEAKING ENGLISH.—A traveler in South America, speaking of the birds of his native land, says it is pleasant to notice that, into whatever strange countries they may have wandered during winter, and whatever strange tongues they may have heard, they nevertheless come back speaking English. Hark! "Pheeb! Pheeb!" plebe comes. And by-and-by the bobolink, saying, "Bob o' Lincoln," and the quail, saying, "Bob White." We have heard of one who always thought the robin said, "Skillet skillet!" three legs to a skillet! two legs to a skillet! "A certain facetious doctor says the robin cry out to him as he passes along the road "Kill 'em! kill 'em! phys! phys! phys!"

### INNER-EDITORIAL BUDGET.

MORNING STARS OF THE NEW WORLD. By H. F. Parker. Published by J. C. Derby, 8 Park Place.

This work contains a series of well written biographies of—"Persons, illustrious for any reason in the early history of America." The author has selected, among the discoverers, Columbus, Vesputius, De Soto, Raleigh and Hudson, and, among the early colonists, Smith, Standish, Penn, Lady Arabelle Johnson, and Eliot, the apostle of the Indians. From the

biography of the last of these, we extract a passage concerning a book, which is one of the greatest curiosities of modern libraries.

The year 1661 is memorable in the annals of New England, for the publication of Eliot's Indian translation of the New Testament; this, and the Indian Bible prepared by him, and printed two years afterwards, were the first published in the New World—the printing of the English version being then a monopoly privilege in England. This most arduous work of translation had extended through fifteen years, before Eliot could offer the Indians a copy of God's word in their own tongue. The language was Mohagan, which in its many dialects, was spoken by all the aborigines of New England. The first complete edition of the Bible, numbering fifteen hundred copies, cost over two thousand dollars. Out of his own limited means, Eliot saved some funds to his aid, although the expense was chiefly borne by the society in England. A printing press was sent from London for the purpose; and, for a long time, only an Englishman, a boy, and an Indian, named James Printer, were employed on the work. Copies of the first edition, beautifully bound, were presented to King Charles, and to distinguished men in the old country, among them Richard Baxter, who said, "Such a work and fruit of a plantation was never before presented to a king." Copies are very rare, one or two being in the library of Harvard College, and containing, besides the Testament, a catechism, and the Psalms of David, in Indian verse.

What renders this book of peculiar interest is, not merely, as the author states, that it was the first Bible printed in the New World, but, that although it is not two hundred years old, it is fair paper, clear type, with no appearance of antiquity about it, there is yet no human being on the face of the earth who can read it. The tribe for whose use it was prepared has become extinct, and the language is twice dead—dead not only as a spoken, but, except for this specimen, as a written language.

Copies, as the author says, are rare. We enquired for one in vain at the Astor Library in this city. Besides those in the library at Harvard College, there is one in Plymouth, exhibited always on Forefathers' Day, among the curiosities in Pilgrim Hall. It is also to be found in some of the immense libraries of Europe. An amusing story is told of an American who visited a German library. "Ask for any book in the world you would like to see," said the friend who accompanied him, "and we will show it to you." Determined to mortify him for what he considered an empty boast, the American asked for Eliot's Indian Bible. To his utter astonishment it was handed to him.

SPRIT MANIFESTATIONS examined and explained by John Brown Lodge, New York. De Witt & Davenport, publishers.

This work contains a number of lectures on a subject exciting a good deal of interest at the present time. The author admits the facts adduced, in favor of their belief, by the Spiritualists, considers the "medium" honest, but rejects entirely the agency of departed spirits, and attempts to explain the phenomena by natural causes. His theory is founded on a distinction between the voluntary and involuntary powers of the mind, but we must refer our readers to the book for a full explanation; whether convinced by it or not, they will find much to interest them. Among many curious stories in these lectures, we select one told of himself, by the well known German author, Zechnke.

It has happened to me, sometimes, on my first meet-

long with strangers, as I listened silently to their discourse, that their former life, with many trifling circumstances therewith connected, (or frequently some particular scene in that life,) has passed quite unobtrusively, and, as it were, dream-like, yet perfectly distinct, before me. During this time I usually feel so entirely absorbed in the contemplation of the stranger's life, that, at last, I no longer see clearly the face of the unknown wherein I unobtrusively read, nor distinctly hear the voices of the speakers, which before served in some measure, as a commentary to the text of their features. For a long time I held such visions as delusions of the fancy, and the more so as they showed me even the dresses and motions of the actors, rooms, furniture, and other accessories. By way of jest, I once, in a family circle at Kirchberg, related the secret history of a countess who had just left the room and the house. I had never seen her before in my life; people were astonished and laughed, but were not to be persuaded that I did not previously know the relations of which I spoke, for what I had stated was the literal truth; I do my part was no less astonished that my dream-visions were confirmed by the reality, because more attractive to the subject, and when properly admitted it, I could relate to those whose life thus passed before me the subject of my vision, that I might thereby obtain confirmation or refutation of it. It was invariably ratified, not without commendation on their part. I myself had less confidence than any one in this mental jugglery. So often as I revealed my visionary gifts to any one present, I regularly expected to hear the answer: "It was not me." I felt a secret shudder when my auditors replied that it was true, or when their astonishment betrayed my accuracy before they spoke.

Instead of many, I will mention one example, which previously surrounded me. One fair day, in the city of Walsheim, I entered an inn (the Vine), in company with two young school-foresters. We were then with rambling through the woods. We supped with a sumptuous society at the table d'hôte, where the guests were mixing very merry with the peculiarities and eccentricities of the Swiss, with Mémor's magnanimity, Lavater's physiognomy, etc., etc. One of my companions, whose national pride was wounded by their mockery, begged me to make some reply, particularly to a handsome young man who sat opposite us, and who had allowed himself extraordinary license. This man's former life was at that moment presented to my mind. I was at him and asked whether he would answer me candidly if I related to him some of the most secret passages of his life, I knowing as little of him personally as he did of me. That would be going a little further, I thought, than Lavater did with his physiognomy. He promised, if I were correct in my information, to admit it frankly. I then related what my vision had shown me and the whole company were made acquainted with the private history of the young merchant; his school years and his youthful errors, and lastly, with a fault committed in reference to the strong box of his principal. I described to him the unwhitened room with whitened walls, where, to the right of the brown deer, on a table, stood a black money box, etc., etc. A dead silence prevailed during the whole narration, which I alone occasionally interrupted by inquiring whether I spoke the truth. The started young man confirmed every particular, and even what I had scarcely expected, the last mentioned. Touched by his candor, I shook hands with him over the table, and said no more. He asked my name, which I gave him, and we remained together talking till past midnight. He is probably still living!

Neither am I the only person in possession of this power. On an excursion I once made with two of my sons, I met with an old Tyrolese who carried oranges and lemons about the country, in a house of public entertainment, in Lower Hauserstein, one of the passes of the Jura. He fixed his eyes on me for some time, then mingled in the conversation, and said that he knew me, although he knew me not, and went to relate what I had done and striven to do in former times, to the consternation of the country people present, and the great admiration of my children, who were diverted to find another person gifted like their father. How the old lemon merchant came by his knowledge he could explain neither to me nor to himself; he secured, nevertheless, to value himself somewhat upon his mysterious wisdom.

On the subject of instinct, which he classed among the involuntary powers, the author says:

Take a toad from the North and convey him to the far South, where he has never been, and put him in battle with a large poisonous spider of that section, and of a species he has never before seen. Place a quantity of plants in, say three rods distant, on one side of the battle ground, and the same quantity four rods distant on the other side. The toad, on receiving a wound, will cease fighting, and, after a momentary hesitation, will go directly to the nearest plantain, eat the leaf, and return to the conflict. Now, while he is engaged in battle, bring the plantain on the opposite side a few feet nearer to him than the other. On being again wounded, he instantly starts, without any hesitation, for the same leaf before visited—but soon stops, turns about, and goes to the nearest spot for his remedy.

GREECE AND THE GOLDEN HORN. By Stephen Olin, D.D., LL.D., late President of Wesleyan University, New York. J. C. Derby, & Park Place.

A very simple unpretending account of a tour through Greece and a visit to Constantinople. Although in regard to the historical and classic interest of Greece, Dr. Olin says his expectations were more than realized, he does not give a very good account of it in other respects. He says:—

It would not be easy to give a stranger an adequate idea of the poverty of the country in the first place, the whole kingdom contains only a little more than thirty thousand square miles, about as much as Virginia or Missouri. Of this area, three-fourths at least are composed of barren rocks, which are incapable of tillage. From Albania to Negropont, the whole seacoast of Greece is encumbered with a continuous chain of rugged, bare mountains—literally naked rocks without trees or verdure, and perfectly destitute of soil. Within this mountain wall, which encompasses the whole kingdom, there are many fertile valleys and a few plains of a large extent. In several instances, the hills and the declivities of the mountains are susceptible of a laborious and expensive tillage by means of terraces.

The plain of Argos contains, it may be, fifty square miles of good land. The arable part of that of Laconia is less extensive, but very productive in wheat, cotton, tobacco, and rice. Elis has a large region of excellent land—now, as it was anciently, the best part of Greece. The tracts of good land here enumerated, are always spoken of as the best as well as the most considerable in Greece. I travelled about three hundred miles in the interior, and, judging from what I saw, as well as from all I could learn from many intelligent residents in the country, I am persuaded that the arable land in the whole kingdom is not equal to half a dozen counties in the United States. More than that is under cultivation, but I speak of land suited to the plough, and of fertility to reward its labor. A multitude of little patches, filled with the vine or the olive, are found in various situations. Corn or rye or olives are grown on terraces. Considerable portions of the interior mountain districts afford a scanty herbage, upon which flocks of sheep and goats are subsisted.

One-fourth part of the whole country—possibly a third, though I think not—possesses a measure of those facilities out of which a hardy and abstemious race of men, impelled by necessity, learn to form a meagre and barbarous subsistence.

The following is a sketch of the Tower of the Winds, one of the Antiquities of Athens:—

Still further east is a small octagonal building in good preservation, called the Tower of the Winds. Upon its eight faces are so many emblematic figures, representing the various winds which are most frequent in Attica. Those figures flying through the air—horizontal nearly in their position—express both by their vires and habiliments, the peculiar character of their several winds. Those which represent warm and genial breezes, are unclothed, and have a mild expression of countenance. The embodied representations of damp and chilling blasts are robed in winter vestments, and have a stern and ferocious expression. The conception of the whole, as well as the execution, is exquisitely beautiful. This fabric was surmounted by a Triton, moveable upon a pivot to indicate the direction of the wind. It served also as a sun dial. By it many persons still regulate their time-pieces.

## A Paris Trick

BEHIND THE LUTHER—A CAPITAL STORY.

"PEOPLE may wish to know why I pull up here, and begin to play the fool. I am a pencil-manufacturer; nothing more. I know that my pencils are good; look here! (*Exhibits a medal.*) This medal was given to me, as the manufacturer of these superlative pencils, by the promoters of the Great Exhibition in London."

With this preliminary address, a very fashionable-looking gentleman, who has drawn up his carriage at the roadside behind the Louvre in Paris, opens an address to a number of persons who begin to gather about him. His equipage is handsome; and people wonder what he means by this curious proceeding. Presently they perceive that in the buggy there is an organ, and that the individual, perched behind the gentleman fulfils the double functions of foot-man and organ grinder. They perceive also that the servant wears a magnificent livery, part of it consisting of a huge brass helmet, from the summit of which immense tricolor feathers flutter conspicuously in the breeze. The gentleman suddenly rings a bell; and forthwith the footmen in the buggy glide a lively air. The crowd rapidly increases. The gentleman is very grave:—he looks quietly at the people about him, and then addresses them a second time, having rung the little bell again to stop his footman's organ:—"Now I dare say you wonder what I am going to do. Well, I will begin with the story which led me to this charitable life—for I am a charlatan—there's no denying it. I was, as you all know, an ordinary pencil-merchant; and although I sold my pencils in the street from my carriage-seat, I was dressed like any of you. Well, one day, when I was selling my pencils at a rapid rate, a low fellow set up his puppet-show close by me—and all my customers rushed away from me. This occurred to me many times. Wherever I drew up my carriage to sell my pencils in a quiet way some charlatan came, and drew all my customers from me. I found that my trade was tapering away to a point as fine as the finest point of my finest pencil—and, as you may imagine, I was not very well pleased. But suddenly I thought that if the public taste encourage charlatans, and if I am to secure the patronage of that public, I too must become a charlatan. And here I am—a charlatan from the tips of my hair to the heel of my boot, selling excellent pencils for forty centimes each, as you shall presently see."

This second speech concluded in the most clownish manner, the gentleman produces from the carriage-seat a splendid coat embroidered with gold; this he puts on with the utmost gravity—thee turns to the

...What dream torques you? Must I again believe in possession? I returned the spirit John von Riech, when in the first hour of our acquaintance, I related his past life to him, with the avowed object of learning whether or not I deceived myself. We parted long upon the subject, but even his penetration could not solve it."



crowd to watch its effect upon them. Then he takes his hat off, picks up a huge brass helmet from the bottom of the carriage, and tries it on. Again he looks gravely at the crowd, suddenly removes the helmet, and places, singly, three plumes representing the national tricolor, watching the effect upon the spectators, as he adds each feather. Having surveyed the general effect of the helmet thus decorated, he again puts it on; and, turning now fully upon the crowd, folds his arms and looks steadfastly before him. After a pause, he rings his little bell, and the plumed organist behind him plays a soft and soothing air. To this tune he again speaks:—

"Well, here I am: as you see, a charlatan. I have done this to please you: you mustn't blame me. As I told you, I am the well-known manufacturer of pencils. They are cheap and they are good, as I shall presently show you. Look here—I have a portfolio!"

The gentleman then lifts a large portfolio or book—opens it, and exhibits to the crowd three or four rough caricatures. He presently pretends to perceive doubts floating about as to the capability of his pencils to produce such splendid pictures. Suddenly he matches up one of them, brandishes it in the air—turns over the leaves of the book—finds a blank page—then places himself in an attitude to indicate intense thought. He frowns; he throws up his eyes; he taps the pencil impatiently against his chin; he traces imaginary lines in the air; he stands for some seconds with upturned face, rapt—waiting, in fact to be inspired. Suddenly he is struck by an irresistible and overpowering thought, and begins to draw the rough outlines of a sketch. He proceeds with his work in the most earnest manner. No spectator can detect a smile upon that serious face. Now he holds the book far away from him, to catch the general effect, marks little errors here and there; then sits vigorously to work again. At last the great conception is upon the paper. He turns it most seriously, and with the air of a man doing a very great favor to the crowd. The picture produces a burst of laughter. The pencil-manufacturer does not laugh, but continues solemnly, to the sounds of his organ in the buggy, to exhibit his production. Presently, however, he closes the book with the appearance of a man who is satisfied with the applause of the world. A moment afterward he opens it a second time; puts the point of the pencil to his tongue, and looks eagerly at the people. He is selecting some individual, sufficiently eccentric and sufficiently prominent to be recognized by the general assembly when sketched. He has caught sight of one at last. He looks at him intently, to the irrepressible amusement of the spectators, who all follow his eyes with theirs. The individual selected generally smiles, and bears his public position very calmly.

"For mercy's sake do not stir!" the artist fervently ejaculates, as he sits vigorously to work. This proceeding in the open street, conducted with the utmost gravity, and with the most finished acting, is irresistibly ludicrous. As the portrait advances toward the completion the organ plays a triumphant melody. In five minutes a rough and bald sketch has been produced, resembling only in the faintest manner the original—yet sufficiently like him to be recognized, and to create amusement. As the artist holds up the portrait, he again rings his little bell to silence his musical attendant in the buggy.

And now he dwells emphatically upon the virtues of his pencils. He declares that they are at once black and hard. He pretends, once more, to detect an air of incredulity in the crowd. He is indignant. He seizes a block of oak—informs his imaginary detractors that it is the hardest known wood—and with a hammer, drives the point of one of his pencils through it. The wood is split, the pencil is not injured—and he tells his imaginary detractors that even if they are not in the habit of using pencils for art, they are at liberty to split wood with them for winter firing. All they have to do is to try them

This, is of course, a very popular point in the performance. The next is the display, to the melancholy grind of the organ in the buggy, of a huge box full of silver money.

The box is opened and exhibited to the crowd as the astonishing result of these wonderful pencils. And then the charlatan goes through all that pantomime which usually describes a man utterly tired of all the enjoyments wealth can give him. He seizes a handful of the money, and then lestily drops it into the box. He throws himself back and pushes the box from him, to indicate that he is tired of riches. At last he jumps up, and seizing a five-franc piece, raises his arm to throw it among the spectators: but he is prevented, apparently, by a sudden impulse.

"Once," he explains, "I threw a five-franc piece in the midst of my customers, when it unfortunately struck a man in the eye. That accident gave me a lesson which I should do wrong to forget to-day."

So he closes the box; throws it to the bottom of the carriage and calls upon the crowd to become purchasers of pencils which will never black, and which are patronized by the most distinguished artists. The draw thing about the performance is, that the pencils sold really are good, and that they actually did obtain honorable mention from the English Exhibition Committee in eighteen hundred and fifty-one.

## Organists—

MASCULINE AND FEMININE SALARIES—WOMAN'S RIGHTS, ETC.

In the distribution of musical labour a most flagrant injustice exists. As in the majority of similar cases, the root of the evil lies in the system of patronage which, unfortunately in the greater number of instances, is entrusted to well-meaning but incompetent persons. In the system to which we make allusion, the pay and the performance bear no parallel to each other—the talent and the labour being grossly disproportionate. The highest knowledge and the greatest skill are called for, and the remuneration is essentially antagonistic to the required merit and energy. High powers are its chief essentials, and a pauper's pay the reward. An organist should combine a deep knowledge of science with executive skill; mere mechanical dexterity is one of the smallest requisites, unless allied to educated force, refinement of taste, and devotional feeling. The merely manual feats which will elicit the applause of a mixed audience commands no responsive feeling in the heart of a church congregation. As the objects are here of the highest, the reverence and devotion must be amalgamated with the vigor of the performer, if he would awaken the holy feelings and the religious awe which his ministrings are intended to evoke. Mere digital dexterity is here as the tinkling of brass, unless united with sound learning and true devotional feeling. Where these do not exist, the exhibition is lowered into theatrical performance, or merely personal display.

All the greatest musicians have been fine players on the organ, the most secular even regarding it as the true monarch of instruments, and as yielding the grandest and the most elevated voice to their loftiest inspirations. Here Sebastian Bach, Handel, and Mendelssohn found their true delight, and here did they seek and find their incentive, their hope, and their intellectual happiness. The grandest enthusiasm has been evoked by its mighty sounds, and the most erudite works have emanated from the mists of its ardent worshippers. The greatest poet of England, the blind bard of "Paradise

Lost," here found his inspiration and his solace from the political troubles of his time, and his immortal poetry here sought the true fount of its glorious imaginings. The true organist was wont to be deemed as a chief priest of the sanctuary, for the tones elicited by his skill appealed to the hearts of his auditory, and as the music swelled through the lofty roof, it raised the heart to the footstool of heaven, and melted the souls of the obtuse to a trembling sense and a full admission of the glory of faith, hope, and charity. The organist was a high priest of religion, and by his faculty did more for true belief, than scores of lukewarm sermons and absurdly written tracts. And now, the "honoured craft" is scarcely more regarded than a hired labourer, scantily paid, or is simply looked upon as a mere piece of furniture, consigned to the obsequy left, to be used as a mechanical aid for playing the congregation in and out the sacred precepts. Such a system must be amended, and the organist be not alone respected for his "craft and his skills," but also receive a fair and just return, commensurate to the honour of his appointment and the dignity of his office. Among the many boasted modern reforms, the remuneration of organists has remained *in statu quo*, but this must be effected, or the "heads of commission" will be forced into measures, which would reflect more credit to their tastes, and more honor to their heads, if it resulted from their own conviction of its true importance, and the blinding sense of its strong injustice and impolicy.

The head and front of this pernicious system which has almost universally prevailed, consists in the beggarly sum meted out as salary to this class of musicians, and so long as this meanness on the part of church dignitaries prevails, there can be little hope of any true reformation of the crying evil. The current annual salary varies from £20 to £70, a sum not equal to that earned by the meanest artisan, and utterly contemptible when compared with the immense amounts received by the heads of departments. So long as such a tariff exists, it is folly to suppose that our Metropolitan churches can be filled by men educated and trained to the profession. The mode of election is equally unjust and unhealthy, for, in lieu of the candidate being chosen by a professional umpire of known talent and probity, who will honestly certify to the fitness of the organist, in every instance the office is obtained by the favoritism of the vicar, or through the influence of some wealthy member of the church, or busy-body parishioner. Inefficiency presides, and a true musician may sigh in vain for other opportunity of exhibition, or of a settled reward for his labor and his talent. This injustice which reigns in his peculiar department is well known and admitted by all in the smallest degree conversant with the subject. It is a universally recognized fact, that a certain organist holds upwards of fifteen churches and chapels, where the musical duties are performed by his duties of both sexes, and whose respective ages vary from twelve years and upwards. This is true simony, and should be at once abolished, for it is disgraceful to religion, and subversive to truth and honesty.

The general exclusion of female organists, too, is as unjust as it is impolitic. Unjust, as tending to create genius, and impolitic as it closes the "left" to well directed enthusiasm







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(Signed) J. L. EVERITT.

From Dr. A. S. Ball, 43 West 11th street.

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Sept. 1853. (Signed) A. S. BALL,  
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(Signed) LELAND BROTHERS,  
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HENRY T. LINCOLN, Teacher of Music.  
Orange, N. J., Oct. 28, 1854.

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*Serenade of Don Pasquale.* P'ge 162. Donisetti.

Oh! summer night!  
So softly bright!  
How sweet the bow'r  
Where sleeps my cradled flower.

*Happy Bayadere.* Page 150. ....Bocha.

Oh! gaily now I'm singing,  
A dancing Bayadere.

*Silence! silence!* Page 180. ....J. L. Rothen.

Silence, silence, make no noise or stir,  
For in you bower there above,  
Sleeps my gentle lady love.

*Oh! she was good as she was fair.* P'ge 127. Balfe.

Oh! she was good as she was fair,  
None, none on earth above her,  
As pure in thought as angels are,  
To know her was to love her.

*The Last Greeting.* Page 106. ....Schubert.

Adieu! go thou before me,  
To join the seraph throng;  
A secret sense comes o'er me,  
I tarry here not long.

*The Home of Youth.* Page 105. ....Ballin.

Come to the home of youth, dearest love;  
Come to the shade of childhood's tree;  
Sweet are the winds that whisper above,  
Here we will ever happy be.

*Hearts and Homes.* Page 102. ....Blockley.

Hearts and homes—sweet words of pleasure,  
Music breathing as yet fall;  
Making each the other's treasure,  
Once divided, losing all.

*Dreams.* Page 205. ....Hodges.

Oh! I have had dreams, I have had sweet dreams  
Of childhood's bright and sunny hours,  
When I wandered all day, by the sparkling  
streams,  
And eul'd for my mother, the gay wild flower's.

*Thy name was once a magic spell.*  
Page 3. ....Miss Cowell.

Thy name was once a magic spell,  
By which my heart was bound;  
And burning dreams of light and love  
Were wakened by that sound.

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# Musical World

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RICHARD STORRS WILLIS, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.  
(Office 257 Broadway.)

14—of Volume X.)

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, DEC. 2, 1854.

[192—of whole Number.

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Editor and proprietor, 257 Broadway, New York.

## LOVE FOR LOVE.

I ne'er could any lustre see  
In eyes that would not look on me;  
I ne'er saw nectar on a lip,  
But where my own did hope to sip.  
Has the maid who seeks my heart  
Cherished of rose untouch'd by art?  
I will own the color true,  
When yielding blushes aid their hue.

Is her hand so soft and pure?  
I must press it, to be sure;  
Nor can I be certain then,  
Till I feel, grateful, press again.

Must I, with attentive eyes,  
Watch her heaving bosom rise?  
I will do so, when I see  
That heaving bosom sigh for me.—SHERIDAN

## OUR PSALMS AND HYMNS.

(BY RICHARD STORRS WILLIS.)

WHILE discussing the subject of Church Music in previous numbers of the *Musical World*, an investigation of our psalms and hymns has always seemed to me necessary; inasmuch, as these are the medium through which our church music for the most part pours itself and necessarily give character, more or less, to this music.

I have therefore carefully studied through two collections of psalms and hymns in extensive use among two Christian denominations; presuming these to be a fair exponent of our collections generally. The psalms and hymns of both collections I have classified, and am now prepared to present the result.

In addition to this, however, I have also made application to the fountain source of all sacred song—the psalms of David. These psalms I have also classified, as to the distinctive character of each: so that a comparison is now possible between this inspired collection of sacred song and our uninspired, as to their general tone and aim.

The first collection I examined is that found in the *Prayer Book* of the Episcopal Church. The second is the large collection in use by the Congregational and Presbyterian churches, called the *Church Psalmist*. The third, as already stated, is in King David's *Book of Psalms*.

The object of this investigation was to gain some definite knowledge as to the amount of devotional element contained in these collections: or, otherwise, to what extent our psalms and hymns involve actual worship.

But, in order to accomplish this I found it would be necessary, at the outset, to come to some clear understanding as to the nature of worship and to settle, definitely, the signification of the term.

This is a task which would much better be performed by the venerated teachers of the sacred desk than any mere lay-thinker. But it will be absolutely necessary in the present instance to undertake something of the kind, in order to gain any standpoint for future observation and remark. Indeed, while writing upon the subject of Church Music this point was briefly considered; and the views then expressed may be repeated here, with little variation.

The general use of the term *WORSHIP* is somewhat extended and vague. A definition of the word, as given by various persons, would probably differ very much in its degree of limitation.

Worship, to my own mind, implies an act. The nature of this act may best be expressed by the general word—homage. An act of homage may be rendered audibly and visibly, as accompanied by the voice and a corresponding posture of the body; or, it may be rendered silently and invisibly, unaccompanied by either voice or significant outward posture.

Homage is rendered the Supreme Being in PRAISE—in CONFESSION—in PETITION: also, as I conceive, in DEVOUT MEDITATION on the divine works and attributes, or on one's own spiritual relations to his Maker: for, herein is a recognition of God, which is homage: and the homage we pay a divine Being is of a quality necessarily involving worship. Worship in its truest and highest sense, however, is when the soul ascends to the immediate presence of its God, and there pays him intelligent homage. It may be for a moment, like the upward glancing of a reverent thought from the crowded street of a city; or it may be for an hour, in solemn interview with the great Father.

It follows, then, that hearing a choir sing—is not worship. Reading the hymn through—is not worship. Intellectual attention to the thought—is not worship. A solemn feeling—is not worship. Such a feeling is often the result of architectural or artistic causes. A person, for instance, has entered a cathedral. He is awed by the grandeur and sacred hush of the place. He yields to an irresistible feeling of solemnity and afterward goes away and feels, perhaps, as though he had worshipped. Not so. He has merely indulged in what might be called *architectural awe*. Such a feeling is a legitimate effect of elevated art. But this is not yet worship. The place and the supreme Object of worship lie higher than mere architecture, or music, or sculpture, or painting, passively enjoyed, bear the soul. For, in the enjoyment of art, as in the enjoyment of natural scenery, we are recipients: the mind, therefore, is in a passive state. Whereas in worship, the mind, as I contend, is in an active state. We must rise through nature to nature's God: and, in sacred art, unless the soul be impelled forward one step further to definite religious action, it is not in a condition of worship. For no passive state, no condition of mere feeling can involve this. Worship involves an act. Feeling may, and should, accompany this act, but cannot constitute it. Thus, in sacred song we must not only, in a mere act of intellect, acquire the thought of the words, but we must utter that thought upward to God—before we can be said rightly to worship.



In this manner only, as I conceive, can the ringing of a church choir ever become devotional to the exterior auditor. He may listen, enchanted, to the re-iterated *Te Deum* of an extended service through all the church year, and yet not once have worshipped. Whereas, he may catch a single *Hallelujah*, or adoring aspiration, from the lips of the resounding choir, and, speeding it individually up from his own heart, though no sound have passed his lips, may have known an instant of true worship. Or again, the pious eloquence of a devout organist may have so wrought upon the listener, through the mazes of solemn harmonies evolved on the majestic organ (beneath which were perceptible not only the skill of artistic fingers but the throbbings of an earnest and religious heart) that he has been irresistibly impelled onward spiritually to exclaim—*Father, I adore thee!*—and music has preached effectively to his soul; for—he has worshipped.

In ordinary church service there are two acts of worship: the prayer and the music; the music, that is, in its ordinary accompaniment of the vehicles of intelligent thought—the psalms and the hymns.

This first act it is unnecessary to dwell upon: its nature is sufficiently distinct. The nature of the second act is much less clearly defined: for it is not, and cannot always be, worship: and this for the reason that all our psalms and hymns by no means embody the idea of worship. Some are a direct appeal to the Supreme Being and are of this nature: being, in the strictest sense, prayers. But others are addressed to the audience: others to single classes of individuals: and others, still, are made the vehicles of precepts, doctrines, and other abstract teachings.

To distinguish between this devotional and non-devotional element, and gain some correct estimate of the prevalence of each in our church psalms and hymns is, then, the object of the present series of articles. (To be continued.)

#### MUSIC OF THE WEEK.

New York.—The chief operatic attraction this week has been the one act of *Lucia di Lammermoor*, combined with the first two acts of *Puritani*. Of the former, Mr. Fry, of the *Tribune*, justly says: "The new scene painted for the last act of *Lucia*, was the finest yet represented on the American stage. If scenic art has its crass, this was one. Such a sky, moon, stars—so aerial, and bright, solemn, distant, and infinite looking; and such a mournfully beating sea; and such dark, stern, monastic architecture hurled in the foreground,—as men's grand epic, when night and shadows blacken nature and art: this was the artist's triumph. The audience felt the shock, and loud and long were the cries for *Allergi*, the scene-painter. *Allergi* did not come on—but Mario did, in the plenitude of weeds and woe. He detailed his griefs in a manner more vivid than the reading *Jeremiah*, and wept in song, in such a manner as no speaking voice can approach—we beg pardon of the orators, but such is the fact. Heaving thrown his audience into an artistic melancholy, the scene closed. How much is also due to the composer? Poor Donizetti! If he had never written anything but this act, he would be as immortal as Homer."

—The *Syren*, Auber's opera, has been continued here present week at Niblo's Garden, with Edlie Nau and the rest of the English troupe.

—The performance of the *Sesons* by the Har-

monic Society comes off too late for our number of this week.

—The Philharmonic Society give their first concert of the season, we are delighted to perceive, at Niblo's, on Saturday evening, December 2d. The soloists are Madlle. Lehmann, (soprano from the Royal Theater, Copenhagen), Mr. Apptommas, harpist, and Mr. Kiefer, clarinetist. Theodore Eisfeld, conductor.

Cohoes, N. Y.—A concert was given at the Presbyterian Church on the evening of 31st Oct by Mr. A. N. Johnson, assisted by Mr. E. H. Frost and Misses Smith and Whitehouse, all of Boston, who are now on a tour through the Western part of this State. In the afternoon Messrs Johnson and Frost met the singers of this vicinity and gave them a short but good drill and an instructive and useful lecture and introduced the "Handel," a new Singing Book by Mr. Johnson.

Milladale, Mich.—A Musical Convention has been recently held at this place under the auspices of Mr. E. M. Foote of Western N. Y. Some sixty singers were present. Mr. Foote was accompanied by Mr. R. Loomis of Rochester and a quartette club of singers. Subsequently, still another convention was held in this county, and, as the result of the two, a Musical Association has been formed. Mr. Foote has also held a convention in "Cold Water," where he is invited to hold another in January.

Old Haverhill.

Pendleton, S. C.—The ladies of this place have lately given a concert for the benefit of the churches.

Alexandria, La.—Mr. Braun lately gave a concert to a large audience in this place. The performances gave great satisfaction, those on the violinette by Mr. Braun especially.

#### MUSICAL CORRESPONDENCE.

ALLAN Oct. 29th, 1864.

EDITOR OF THE MUSICAL WORLD.—Just now, while in the height of enjoyment, reading your delightful paper of this week, my conscience smote me, and to ease it, I enclose you my numeral, which will remove my name from the black, to the white list of your subscribers. Your paper is more and more interesting and please put me down for twenty years, and if you must have security, I'll give you a mortgage on my "ground." Our friend the "Man in the Omnibus" is a trump, whoever he is, and I salute him with respect; his dream lately was particularly good and contains a world of truth—thank you. I have lately received a letter from Henry Equine the American tenor at Naples. He has been studying for the Opera for two years and has sung with excellent success at the "San Fernando" in *R. Trovatore*, *Luis Miller*, *Don Pasquale*, *Sememele*, and *Linda*, the last opera was composed for him by Ritta who was then his teacher. Mr. Equine is to sing at the *San Carlo* this winter and he hopes much for his debut. He is much beloved here (his former residence) for his goodness of heart and beautiful voice, and as you have a slight acquaintance with him, I thought you might be interested in his success.

One thing more, and I am done. Your correspondent at St. Paul's and Duke of St. Comic *Organist*; and as it is not desirable to have that reputation, as some other who I play me to justify myself in the *Musical World*. When I played that evening it was a *prime role* and in a certain passage, when I used the C♯ pedal expecting that I had drawn the register "pedals and choir" he! it was "pedals and great" and nothing out but "trumpet" which of course sounded astonishingly; so I was in for it. I proceeded up the scale and finally got out of the scrape. I explained this to Mr. Philmore, who was to the Organ loft; but it is a very good joke and if he has said it, of course I am a Comic Organist and if Christy will get an organ to use at his concert, maybe he will give me an engagement. Again I would say to you, how much I am charmed with your paper and I wish it was a daily instead of a weekly: and if I can be of use to it in any way command.

Yours most truly, GEORGE W. WARREN.

PHILADELPHIA, NOVEMBER, 1864.

My Dear Editor:—Musical matters have now assumed their usual aspect at this season of the year. The various societies are in full action: the *Harmonic Sacred Music Society* have a large number of new members, and are rehearsing several classic compositions in anticipation of a

public performance. Mr. M. H. Cross officiates as pianist and organist to the Society this season. It is to be full of prosperity, and doing much to increase a love for good music. There are several instrumental societies in the city, numbering from fifteen to thirty members each. At some future time I will notice them more particularly. There is also an instrumental society called the *Bella Association*, of which Dr. Murphy is president; J. S. Cross, secretary; J. B. Beck, pianist. This society has devoted on the plan of some of the German societies—the *Lager Bier*. It is growing, and if properly conducted will become popular. The profession are all doing as well as business, some are overruled. M. Perill has returned from Europe with a large collection of music for the benefit of his pupils. His list is already so full that I know several who are waiting for an opportunity to take lessons.

Signor Rondelli has also made a good business and is a great favorite wherever he is known. His R. is not only an excellent teacher, good singer, and elegant performer upon the piano, but a composer of merit. He has recently published an Introduction to the Art of Singing, which greatly facilitates the acquisition of this delightful accomplishment. By his plan the pupil is gradually introduced to the difficulties of the Art, which are surmounted by a new and easy system of instruction, and his progress is as rapid as it is sure. His work will doubtless prove one of the most valuable manuals yet published. It is loaned from the house of J. E. Gould, of this city.

Among other works which are being published by Mr. Gould, is a Pianoforte Instruction Book by S. C. Crow & G. W. Hewitt.

Another work which will be of interest to your summer readers is the *Young Folks Old Book*, adapted by Clara Jarvis, and published by J. E. Gould. A large number of the harmonized pieces are copy-right, some are the most popular of the day such as *Drive about there—The Bird of Joy—Jubilee—Call me yet names—Do they say so—The Great Green of Bonaparte—God of the Fairies—James' on the Steamy Sea—W' and by chance*. And I unite among the more classic pieces *Alceste*, by Schubert. *My dream of love is over*, by Spohr—*serenade from Don Pasquale—the Last Greeting*, by Schubert. Knowing the want of a work of this kind, I take much pleasure in noting the attention of teachers and amateurs to it.

While I am speaking of publishing houses, I will call attention of your readers to Messrs. Lee & Walker's large and well selected stock of music. These gentlemen are well known all over our country, and are doing a fine business. During the summer, they finished a pianoforte room adjoining their store, for the purpose of keeping in hand a good assortment of pianos from the best manufacturers in the country.

Joe E. Conshoburn, Swan's building, Chestnut street, keeps a good assortment of sheet music and musical wares is an industrious and enterprising man of business.

J. N. Beck is another young gentleman who was for a long time with Messrs. Lee & Walker, and purchased the stock of music of Mr. Hupfeld, in Ninth street, near Chestnut. Mr. B. is well posted in the business; active and energetic, and is bound to make money. He is a very good pianist. He plays the piano exceedingly well, is now organist in St. Wadsworth's church, in Arch street above Tenth is place of Albert G. Emmerick.

G. Andry & Co., opposite Mr. Beck's, keep a large and extensive stock of foreign music. The only store in Philadelphia where can be obtained every description of foreign music. Mr. Andry is an obliging and courteous gentleman, and one with whom the profession and others will find it pleasant to have dealings.

Messrs. Stegman & Brothers have a music store corner of Fifth and Chestnut streets: of them I have but little knowledge as yet.

Joseph Neff, No. 44 Fourth street, manufactures and sells excellent violin as well as violoncelles, and sometimes his instruments are highly recommended by all performers. A short time since I was in his establishment, and he showed me a very fine violin he was manufacturing for M. Huchard. Mr. Neff deserves encouragement, as he has been unfortunate in being burned out several times. He devotes his whole time to finishing his instruments. Any person wishing a good violin, can safely send him the amount they wish to pay for an instrument, and he will send them the best he can for the money.

Among the principal manufacturers of pianofortes are Mr. Geo. Vogt, 268 Arch street, and A. B. Rothschild, Seventh street, near Chestnut.

Messrs. Klemm & Brothers, in Market street, are well

known to all the dealers throughout the country, as importers of instruments of every description. They always keep on hand, a large assortment of wind and stringed instruments.

I would here make mention of a young and enterprising publisher, Mr. T. K. Collins. Mr. C. publishes several collections of sacred music, which are intended more particularly for the country. Each note has a peculiar shape of its own; so that all a person has to do is merely to learn the names of the notes, and as hour after hour of practice will enable him to read any of the tunes by note at sight. The arrangements of the harmony seem to be as perfect as in other modern works.

Messrs. Winsor & Shuster, 110 North Eighth street, have a handsome music store, and keep on hand a choice selection of sheet music and musical works. They keep also instruments of every description. Two very popular books which they have published this season, are "Winsor's new method for the Violin," and collection of popular airs for Violin or Flute. Also Winsor's new Accordion and Flute method. These have already had a most extensive sale. A couple of songs by Alice Hawthorn, *How sweet are the roses*, and *What is home without a mother*, are having a tremendous sale.

I must call the attention concert-givers to a beautiful hall in Spring Garden street, above Eighth, built last season, by Mr. Richards. The name is "Washington Hall." It is very handsomely fitted up with ante rooms and every convenience for concerts or balls. Truly yours, J. S. D.

JANESVILLE, Wisconsin, Nov. 13th, 1864.

EDITOR OF THE MUSICAL WORLD.—A Musical Convention of four days was recently held in this city under the direction of Prof. W. B. Bradbury, composed of a large body of experienced singers from this and neighboring towns. Two public concerts were given on the last two evenings of the Convention, attended by large appreciative and evidently gratified audiences. The programmes of each such concert embraced the beautiful Cantata of David, secular choruses, glee, quartets &c. J. E. B.

Hudson, Oct. 20th, 1864.

EDITOR OF THE MUSICAL WORLD.—A most successful Musical Convention was held at Chatham four corners, commencing on the 17th, and continuing to evening three days. Your humble servant and subscriber to the "World" was called to the charge. This new County Society, numbering about one hundred and fifty, and more coming," will probably hold another meeting during the winter. Our "Hudson Musical Association" is in quite a flourishing condition, and will give their first concert of the season about Dec. 1st. W. F. B. Conductor.

Truly Yours, W. F. SHAW.

## INNER-EDITORIAL BUDGET.

### NORWAY AND ITS GLACIERS.

In an article under this head in the North British Review, the author thus discourses upon the natural features of a country little visited by American travellers.

In relation to the picturesque, the prevailing features of Norway may be classed under three great heads,—the Valleys, the Fields, and the Glaciers. The first are not dissimilar to the tamer portions of the Alps, being "often picturesque, sometimes grand, and occasionally highly pleasing," especially when adorned by the addition of still waters. The second are in a great measure peculiar to the country, and must no doubt disappoint many who are not prepared for, or have mis-conceived their nature. The Fields (or Fjelds) of Norway are table-topped mountains, so flat and broad, that, hating come little roughness and the want of roads, a coach and four might be driven either forwards or across them for many miles; and it is in fact the existence of these vast and frequent plateaus that constitutes the chief peculiarity of the mountain character of the country. When the eye of the Alpine traveller wanders over these expanded elevations, the valleys which intersect the ranges, being inconspicuous from their narrowness, and the higher ground presenting great uniformity of surface, the merely pictorial effect, in spite of the occasional undoubted grandeur of the scene, is much diminished. The view from Sne-

hatien, for example exhibits a panorama of the greatest mountain masses in Scandinavia, and yet mainly for the reasons stated, its aspect except to those specially interested in physical geography, scarcely recalls the toll.

Another charming characteristic of Norway is the sparkling abundance of running waters,—its noble rivers and impressive falls forming, perhaps the finest of its features:

"Running water of a bright and sparkling green is seen on every side, at least in the valleys; it pours over cliffs often in a single leap, but more frequently, and more effectively in a series of broken falls, spreading laterally as it descends, and riveting the imagination for a long time together in the attempt to trace its subtle ramifications. The sound is rather a murmur than a roar, so divided are the streams, and so numerous the shelves of rock tipped with foam; whilst a luxuriant vegetation of birch and alder overarches the whole, instead of being repelled by the wild tempest of air which accompanies the greater cataract. At other times single threads of snow-white water stretch down a steep of 2000 feet or more, connecting the field above and the valley below; they look so slender that we wonder at their absolute uniformity and perfect whiteness through so great a space,—never dissipated in air,—never disappearing under debris; but on approaching these seeming threads we are astonished at their volume which is usually such as completely to stop communication from bank to bank."

Travelling in Norway does not seem to be particularly pleasant, if we may judge from the following extracts:

The chief discomfort connected with Norwegian travel, arises from the melting of the snow at certain seasons. Not enough of it remains for sledges—too much for carriages. The roads become snow-pits, not broad enough for carriage-wheels, and retaining pools of ice-cold water. In places where the snow is still deep, it has become impossible of bearing the weight of a horse, and the animal sinks to the girths or more, while the traveler, left to his own resources, endeavors to advance on foot, and plunges first one leg and then another into the chilly abyss, and is only relieved by finding himself sitting astride upon a more compact piece of snow, his extremities dangling in a too refreshing stream of running water. The end of April and the beginning of May are therefore the worst times to travel in Norway.

Later in the season, there was not much improvement. The author says:

But for my will I should have passed a night of torment, and even with it I had great difficulty in falling asleep, from the leadenness of their hum, the sharpness of their bite even through the veil, and the broad day-light, which we could stream in at the windows. It appeared to me difficult to imagine that custom could reconcile any one to such a continuous infliction. Yet summer is a period so ardently desired by all, whether natives or strangers, who dwell in these high latitudes, that the plague of flies is perhaps considered, as an insignificant deduction from their gratification. More paradoxical still does it appear to every one but an angler, that the charms of sport should be sufficient to induce English gentlemen every year to spend their days and nights an unprotected prey to these savage insects; and, most unexpected of all, to find a delicate English lady surrendering herself to her husband's passion for fishing so completely, as to become a willing prisoner in this terrible locality.

Here is something, however, to compensate for snow and mosquitoes both:

Hestmands, or the Horemans Island, is interesting as commemorating the entrance into the arctic circle. The existence of a peculiarly fresh and verdant vegetation is now perceptible, the result of rapid development by the unobscuring presence of the sun. Though barren of aspect from a distance, the grass

on Hestmands is knee-deep. From the bay of Rødd to the right, and onwards, the coast now rises with more than its accustomed majesty, and over the snowy summit of Fondelen, seen through the clearest air the rich glow of an arctic summer's midnight prevailed in all its splendor, and detained the passengers on deck, entranced by admiration of so solemn and glorious a scene. We are now in a region which during the summer season, knows not night, at least if night means darkness.

"A sleepless summer of long light,  
The snow-clad offspring of the sun."

Of course, the great difficulty is to discover when to go to bed, especially in fine weather, while gliding so serenely over the smoothest water, among long serried ranges of fantastic islands, or into the still haven of the interior firths, rock-bound, or bordered by the sombre majesty of immemorial woods.

"We lingered on deck," says our philosopher, long after midnight had passed, and thus gained a sight of the magnificent headland of Kungen, a mountain with an almost precipitous face towards the ocean, whilst its mass is connected with the mainland only by a strip of flat alluvium, giving to it the appearance of an island. During the whole night there was shed from the northern sky a warm sunlight that over the scenery—sea, rock and verdure, (for much beautiful verdure there is even here) and snow, and glacier, whose continuing effect was indescribably harmonious and peaceful. Thus, in one day's voyage, beginning with Torghatten, and ending with Kungen, we enjoyed under the most favorable circumstances of calm sea and cheerful weather, and a glowing midnight, an amount of majestic scenery, with which, in its kind, perhaps no European coast can compare."

The following fact, which we find stated in another journal, if our traveler had known it, would have solved his puzzle of when to go to bed.

Mr. Seeman, the naturalist of Kolletti's arctic expedition, states a curious fact respecting the condition of the vegetable world during the long day of the arctic summer. Although the sun never sets while it lasts, plants make no mistake about the time when, if it be not night, it ought to be, but regularly as the evening hours approach, and when a midnight sun is several degrees above the horizon, drop their leaves and sleep, even as they do at sunset in more favored climes. "If man," observes Mr. Seeman, "should ever reach the pole, and be undecided which way to turn when his compass has become unalgebraic, his timepiece out of order, the plants which he may happen to meet will show him the way; their sleeping leaves tell him that midnight is at hand, and that at that time the sun is standing in the north."

Of the human inhabitants the author speaks favorably.

"We had a good opportunity of observing the characteristics of the male inhabitants of this district of Norway. The opinion of a passing traveler ignorant of the language, is, perhaps hardly worth stating; but having some faith in physiognomy, I will venture to record my impression at the time, that I had never in any country seen so fine a peasantry, in point both of general appearance and of expression, as, on this journey, and more particularly on the north descent of the Dovre. The younger men are tall and muscular, and their deportment unites manliness with gentleness in a remarkable degree. As the hair is worn long at all ages, the appearance of the aged men is venerable, and occasionally highly striking. The costume is extremely becoming, being of pale brown home manufactured cloth, slightly embroidered in green, with a belt curiously jointed with leather and brass, from which hangs a knife (also made in the rural districts) with a curved handle, which is used in eating. A hanging red woollen cap completes the dress. Some travelers decline against the slowness and stupidity of the Norwegians. Slow they may be as regards the deliberations of their ac-

tions, but so far as the experience of this journey extends, I should describe them as in general more than commonly intelligent and courteous.

But here is a specimen of inhabitants of another class, who, if "intelligent," were certainly not "courteous."

On one occasion Mr. Lloyd observed a bear lying near the summit of a little knoll, at the outer edge of a thick track. When eight or ten paces off just as the trigger was being pulled, the bear bolted from his lair, and made straight at his assailant. The latter had just time to fire his second barrel, and with effect so far as inflicting a severe wound without staying his progress was concerned, but the brute almost at the same time laid him prostrate. His only resource now was to bury his face in the snow to prevent mutilation of the most obvious portion of the outer man, and then lie motionless,—the notion being that if a bear believes his victim dead, he inflicts no further damage. But in this case, although Mr. Lloyd played the deafest extremely well, he was sadly mangled about the head. He says:

"My body also suffered greatly from his furious attacks, which extended from the neck and shoulder downwards to the hip. But he did not attempt in any manner to hug or embrace me, as we in England seem to imagine his custom to be when carrying on offensive operations; nor did he seemingly molest me in any way with his claws. All my wounds were, to the best of my belief, inflicted with his fangs.

Nathaniel at the time of receiving my first fire, nor whilst making his rush, did the bear as is usually the case when enraged, after his usual half roar half growl. Even when I was lying at his mercy, no other than a sort of subdued growl, similar to that of a dog when disturbed whilst gnawing a bone, was made by the beast; and so far from coming at me with open jaws as one would suppose to be the case with a wild beast when making his onset, his mouth at the time was altogether closed. The pain I suffered from his long continued attacks was bearable. When he had my limbs in his jaws, it more resembled their being stuck in a huge vice than anything else; but when his jaws grasped, as they did, the whole crown of my head,—during which I distinctly felt the teeth part of his mouth to overlap my forehead, and his fangs very deliberately scored my head, my sufferings were intense. The sensation of his fangs slowly grating over the bare skull was not at all that of a sharp blow as is often the case when a wound is inflicted, but rather, though very much protracted, the sensation one feels during the extraction of a tooth. From certain circumstances I have reason to believe the bear continued to maltreat me for nearly three minutes. As I perfectly retained my senses the whole time, my feelings while in this horrible situation, are beyond the power of description. But at length the innocent attacks of my gallant little dog drew the bear's attention from me, and I had the satisfaction to see him retreat though at a very slow pace into the adjoining thicket, when he was at once lost to view. Immediately after he left me I arose, and applied some of the handful to my head to staunch the blood which was flowing from it in streams. I lost a very large quantity, and the bear not a little, so that the snow all around the scene of conflict was literally drenched with gore."

#### MORCEAUX FROM THE FRENCH.

Translated for the Musical World.

##### A NEW WARLIKE MACHINE.

It appears, by a letter recently received from Geneva, that a musical instrument maker of that city has received an order from Russia for one hundred thousand musical boxes, which will play but a single piece, the national air.

It is known, that a general of the first French republic, finding himself surrounded by superior forces, wrote to the minister of war, this spartan note "send me a reinforcement of several regiments, or some thousand copies of the Marseillaise." The

French government, which had fourteen armies to maintain, found it more convenient to send copies of the national air than soldiers. The Marseillaise Hymn was then little known. The soldiers learned it, and, singing it, broke through the enemy's ranks.

The Czar wished undoubtedly to relieve Sebastopol in a similar manner, only, as the Russians, though excellent pianists, cannot sing on account of their unusual language, he wishes to furnish them with music ready-made. On a given day each soldier in the city will attach one of these boxes to his knapsack or shako, the general will give the word "Boxes play! forward march!" and, at the sound of this immense orchestra, the gates of the city will be opened, the army will advance, and the enemies' batteries will be silenced, or will fall, as the walls of Jericho once fell, at the sound of Joshua's trumpets.

##### A PARISIEN BOOT MAKER.

Lakasky, the fashionable boot maker of Paris, was the Michael Angelo of his art. A provincial, attracted by his reputation, came one day to purchase a pair of boots. Lakasky examined him with his eye-glance, belittled a moment, then, took his resolution and handed him one of his master pieces. The provincial tried them on, paid forty francs, and departed.

In the evening, he returned, gloomy and cowering, and stretched out toward Lakasky a foot covered with something shapless, torn, and muddy, which, by the upper part alone, would have been recognised as a boot.

"Sir," said he, with a voice hoarse with anger "look!"

"Well!" said Lakasky,

"These are the boots which you sold me this morning."

"Ah?"

"Yes I tell you," and he pulls one off and hands it to Lakasky. The latter takes it with the end of his fingers, and examines it with a sublime disdain. Then, turning to the provincial, with a tone whose expression it would be impossible to convey, he said:

"Upon my word, I believe you have walked in these boots."

"Walked! certainly—for what else should I have bought them?"

"Why did you not tell me! I make boots only for gentlemen who keep kiselings."

And Lakasky turned his back upon the annihilated provincial, and walked out the room with the majesty of a Roman Emperor.—*Courier des Etats Unis.*

##### ANECDOTE OF ROSSINI.

The morning after the first representation of Otello, while a number of intimate friends were assembled in Rossini's apartments to celebrate the success of his new work, some one knocked at the door Barbeja rose to open it, when an Englishman appeared, about fifty years old, and the following dialogue took place:

"What do you want?"

"I want Monsieur Rossini."

"What do you wish of M. Rossini?"

"I wish to see him."

"Well, look at him at his leisure."

Rossini meanwhile had whispered to the young Count de F. to permeate him with the Englishman. The latter seated himself at the table and gazed eagerly at the Count, who was dressed like Rossini, in a blue coat and white cravat. The guests continued to drink, and the Englishman was invited to join them. He did so, and offered a toast to the glory of the composer. The Count replied to it in a very modest manner. The guests began to laugh at this burlesque scene, when the Englishman saluted Rossini, or rather the Count, in a formal manner, and took his leave.

On going out, he called Barbeja and said, "Sir, I must have at any price the coat or waistcoat of M. Rossini." The comedy was becoming complicated.

"Walt," said Barbeja, "I will return directly."

This strange fancy of the Englishman was received with bursts of laughter by the assembled company. The Count de F. took off his coat, and it was presented by Barbeja to the Englishman, who opened his purse, took out one hundred livres, which he requested Barbeja to deliver to Rossini, and took his leave.

"This sum," said Rossini, "will be welcome to the chorists of El Franche and San Carlo. I commission you to divide it among them."

This comical scene was known the next day in all the drawing rooms of Naples. One of the journals got hold of it and printed it at length. At the second representation of Otello, the Englishman was seated in one of the boxes. In the midst of the second act, while Lago was singing "Gloria in excelsis," an exclamation of anger was heard in the box. It was the Englishman, who had just read in the newspaper the amusing episode of which he was the hero. All eyes were turned towards the person who had interrupted the performance. The Englishman was recognised. He was muffled in the coat of M. Count de F. There was such a general explosion of hilarity, that the unfortunate victim of Rossini's love of fun was forced to leave the theater.—*Vie de Rossini.*

#### THE AVE MARIA.

FROM THE FRENCH.

On the approach of autumn, there is always a renewal of the emigration of the poor children of Savoy. At this epoch, certain men seeking the *patois* of the mountains so well as to deceive even the mountaineers themselves, turn to a good account the misery and credulity that reign in the mad cabins holes in which the wretched inhabitants of the parts of the Alps linger out their existence. With a few pieces of money, which they display by the redoubt fire of the peasant's hearth, and with golden promises of fortune, they stop the tears that seem ready to fall from the eyes of the mother, who presses the infant to her bosom. Soon a troop of rosy and chubby children are seen carelessly descending the sides of the mountain. As long as their homes remain within sight, they gaily follow their silent guide. A pair of new wooden shoes, a wollen hat, a few simple clothes, such is their baggage; some chestnuts and a morsel of bread comprise their stores; but the master is bound to provide them with everything; such, at least, is the engagement into which he has entered.

As their native hills disappear in the distance, the eyes of the poor children are attracted by villages which they take for rich cities; now it is that the voice of the master begins to be stern and menacing. He who has promised anxious mothers to provide their children with abundance of food, applies himself to the task of organizing a troop of little mendicants, and of accustoming them to obey his master and his voice. The little Savoyards now enter upon the rude task which an industrious tyranny imposes upon them. Hunger compels them to obey. They are obliged to do all they can to excite the pity of the holders, in order to collect money for a fellow who would load them with reproaches and blows, if fortune should not second their efforts.

How many looks are now turned backward! How many eyes are now sufficed with tears. But Savoy is already far away. The poor children would fain believe that, in the forms of some clouds in the verge of the horizon, they recognise their native hills, but the delusion is soon dispelled. They are soon reduced to walk with bare feet; and if sometimes charity supplies a pair of good shoes, in place of the worn out wooden *subot*, the cupid of the master usually takes them away, to be sold on the first opportunity, for, as he observes, "It would be very unfair to let one have all and the rest nothing."

Such is the deplorable existence of the greater part of those whose shrill voices awaken you of a morning, of those little children; swarthy like you, half-dressed and shivering with cold, await the gift of a half-pier

ry, which they solicit with so much earnestness, and so sad a smile. What a frank and charming joy overflows the features of the little Savoyard, when he sees you putting your hand to your purse. Oh! that is very different from the look of the hackneyed beggar! It is a celestial ray that penetrates and rejoices you. Oh! how little it costs to warm ourselves in such rays!

In the year 1827, about the middle of autumn, the steward of the Duke de Beaurville had received notice of the approaching arrival of his master and family. Among the arrangements which still remained to be made to fit the apartments for the reception of their distinguished owner, he had forgotten the sweeping of the chimneys; it was only on the very morning of the duke's return that it occurred to him, and then it was only the silver voice of the little Savoyard that awakened his memory. Durand called the little mountaineer into his lodge.

"Have you good arms and legs?" inquired he, examining him from head to foot.

"Yes, sir," stammered the ray child.

"Do you think you can sweep eight chimneys in the course of a morning?"

"Yes, sir."

"Have you breakfasted?"

The large blue eyes of the child remained fixed on the steward.

"You seem not to understand me. Would you like to take a little food before you go to work?"

The poor child twisted his woolen hat between his fingers, and laughed in an embarrassed manner.

"Oh! I see; well."

Durand took a loaf from a cupboard, and cut a large slice from it, on which he spread some cold meat.

"Now then, my lad, eat this first, and then you can go to work."

The little fellow received the bread with thanks, and putting his hat on again, gave two or three jumps to express his joy, and then retired to seat himself on a large stone. The old steward, as he followed him with his eyes, said to himself: "Quick at meat, quick at work; I see this youngster will soon clear the brick and chimney."

Accordingly the child soon dispatched his meal, and as he ate the last mouthful, betook himself to the rough task which chance had thrown in his way. He followed Durand, who, with a bunch of keys in hand, cautioned him not to stir over his work, and yet to make haste, as he wished all to be finished by noon. Having seen the little Savoyard vanish behind a marble chimney-piece, the steward went out to attend to other matters.

Above four hours passed. Durand who was impatient to finish his preparations, often stopped to thrust his head up the chimney, exclaiming, "Well, my boy, have you almost done?" He hardly caught the sound of the child's reply, choked as it was in the long and narrow chimney; he did not stay to gather the import of the reply, which reached him through clouds of soot, but retired muttering to himself, "Ah, poor little fellow!" At length, Durand heard the noise of the brush in the last chimney, and rubbing his hands went once more away to his lodge.

His attention being engaged by various visitors, who came to make inquiries respecting the duke's return, Durand for a while forgot the little sweep. At last, he perceived, that on hour had passed since his visit to the various apartments. He hastened thither once more, and again heard the instrument grating against the infernal chimney. But now, to his great astonishment, he observes that the carpet so well brushed, bears numerous marks of dark and humid footprints. More vexed than angry he calls aloud to the boy. The sweeping of the chimney is redoubled, but a different sound arrests the attention of the steward: a post-chaise stops before the house. He quits the little Savoyard to go and receive his master. A quarter of an hour afterwards, the duke entered his cabinet, followed by the steward, who was not without secret inquietude.

The astonishment of the nobleman may be imagined at the sight of the little Savoyard on his knees, bending forward towards the tapestry of the wall, covered with soot, his feet bare and his hands joined. Durand explains in a few words the cause of the Savoyard's presence, but is unable to solve the mystery of his present position, and of the tears that are streaming down his face.

The little mountaineer at last recovers himself; and, as his eyes are alternately fixed on the picture and on the duke and Durand, he stammers out a few incoherent sentences, the import of which we must explain to the reader. Little Jean had ascended the last chimney, by no means anticipating the emotions which awaited him at the end of his task. While he was finishing, Durand had given air and light to the duke's cabinet; and when the child descended singing, and sun shone upon the rich furniture of the apartment. But it was not the splendour of purple and gold which attracted the eyes of the little mountaineer; a more imposing spectacle fixed his attention and for some time absorbed him entirely. He was overcome with an illusion which withdrew him from the splendours of wealth and luxury, and transported him once more to the precipice and mountain torrents of his native place. He beheld once more the hamlet where he was born and the chapel in which his sister was baptised; he distinguished once more the black wooden cross and the branches of fir that marked the place where Jacques, Pierre and Marcel reposed. He saw the murmuring stream into which he had fallen a year or two before in pursuing a kid. He seeks the paternal hut; he distinguishes the place where he thinks it used to stand. How an avalanche carried it away. And his mother, his sister, are they buried beneath the snow, or are they sheltered in the hut whence the black smoke is escaping? Poor little fellow! The panorama of his native mountains, his infancy, his dearest recollections, all are there in that picture which he is gazing at. A faithful spot traced with a skilful hand, overwhelms with joy the poor child whose emotions would themselves have overwhelmed the artist whose skill had caused them.

It was, then, in front of a picture of the Vale of Chamouni that little Jean remained abstracted. On a sudden, awaking to frantic joy he dances on the carpet which is soiled by his sooty feet; he jumps about amidst the cloud of dust which falls on his clothes and hair; claps his hands, laughs aloud, then weeps! At length he pauses, listens and hears the voice of the steward, and darts again towards the chimney with the rapidity of a beaver; but soon finding himself alone, he descends again to take another view of his mountains; but now his joy is mingled with sadness, his reason has returned, the picture only presents lost pleasures to his mind; his hands joined and his eyes raised to heaven, he laments the illusion that has left him as suddenly as it seized him at first. He still perceives his hamlet and his mountains, but how dead, how cold these objects appear compared to his vivid recollections of the reality! He who an instant before seemed to be breathing his native air, is now petrified; his tears no longer flow, they remain compressed in his breast.

Little Jean casts a look of reproach towards the discoloured picture, and is about to take up his bag and brush, when, on a sudden, he trembles again from head to foot. He pulls off his hat which he had just put on, wonders whence can come the sound which strikes his ears; and as his eyes are once more fixed on the magical picture, is astonished by several repetitions of the same hard and metallic sound. "It is the Ave! Ave Maria!" cries he, falling on his knees with his eyes fixed on the picture, which this time appears even larger than the life. It is, indeed the bell of his chapel that he hears; it is the Ave Maria that the wind of the mountain has so often wafted to his ear. Again his hands are raised to heaven, and while the solemn rounds continue, he prays for his mother, for Jacques, for Pierre, for Marcel. At last the bell ceases, and the heart of the little Savoyard seems no longer to beat when the sounds die away.

Ere the little sweep had quite recovered from his enchantment, the proprietor of the splendid mansion had surprised and comprehended him. The nobleman's disposition was compassionate. He drew near the child, whose artless gestures and passionate, though melancholy looks, had revealed so much in a few moments.

From that hour, a certain servant of the duke never passes the picture of the "Valley of Chamouni" without bowing before it with pious reverence. That servant is the Savoyard boy; he has found in the duke a benefactor, and in old Durand a friend.—*Raynold's Miscellany.*

For the Musical World.

## NOCTES CANTORUM.

EIGHT FOURTH.

[Ancient Church Music—an interview with Amph—a vision of Corinne and Pindar.]

AMPH the changes which Time makes, in its resistless course, it is at once a duty and a pleasure to look back upon the past, and see where "error dies among its worshippers," as well as where truth, strong and beautiful in its pristine forms, and deathless by its divine origin, rises at appropriate intervals to reassert the poet's claim that, "the eternal years of God are hers." In art, it may not be so plain how truth shall be most thoroughly subverted. Art, aside from its association with letters, must be isolated in its appeals; and wanting universality of application, it must lack the strength which grows out of the appreciation of large numbers of minds, and must fall thereby, in fulfilling the largest demands of truth. But letters combined with art, and especially with "the art preservative of arts," secure us the record of the triumphs of both. The solemn and regal magnificence of church music whereof Amph was both witness and performer, have thus in a manner been enjoyed for three thousand years, though the millions who have so enjoyed it, never once stepped inside of the golden gate of Jerusalem. And he who fashioned in marble the Greek figure of modern days, has, not by tradition, nor by actual observation of the fountain model, but by the equally certain light of poet and historian's pen, so dwelt upon the Venus of Praxiteles, that in vision Greece-American, he has newly created the goddess in the slave! Art, then, though it may make appeals peculiarly its own, by its association with letters only becomes universal and enduring. And thus David is still singing psalms with his grand temple choir, and Pindar is yet rehearsing his odes for the benefit of coming time.

A late nocturnal incubation revealed the immediate presence of some of these older born, and as what I saw and heard was intellectually, if not *spiritually* discovered, it may not be amiss to convey it through the medium of letters. By a law which defies the unities of time and place, the spirits of the great dead assembled before me in dignified order, serene of aspect and eager to relate the wisdom of the past.

"By what power," said I to Amph, as he emerged through an inner door of the temple, "did you keep your singers and instrumentalists together, and thus achieve these large effects attainable by number, only?"

"In truth," gladly responded he, "it was mainly because we had a head musician whom we loved as a man and revered as a prophet. He was God's chosen one who thus led in person, the musical services of His holy temple, and the leader's messages of mercy and truth came with not less force because they came from musical lips, accompanied by psaltry and harp."

"A rebuke," said I, "to those imperfect orators who, in these days of immeasurable boasting, would assume the entire wisdom of by-gone ages, forgetting the teachings of the Jewish prophet in relation to the human voice, and ignoring the axiom of the Athenian, who required action as the basis of a genuine eloquence. But then, a portion of your tribes were originally set apart for this purpose, and thus had the sanction of a divine command in the per-

formance of their sacred services. Of course, provision for their temporal support was part of the arrangement, which left them free to devote their best energies to a proper preparation for the temple music."

"Certainly," replied Asaph, "the voices of the young singers were thoroughly trained to chant the words which most distinctly set forth God's dealings with his chosen people, and this service they performed as an act of duty both to priest and people. By reason of the necessary and direct communication of the prophets with the High and Holy One, the performance of priests, singers, and people in public became not only an effort of High Art, but what is far better, an act of Divine Worship. The setting apart of the Levites by divine command, contributed to strengthen both priests and singers in their respective positions; but the example of the king himself was that which especially kindled a flame of sympathy in the surrounding multitude. And these acts of worship fortified them against the stealthy approach of Satan in time of peace, and gave them a well-grounded hope and holy courage in time of war."

"What further need," asked I, "is there of a nobler example? Where should the Christian minister look for higher motives in the domain of art, than is thus set forth?"

"But remember," said the Hebrew vocalist, "that in your land and age, small provision has been made, either in State or Church, for their musical education!" And Asaph vanished from my sight.

Humbled by his last remark, but fully aware of its truth, I leaned back to ponder upon these kinds of state legislation and actions of the church which would effectually remove the causes of a defective clerical education, when I heard sounds as of distant martial music. Soon, a temple, grand in its proportions and beautiful in its architectural repose, appeared to my enraptured mental vision. I paused a moment, to note its limitless facade by the light of the moon, and the quiet white of its unadorned columns convinced me that I was indeed on classic ground. I ascended the marble steps and entered. A thousand lights flashed from its vermillion walls upon faces and forms of rare symmetry and grace. Among the audience were scattered at various points, some heads of vigorous intellectual outline, already silvered over by Time's unsparring hand; while, generally, the eager multitudes were composed of fresh-looking young and middle-aged of both sexes. Men of sturdy limb and bronzed features mingled with elegant slenderness among the well-developed, dark-eyed maidens, whose faces were flushed with the rosy hue of perfect health and the smile of generous youth. Chief among them all sat Corinna, pale than the others, and more deeply interested in the evening's entertainment. On a spacious and somewhat elevated stage appeared youths, selected for their mental ability and completeness of physical development, to rehearse an ode depicting the virtues and victories of a Grecian general. Among these latter also, were men of more mature age and greater strength of voice, who occasionally diversified the scene by the relation of an episode more thoroughly tracing out the secret of virtue and strength in human character. Music lent its brilliant and attractive power to give point and variety to the whole performance; and as it ended, I approached Corinna. As she turned her eyes from the stage, a sigh escaped her, and I imagined the cause.

"I am severely tired," said she, "with these proud Theban, and cannot but sigh that they should make their temples resound with pauditis to the memory of great men, while the great men themselves were too often treated with real obloquy, and murdered at last for their consistency. Pindar does well to talk of our own country's heroes, for thereby he best gratifies the pride of her living statesmen and generals. Indeed, such poetic compliments to the memory of departed great ones are so appropriated immediately by the living, while the strife for place and honors still subjects the just man to suspicion and probable death."

"It is too true," said Pindar, who overheard the

last remark, "and what is more deplorable, the prospect for the future affords no hope that the just man will ever be treated according to his deserts. Still, it seems to me a wise employment of time, to turn the attention of the living to whatever is truly virtuous and good in the character of their fathers. All the resources of learning and art may be legitimately brought to bear on subjects of this character, and I am proud to be a competitor even with you, divine Corinna, in work so ennobling to the human mind."

"And I am prouder of the honor of having excelled you in many a contest," quickly replied Corinna, "for though you have been favored by the gods from your youth, yet in your finely wrought language upon actions of the past, you seem too willing to forget your duty to the present. Had it been allowed me publicly to contend against you, even the applause of this very night would have been partly expended upon outspoken words directed against the unnatural and unjust laws which forbid my sex from enjoying rights peculiarly their own."

"Spoken like a strong-minded woman of my own age," said I. "The law of 'might against right,' O fair Corinna, seems one of ever returning and painful necessity; for twenty-five centuries of bitter experience (leaving out the Christian influence) leave us in a predicament much like yours! And yet, perdon me, I must agree with the poet, who, in the drama, exhibits virtue rather than vice. Particularly when music lends its aid to the drama, it is a duty which we owe to the young, to ally this divine art with the noble sentiments of human nature, rather than with the criminal. A plea is made for the introduction of the latter in the opera of our day, and this for the sake of strong dramatic contrasts; but those contrasts are purchased at too dear a price, in my estimation. For it is not absolutely necessary that wicked acts should be exhibited to be hated. Extremes, it is taught, are to be avoided; but you need not be told that in our day, not brigands, assassins and murder are only, but dying men, ghosts and devils sing on the stage."

"Can devils sing anywhere?" gaspingly inquired Pindar.

"According to certain modern musical and dramatic ideas, they can and do," said I. "But your question can perhaps be more satisfactorily answered by the theologian or metaphysician than by the musician."

Pindar, pale with horror, suddenly disappeared. Said Corinna, ere she vanished among the stars of the night, "be sure that no woman had a hand in those miserable plots."

But Corinna thought not back upon Semiramis, nor forward upon a Borgia. C.

#### HAYDON AND WORDSWORTH.

Wordsworth himself, with his grave and settled physiognomy, actually told one of his and Haydon's old friends, the following story:

"We had been dining out," he said, "with an old friend—a very dear old friend—and it being too late to find a cab when we quitted the house, we were compelled to walk home. He asked me to take a bed; but Haydon had determined to walk home, and it was necessary that I should accompany him."

"Why was it necessary?" asked Haydon.

"Why? Do you ask why it was necessary?" inquired Wordsworth.

"Certainly I do."

"Because," replied Wordsworth, shaking his head, "you had taken a little too much wine—only a little too much."

"Well, go on," said his friend; if his sins are to be cast up in our teeth in our old age, by an old friend, we can but grin and bear it."

"I had very great difficulty in keeping him straight. He was determined, it would seem, on walking in an extremely divergent manner; and when we at length turned into the Edgeware Road, a young gentleman who had been observing him,

stepped up to us, and said, 'You seem to have some difficulty in walking home, gentlemen. I am going the same way. Might I beg of you to take my arm?' Although not needing his assistance, I accepted it, in the hope of inducing Haydon to do the same. He did so, and we began to proceed along the pavement in a much more regular manner. I imagined that this young individual might be pleased at knowing whom he was assisting to convey home thus instructed. Consequently, I turned to him and observed, 'Young man, it may gratify you to know when you have upon this arm'—I pressed it as I spoke. 'I am—Wordsworth.' He answered nothing—when, what must Haydon do but halt."

"Of course, I was not going to be abused out of my share of glory," said Haydon, laughing.

"Yes!" continued Wordsworth. "He stopped short—dead, in the street, and laid hold of the railings of the area in front of one of the houses."

"And whom do you think I am, young man?" he asked. 'I am—Benjamin Robert Haydon, the historical painter!' For a moment the gentleman looked from one to the other, and then said: 'I do not care who or what you are. But my belief is, that you are a couple of drunken lying old vagabonds.' I was so thunderstruck that I at once let go his arm. He shook Haydon violently off the other. 'Take care, as a reward for your lying so infernally, that you do not have to spend the rest of the night in the watch-house.' As he said this, he vanished up the street."

Haydon, his friend, and myself, laughed immoderately. Wordsworth did not even chuckle. His face was as grave and tranquil as before. Significantly enough, this was the only time I ever met Wordsworth, and consequently he is enshrined in my memory in connection with a story, which is the last I should ever have dreamt of his being connected with. His quiet and reserved demeanor, especially to strangers, renders it very improbable that, had I ever met him on subsequent or previous occasions, I should have heard him utter anything which could have imparted itself so powerfully upon my memory.—*Saturday Post*.

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Up early in the morning,

Just at the peep of day,

Straining the milk in the dairy,

Turning the cows away—

Sweeping the floor in the kitchen,

Making the bed up stairs,

Washing the breakfast dishes,

Dusting the parlor chairs.

Brushing the crumbs from the pantry

Hauling for eggs at the barn,

Cleaning the turnips for dinner,

Spinning the stocking yarn—

Spreading the whitening linen

Down on the bushes below,

Hacking every meadow

Where the red strawberries grow.

Starching the "saxings" for Sunday,

Churning the snowy cream,

Rinsing the pails and strainer

Down in the running stream.

Feeding the geese and turkeys,

Making the pumpkin pie,

Jogging the little cow's errands,

Driving away the flies.

Grace in every motion,

Music in every tone,

Beauty of form and feature

Thousands might covet to own.

Checks that give me spring roses,

Teeth the whitest of pearls;

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A score of your city girls.

Mr. Bristow's concert, at Library Hall, drew a crowd of house and gave general satisfaction. Some of the performances of Mrs. Stewart, Miss Comstock and Messrs Colburn, Alden, Wooster and Nash were admired.—*Newark Daily Advertiser*.





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The Kansas Home, Marion Dix Sullivan, 25  
Very simple, and yet pleasing.  
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Song by Mrs. Wood, with great applause, at the new Boston Theater.  
To the loved ones at Home, J. Pierpont, 25  
Simple, melodious, and pretty. Destined to become very popular.  
The Parting Song, Josephine Lang, 25  
A very beautiful song for an alto voice.  
The Fountain, L. H. Southard, 25  
A song of decided merit, and deserving a place upon every piano.  
Deacon Foster and the Coal Dealer, Anthracite Carbon, 25  
A local Comic Song, sparkling with wit and good "bits."  
The Orphan of the Tyrol, J. M. Deane, 25  
One of the prettiest songs out.  
Come, said Jesus' Sacred Voice, T. Spencer Lloyd, 36  
A very impressive religious solo, with an air.  
I did not know Thee then as now, S. Sawtell, 25  
A song that is destined to great popularity.  
Cot with the Faded Floor, Wm Mason, 25  
A very pleasing melody, with charming accompaniment and excellent words.  
The Fisher's Catechism, T. Ryan, 25  
Simple and pretty; has been sung by Mrs. Wentworth, at several concerts, with much applause.  
Those Evening Bells, T. Ryan, 25  
A very pleasing Song.  
Would I were with Thee, F. N. Crouch, 35  
Sing to Me, Morah, " 35  
These two songs were composed by the author of " Kathleen Macvarnham," and are destined to become quite as popular.  
No More, L. H. Southard, 35  
This song is highly recommended.  
Apparition, C. F. Heuser, 50  
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Six German songs, Mendelssohn, 15  
No 1.—Far Away, 15  
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These songs are the offspring of the composer's fancy, in which he indulged with a wearied with thoughts of a higher order. Composed probably at the writer's library, they are unsurpassed in their pace and style, yet good and tasteful and worthy of the author. Not difficult. We are inclined to the opinion that *The Nun* will receive the preference of most singers, who like gentle feeling and reverence.—*N. Y. Musical World*.  
Little Olney Jane, Glover, 30  
A charming and simple little song.  
Homeward Bound, 38  
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The Little Star, A. W. Frenzel, 25  
This is a perfect gem.  
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Fleur de Salon, Ascher, 50  
Queen's Musketeers, Burgmuller, 14  
Kroll's Ballroom Waltzes, arranged by Bergmann, 50  
The Three Sisters, (3 Waltzes), La Carpentier, 25  
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No 2.—Anella, 25  
No 3.—Anella, 25  
Adonis Redowa, A. Gockel, 25  
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Three Brilliant Waltzes, (Op 34; No 2.) F. Chopin, 25  
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No 2, in C sharp minor, 25  
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A fine Salon piece.  
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Louisine, Bergmann, 20  
Roths, La Carpentier, 25  
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No 3.—Marlette, 25  
Two easy Favorite Polkas, Burgmuller, 25  
Polka, Otto Dresel, 30  
Jervinus, Suppe, 25  
Spring Flowers, Liebh, 35  
Annen, A. T. Lenner, 15  
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No 4.—Autumn Song, 15  
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A beautiful Fantasia. Revised and fingered by the author, for the publisher.  
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Two beautiful compositions, but difficult.  
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Grand, and not difficult.  
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An excellent Study for acquiring a finished style of octave playing.  
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A perfect imitation of the Banjo upon the Piano.  
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Revised and fingered by the author, expressly for the publisher; as played by William Mason, at his concerts.  
New Music, from all parts of America and Europe, received as soon as published. Also, Music, from the best composers, published daily; and our own publications cannot be excelled, as regards merit, style, and price, and we can recommend them to all who wish to purchase good music.  
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From J. L. Everitt, Esq., Cashier Broadway Bank, N. Y.

OCTOBER 20th, 1854.

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Respectfully yours, J. L. EVERITT.

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Sept. 1853. (Signed) A. S. BALL, 43 West Eleventh street.

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*Serenade of Don Pasquale*. P'gel 162. Donizetti.

Oh! summer night!  
So softly bright!  
How sweet the bow'r  
Where sleeps my cradled flower.

*Happy Bayadere*. Page 159..... Bocha.

Oh! gaily now I'm singing,  
A dancing Bayadere.

*Silence! silence!* Page 130..... J. L. Roethen.

Silence, silence, make no noise or stir,  
For in you bower there above,  
Sleeps my gentle lady love.

*Oh! she was good as she was fair*. P'gel 27. Balfe.

Oh! she was good as she was fair,  
None, none on earth above her,  
As pure in thought as angels are,  
To know her was to love her.

*The Last Greeting*. Page 106..... Schubert.

Adieu! go thou before me,  
To join the seraph throng;  
A secret sense comes o'er me,  
I tarry here not long.

*The Home of Youth*. Page 105..... Bellini.

Come to the home of youth, dearest love;  
Come to the shade of childhood's tree;  
Sweet are the winds that whisper above,  
Here we will ever happy be.

*Hearts and Homes*. Page 102..... Blockley.

Hearts and homes—sweet words of pleasure,  
Music breathing as yet fall;  
Making each the other's treasure,  
Once divided, losing all.

*Dreams*. Page 205..... Hodges.

Oh! I have had dreams, I have had sweet dreams  
Of childhood's bright and sunny hours,  
When I wandered all day, by the sparkling  
stream,  
And call'd for my mother, the gay wild flower's.

*Thy name was once a magic spell*.

Page 3..... Miss Cowell.

Thy name was once a magic spell,  
By which my heart was bound;  
And burning dreams of light and love  
Were wakened by that sound.

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## OUR SIXTH FAMILIAR CHAT WITH THE Readers of the Musical World.

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*Souvenir de Varsovie. Mazourka, dédié à Madame Habicht,* 50



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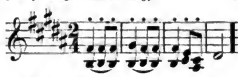
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RICHARD STORRS WILLIS, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.  
(Office 257 Broadway.)

15—of Volume X.]

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, DEC. 9, 1854.

[193—of whole Number.

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RICHARD STORRS WILLIS,  
Editor and proprietor, 257 Broadway, New York.

## AN ENIGMA.

BY W. M. PRAD.

The solution is left to the reader's sagacity—will not wait.

Unsmooth was I of face and form,  
But strong to blast and blight,  
By pestilence or thunderstorm.  
By famine or by fight,  
Not a warrior went to the battle plain,  
That did not look in doubt and pain,  
For an onrush of havoc or hurricane,  
To my dripping brow or lip.  
Within my second's dark recess  
Is silent pomp & dwell;  
Before the mouth in lowliness  
My rude adorns kneel;  
And ever the shriek rang loud within,  
And over the red blood ran;

And amid the sin and smoke and din,  
I sat with a champion endless grin,  
Forging my first for man.  
My priests are rotting in their graves,  
My shrines are silent now,  
There is no victim in my cave,  
No crown upon my brow;  
Nothing is left but dust and clay  
Of all that was divine;  
My name and my memory pass away!—  
And yet this bright and glorious day  
Is called by mortal mine!

## OUR PSALMS AND HYMNS.

### NUMBER TWO.

I will now proceed to enumerate the different classes of sacred song I have found in the three collections named, give an example of each class and state the proportion of each to the entire collection.

### CLASS I:—Prayers.

Under this class are included none which are not a direct and continuous appeal to the Divine Being and are strictly prayers, throughout.

### EXAMPLE:—

Father, what'er of earthly bliss  
Thy servants will desire,  
Accepted at thy throne, let this.  
My humble prayer, arise;  
Give me a calm and thankful heart,  
From every murmur free;  
The blessings of thy grace impart,  
And make me live to thee:  
Let the sweet hope that thou art mine  
My life and death attend,  
Thy presence through my journey shine,  
And crown my journey's end.

Of such instances I find, in the *Prayer Book*, 115 out of 401, the whole number: (401 including the different parts, or versions, of the same psalm and the Gloria). In the *Church Psalmist* I find 305 out of 1190. In King David's *Psalms* 56 out of 150. The proportion, then, might thus be stated:

<i>Church Psalmist</i> , 26 to 100:
<i>Prayer Book</i> , 28 to 100:
<i>Bible</i> , 37 to 100.

### CLASS II:—Meditation combined with Prayer.

### EXAMPLE:—

A charge to keep I have,  
A God to glorify;  
A never-dying soul to save,  
And sit fit for the sky:  
From youth to hoary age,  
My calling to fulfil!  
O may it all my powers engage  
To do my master's will.

Arm me with jealous care,  
As in thy sight to live,  
And O! thy servant, Lord prepare  
A strict account to give:  
Help me to watch and pray,  
And on thyself rely;  
Assured if I my trust betray,  
I shall forever die.

Here, it will be observed, the first two verses are of a meditative character, while in the third commences a direct appeal. According to the definition given in the preceding article, this whole hymn would come under the denomination of *worship*. Such hymns, as will be seen, are numerous in our church collections, the same style prevailing greatly in the Bible Psalms. The form is an admirable one. It seems fitting and natural that the mind should sometimes pass through an outer vestibule of quiet meditation, before entering into the inner temple of Worship.

It must be stated, however, that hymns of this character, have not always precisely the form of the example given. In some cases of Bible Psalms, this sacred meditation interrupts the direct appeal; and the two, again, frequently alternate. To apply the figure already used, the person would seem to be wandering from the altar of worship, and straying, mediatively, among the shadows of the sacred temple-precincts.

Of this 3d class, I find in the *Church Psalmist* 164 instances out of 1190:—In the *Prayer Book* 56 out of 401:—in the Bible 46 out of 150.

The proportion then is the following:

<i>Church Psalmist</i> , 14 to 100:
<i>Prayer Book</i> , 14 to 100:
<i>Bible</i> , 30 to 100.

### CLASS III:—Exhortation combined with Prayer.

In presenting this third class it must be introductory stated, that among hymns called *hortatory*, two distinct classes will be found to exist: namely, those which exhort to repentance, or are an appeal, of some kind, to different classes of individuals; and those which exhort to praise. This exhortation in both forms, will be found to exist alone, and also in combination with other lyrical elements: as for instance above, where exhortation is combined with prayer. Now, inasmuch as the object of this analysis is to distinguish the devotional element, generally, from the non-devotional, these two forms of exhortation will have to be presented distinctly: for both are not devotional. An exhortation to repent, for instance, has a sermonizing character: while the exhortation to praise, will be

found, both in our hymn collections and Bible Psalms, to have a devotional character: for, in both cases actual praise of the Divine Being takes the form of an *exhortation* to praise that Being—the act of praise being evidently identical with the exhortation. Under this third class, then, I include psalms and hymns which are an exhortation to praise, combined with a direct appeal to Heaven: the whole coming within the pale of worship:

## EXAMPLE:—

From all that dwell below the skies,  
Let the Creator's praise arise;  
Jehovah's glorious name be sung  
Through every land, by every tongue.  
Eternal are thy mercies, Lord,  
And truth eternal is thy word;  
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore  
Till suns shall rise and set no more.

By this familiar example it will be seen, that the first verse is an exhortation to praise: the act of praise being evidently included in the exhortation: while the direct appeal commences with the second verse.

The *gloria patri*, in its various forms, in the Episcopal collection, and the doxologies in other collections, are thrown, for the most part, into this hortatory form. But they involve, none the less, a positive act of worship.

Of such instances, I find, in the *Church Psalmist* 46 out of 1190; in the *Prayer Book* 20 out of 401; in the *Bible*, 10 out of 150.

The proportion, then, is the following:

*Church Psalmist* 4 to 100:  
*Prayer Book* 5 to 100:  
*Bible* 7 to 100.

CLASS IV.—*Exhortation* (2) combined with *Prayer*.

Under this class are comprised those hymns in which an appeal of some kind is made to the individual or audience, combined also with an appeal to Heaven:

## EXAMPLE:—

The Saviour calls—let every ear  
Attend the heavenly sound;  
Ye doubting souls! dismiss your fear,  
Ye foolish spirits! renounce your ground.  
For every truth, longing heart,  
Hears streams of bounty flow,  
And life, and health, and bliss impart.  
To banish mortal woe.  
Ye sinners! come; 'tis mercy's voice;  
The gracious call obey;  
Merry invites to heavenly joys—  
And can you yet delay?  
Dear Saviour! draw reluctant hearts;  
To thee let sinners fly,  
And take the bliss thy love imparts  
And drink, and never die.

The form of exhortation contained in these first three verses, plainly distinguishes class IV from class III. The fourth verse commences and closes, it will be observed, with an appeal to Heaven. The hymn, then, is, in only in part devotional; the devotional element being confined to the last verse.

This class of hymns will bear analogy with a sermon, in which the clergyman first makes an appeal, and afterwards closes with a prayer. It is, unquestionably a very useful and effective style of sacred lyric for occasional use, where, as in the present instance, the appeal is made to the feelings—for which music is so well suited—and not made to the intellect, in the shape of abstract doctrinal truth: of which we find many instances, but for which music is entirely unsuited.

Of such instances, though varying somewhat in form, I find in the *Church Psalmist* 25 out of 1190—in the *Prayer Book* 5 out of 401—in the *Bible* 4 out of 150.

The proportion, then, is the following:

*Church Psalmist* 2 to 100:  
*Prayer Book* 1 to 100:  
*Bible* 3 to 100.

R. S. W.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## MUSICAL NEWS.

## New York.

## PART I.

THIRD SYMPHONY—Op 55, in E flat, — Beethoven  
*Sinfonia Eroica per festeggiare il Sovvenire d'un gran uomo.*

1. *Allegro con brio*, — 3. *Scherzo—Allegro vivace*,  
2. *Molto tosto—Andante assai*, 4. *Finale—Allegro molto*.

GRAND SCENA AND ARIA from "Der Freyschütz," Weber  
"Wie nahe mir der Schlimmer!"  
Mdlle. CAROLINE LEHMANN,  
(Her first appearance.)

SOLO for the Harp—"Home, Sweet Home," — A. Piontomas  
Mr. ARTHUR HALL.

## PART II.

CONCERT—OVERTURE—Rehearsal of "Ossian,"  
in A minor, (Harp Obligato) — N. W. Gade  
Mr. ARTHUR HALL.

GRAND ARIA from "La Norma"—"Casta Diva," — Bellini  
Mdlle. CAROLINE LEHMANN.

CONCERT for Clarinet, — Th. Elfeld  
Mr. X. KIEFER.

OVERTURE to "Abraham's Sacrifice," in F, — Liedpianist  
Conductor, — — — — — Mr. THOS. EISELDER.

The first concert of the Philharmonic season, with the above programme, drew the largest audience this far corps of performers has ever had: Niblo's Garden (not the saloon) being filled nearly to the ceiling. The experiment of thus striking boldly out and securing a beautiful, and commodious and popular locality for their performances has well rewarded the Philharmonians; and we trust the present arrangement is to be the permanent one.

The *Sinfonia Eroica* was tolerably well given: the perceptible blemishes of the performance originating mainly among the second violins and left flank of the instrumental corps, generally.

After the symphony came the novel feature of the evening, in the début of Mdlle. Caroline Lehmann before a New York audience. This lady, in point of personal appearance, is truly a noble German: being distinguished by a remarkably fine presence, a superb figure, and great lift and natural nobility of style, combined, also, with much womanly sweetness and modesty. She captivated the audience at once, personally, before she did so musically.

(Oh how fortunate a thing in this world is a prepossessing personality!—and yet RACHEL manages to do very well without it!)

Mdlle. Lehmann was not a little embarrassed and moved on this, her first appearance in New York. It was evident, from the first, that she had the power and the skill strongly to appeal to the audience; but her singing was somewhat subdued until she gradually warmed into the *allegro* of the first aria; and, as the artistic difficulties increased, she showed the audience how easily she could surmount them and gave way, impulsively, to a little dramatic action before she concluded. On retiring she was followed by the very enthusiastic applause of the house, but declined the *encore*. In the *Casta Diva*, Mademoiselle made a similarly strong appeal to the auditors, who then insisted upon a repetition, which was granted.

Mdlle. Lehmann has a very musical voice, of the true German quality, somewhat veiled, but drawn heart-deep—in this respect differing from the open-mouthed tone of the Italian school. Mdlle. re-

minded us strongly of the daughter of Spohr, who sang in this country some years since. Some lady neighbors of ours remarked with regard to her, that she looked like a really good girl, with considerable spirit, too, of her own. We trust at all events, that she shall yet have frequently the pleasure of seeing so handsome a person and hearing so fine an artist as Mdlle. Lehmann.

Mr. Antonmas hardly did himself justice, either in his choice of a piece or in his performance of it. Some of those magnificent compositions of Parish Alvars, which he plays so like a master, would have done him much more credit. As the best harp-player we have had in this country, he can always, if he will, command success.

Gade's simple, yet noble "Ossian" would have been still more effective if the brasses had given the main theme a little more emphatically. We heard it so often in Leipzig that we very much missed the accustomed vigor of the brass corps. Our readers probably know that Gade is still a young composer; born in Copenhagen, there discovered by Mendelssohn, who brought him out subsequently at Leipzig, where he has since lived and taken prominent part in the *Gesamthaus* concerts of that city. He is remarkable for his singular resemblance to Mozart—is plump, round, and of small stature. We often used to see him in a café, on the boulevards of Leipzig, whether he resorted there in hand, getting into some snug corner to sip coffee and correct his music. His style of composition is entirely his own, strongly northern, grave and Ossianic.

The audience was delightfully entertained by an admirable, well-composed and effective solo for the clarinet, written by the conductor of the Philharmonic, Mr. Theodore Elfeld. We liked this composition particularly. Its themes are original and musical, particularly that of the trio, (we believe the composition was in the minor form). Mr. Kiefer played a smooth and pleasing clarinet and did it good justice. Mr. Elfeld, who has now so well filled the place of an efficient conductor of the Philharmonic for so long a time, deserves particular recognition and praise.

By the way, why is his name as conductor not mentioned in the late report of the Philharmonic? The last piece in the programme seemed to us quite unworthy of what had preceded: it was not only an Abraham-like sacrifice, but a sacrifice of the talent and skill of the Philharmonic.

—On Friday evening (Dec. 1) *Sonnambula* was given to a large audience, at the Academy, by substitution (on account of the illness of Sig. Badiali) for *La Favorita*. We were not present, but the wave of public enthusiasm we met the next day was an assurance to us of its great success. The operative management is now in the hands of a few merchant princes of New York, who mean to sustain it until the 28th of this month at least, if they are at all co-operated with by the public: it being really, a disgrace to this country, hard as the times are, if the best operative combination in the world, which we now have in Grisi, Mario, Badiali and Susini, be not sufficiently sustained; at least long enough for those who do appreciate it to enjoy its luxury. The expenses of the company, however, are \$3,000 a night.

—*La Favorita* drew a large audience on Monday evening. The scenery was superb: and the entire opera very enjoyable. But yet we must confess, that we would rather see Stellanor and Salvi in the same opera, with their conception of the libretto, than Grisi and Mario. To our taste

and feeling, the impersonation of the two latter artists was rather too high bred and unimpassioned; particularly that of Mario. To be sure, one is apt to be prepossessed in favor of any first portrayal of a part even by an inferior artist, if it entirely pleases and satisfies. But the opportunity of fine acting at the moment when the high priest confirms to Mario his betrayal, was not, to our thinking, sufficiently taken advantage of. Salvi was far warmer and more alive to the various situations of the plot. Madame Gris once or twice *sees*, as he is worst, and brought an strong demonstration of applause from the audience as an Academy audience ever seems capable of—and that is never anything very alarming.

Ye powers of enthusiasm! What a cold audience!

By the way, both the costuming of Steffanone and Truffi, as a fair reclus, was more becoming and in better taste than that of Madame Gris on this occasion. Madame's dress as the *Favorita*, however, was superb: it is only a pity when those lovely arms of hers are concealed from view.

Still, after everything has been said, there remains so much to enjoy in this beautiful opera, that a person must lack all sensibility who does not hear it as often as it is given. Large as the audience was, however, on the first representation, it seems odd to have been large enough to meet the nightly expenses of the establishment: and, in consequence, this melancholy announcement appeared in the next morning's paper: "the engagement with Madame Gris and Signor Mario for the opera at the Academy of Music will positively close after three nights, viz: Wednesday, Friday and Monday, the patronage of the public having fallen far short of the sum required to maintain the engagement for twelve nights."

Now the truth is, the receipts have been amply sufficient to sustain any reasonable amount of expenses. But what community can afford to pay \$3,000 a week to two artists—which has been done to Gris and Mario! No community does this. For, it is well known that all foreign governments have to contribute to the support of Italian opera when got up on such a costly scale. The truth is, we suspect the houses at the Academy have been, on an average, as large as Gris and Mario have ever sung to. The very last audience was a superb one.

—The *Siren* has still here kept upon the boards at Niblo's the past week by the English opera troupe under the direction of Mr. Baker.

—An opening concert at the Academy of Music we observe is announced for Saturday evening: Director, Mr. Dodworth: Leader of the orchestra, Mr. Bristow: admission to all parts of the house, fifty cents.

—Isidora Clark (the American prima donna) has lately given two concerts in Brooklyn, under the direction of Mr. Henry C. Timm, president of the Philharmonic Society of this city, both of them were attended by large and fashionable audiences and gave universal satisfaction. We understand that Madame Isidora is shortly to give one or two of her grand concerts in this city.

Boston.—The Pyne troupe in Boston have had a decided success in English opera, as we judge from Mr. Dwight's Journal of last week. In the same journal we read of a concert of the *Orchestral Union*, rather interfered with by flood, snow and tempest, but commanding an audience of two hundred, to listen mainly to the *Jupiter symphony*, *Der*

*Freyschutz*: also of a concert of the *Musical Education Society*, in which the salient performances were the choruses from *St. Paul*, *Jeptia*, &c. Performances in prospect were Mendelssohn's *Elijah* by the Handel and Haydn Society: a concert by the Mendelssohn Quartet Club, the new feature of which was a new piano trio composed and played by C. C. C. Perkins, Esq., and a *soirée* by the young American tenor, Millard.

## MUSICAL CORRESPONDENCE.

PHILADELPHIA, NOV. 23th, 1844.

"AMATEUR" (whose letter we regret that we have not room to insert entire) writes to us—

We are happy in recording a decided improvement in the musical tastes of our citizens. That which a few years since to the church concert room or parlor was good enough, falls to satisfy people of the present day; and after years of very mature and deliberate reflection, a few of our wealthy citizens, have actually secured subscriptions sufficient to erect a building for musical purposes, intended to seat about four thousand persons; though from causes which seem almost inexplicable except to those residing in the West End, Broad and Locust sts has been selected as the site;—one of the most ineligible and inconvenient locations, that could have been chosen; and we are greatly mistaken, if before the lapse of three years, the managers do not feel the effects of this egregious error. The centre of population is now nearly two miles North, and the distance increasing every month; while we most unhesitatingly assert, that music has, received and will doubtless continue to receive more support from what were formerly known as the up town districts, than it ever will from the West end.

Our musical associations are entering upon the winter campaign with renewed vigor. The rehearsals of the "Harmonia Sacra Musical Society," are well attended, and their first concert for the season is announced for Monday evening 27th. We have heretofore alluded to the operations of this society,—which is in fact the only one among us conducted with any degree of spirit. They have introduced a new feature in their performances, that of operatic choruses &c, to which many object, as entirely foreign to the avowed object of their formation; it will no doubt prove highly attractive, and "pay" well; but we had hoped from their past success, that we might have firmly established among us, one society at least devoted solely to the highest forms of classic sacred music. But, gentlemen, during the winter give us Haydn's "Creation" over almost forgotten by Philadelphia audiences; and the next feature of a substantial character that marks your course we trust will be the erection of a suitable building for music, in a central and convenient location;—we have no faith in that Broad St. affair ever being able to meet the musical wants of our city, and we now look to you as the movers in this important matter. The "Philharmonic," whose closing concert last season was given by the Maratke troupe about the time the opening for the present should have commenced, are striving to maintain the position they have held for several years; and this can only be done, by promptness and careful management. I have many things to say in regard to musical matters, choir &c; but enough for the present. Yours truly

AMATEUR.

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*Music Pen Schottisch*, by H. A. Wollenhaupt. Suited to young players. 50 cents

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*The Only Waltz composed for the piano by E. Sternelinge*. Notwithstanding the extraordinary title a very neat waltz. 25 cents

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*Our inn-born boy*: ballad by J. G. Barnett. 25 cents

ROBACE WATERBURY, N. Y.

*Grass of Sacred song*: selected and arranged by Thomas Baker. No. 1, *Come unto me, from "David"*

*I will not down the faithful*: romance sung by Nadine Nau, in the *Seren*, by Anker. 25 cents

## ITEMS.

E. D. F. Bluehill, Maine.—We recommend to you Rink's first book for the organ, published by Oliver Ditson, Boston. Rink's voluntaries would also be best for you. By writing to Thomas B. Smith, 216 William St. N. Y. you can get an estimate of the kind you want.

A. C. R. Albany.—The money remitted was received.  
J. M. B. Jackson, Pa.—The Young Folks Glee Book is \$7.50 per doz.

A. P. Gravel Hill, Va.—Cesary's treatise on thorough bass is 50 cents, and can be procured of Berry & Gordon, N. Y. or Oliver Ditson, Boston.

C. D. K. Boston.—We have not the music separate, but can furnish you with the entire volume for 1853, bound, for \$5.00.

"Oratorio." We have hardly time to undertake the task you suggest. We should think your best plan would be to select your own text from the Bible, as Mendelssohn did. Perhaps by applying to Leonard Bacon Jr, New Haven, Conn. you might "hear of something to your advantage."

T. L. R. New Orleans.—The music ordered was sent.

"Stella."—Your song breathes of all pleasant things that would not read so well in type as it does on fresh manuscript.

Charming Kate.—You are so real in your little musical protest that we should have to publish you at once were it not for the offence it might give. May the "Fats and sharpers and majors and minors of this wicked world" never check the flow of your fun

S. S. D. Nelson Co, Va.—We know of some excellent opportunities of obtaining fine pianofortes just now, at prices below their real value and will be happy to select for you if you wish, as we have done for many of our subscribers. Please write however personally, and let us know if you wish the full seven octaves and to what extent you would like to go in price.

For the Musical World.

## THE SEASONS.

In the year 1785 a nobleman, distinguished by his learning both in literature and music, Baron Von Swieten, wrote for Haydn the libretto of the *Creation*. He had, like many others, espoused the idea of imitating nature to art, and consequently had persuaded himself that a new kind of imitative and descriptive music still remained to be created, and that this would be the last limit where music could reach. The libretto was so arranged as to lead Haydn to realize this system of natural imitation. How far the composer has succeeded in carrying out the scheme of the Baron to his *Oratorio of the Creation*, every one knows. But, we think that imitation is not the main feature of that work. Nevertheless, the result obtained by the composer did not seem unsatisfactory to the nobleman; for, after the production of the *Creation* he immediately set himself to work, and issued a new libretto the *four Seasons*; the subject of which was taken from Thomson, the well known author of the poem of the *Seasons*. He dramatised and arranged the work so as to present a rite of *Taliesin*, in which the composer had to depict snow, winter winds, summer storms, the labors of the country, its charms and pleasures. This certainly was not a small or easy task, supposing even a possibility of accomplishing it.

Haydn was sixty-five years of age when he wrote the *Seasons*, and, when finished, the cantata was performed three days in succession in the Palace of Prince Schwarzenberg, and created almost such

enthusiasm as the *Creation*, though certainly inferior to it. Mr. Fets expressing his opinion on the *Seasons* says: "Fine details of a consummate artistic experience are unmistakably discovered in this last work of Haydn's genius; but, at the same time we find in it the old writer whose creative power is at an end. Hardly could he finish his task. His physical strength was sensibly diminishing." Mr. Fets says nothing of the natural effects that the composer had to portray. The fact is, that excepting the chorus: *Hark! the mountains*, where we perceive the design of the composer to depict a scene and weak attempts at describing a storm, it is difficult to perceive any tangible effect of imitation. Besides, if music were adapted to picture material effects, orchestral resources were too limited at that period to fancy the possibility of success. Fets makes no remarks either on the force and style of the *Seasons*. It is unfair, indeed, when the works of the masters of the last century are produced, to compare them with the impressions produced by the performances of the day, and say: "this work is too old fashioned in ideas and instrumentation to meet the wants of the age;" and consequently, musical societies are wrong and waste their time on worthless work, and unworthy of being presented to the public of our day, when they revive the compositions of Handel, Haydn, Mozart and others; because their ideas are out of those of the modern composers, and because they have not enriched their orchestra with all the instruments for which we are indebted to the genius of Sax. There will soon be critics who will also condemn Beethoven for not having filled his symphonies with all the extravaganzas of our time.

The orchestration of the old masters is what it ought to be, it could not be other than it is. We must admire their beauties and bear with their defects, which belong mainly to the state of art at their time. They are to be praised and imitated for their adhering constantly to the beautiful style to which they owe their mightiest effects; it is the secret of the charm which subdues us when listening to their works; and the reason why they create so much enthusiasm. We must bear in mind in the case of Haydn, that he was the creator of instrumentation, of which no model existed previous to him. He had to write for inexperienced instrumentalists and for a very limited range of wind instruments. No wonder, then, if, in the present state of things, the forms of his instrumentation are sometimes weak and bare; and yet what power in his orchestra! Who, but a master hand could so write the chorus: *Hark! hark, the mountains resound*. The instrumentation in it is masterly and altogether modern. So much so, that, as remarks the learned critic of the *Tribune*, it has been liberally plundered by every writer of hunting music; and, among others, by Michael himself in his celebrated overture, *Le Jeune Henry*. Napoleon the Great, wearied with the learned and noisy music, which began to dawn at his time, used to say, that he listened to the genial and simple music of Paësiello to refresh and relax his mind. So we might say ourselves in our day, that the performances of the works of the old masters and especially those of the old Haydn, offered us an opportunity of relieving our minds from the stormy and deafening cannonades of many a modern musical composition.

The defective part, in the *Seasons*, is in the orchestral structure of the recitative. Not that this recitation lacks emphasis or truth; but being in almost all cases delivered on continuous notes in the strings, followed here and there by clumsy and insignificant passages, it assumes a monotonous and childish character, which is hardly bearable. Mozart himself is not exempt from this blemish in his operas, though we find in them, especially in *Don Giovanni*, many admirable recitations, in which the orchestra plays a prominent part. It was reserved for Christopher Gluck to create the dramatic recitative, which the composers of our day have carried to perfection. In the *Seasons*, again, the recitative comes in too

often; it suffices the hearer; and if the half of it were suppressed, we think that the interest of the work would be in proportion. But if the cantata is reproachable in this respect, to make amends, the choruses, with few exceptions, are admirable. They are undoubtedly the striking features of the work, and seldom fail to produce a marked effect. The same praise must be awarded the songs, duets and trios. They are, it is true, supported by a thin accompaniment; generally by the strangled quartet only; but we are not sorry for it, so great is the interest we take in them. Observe the choruses with which several of them were received on the two performances of the Harmonic Society. Haydn was a master in concerted music. To prove this it suffices to point at the charming chorus and solo: *Let the sweet love melody*, between chorus and Jane, (Mrs. Stuart) and the others: *A wealthy lord*, also between chorus and Miss Brinard. Let us add, to redeem Haydn from the reproach addressed to him by the critics of this city of being too didactic in the *Seasons*, that he never abuses the fugue or the figured style, as is always the case with Handel, who leads the listener incessantly from fugue to fugue. Haydn, almost cease, presents the fugue with subject and answer, and then takes leave of it to follow his inspiration.

We have dealt properly upon the qualities of this cantata, because the criticism of this city has only shown its deficiencies and faults. Certainly, it has not a modern stamp; so it is with all the composers of the same epoch. Must we accordingly thrust them aside, as has been insinuated! This would be a great mistake.

As produced on the 14th of November and Thanksgiving day, the *Cantata of the Seasons*, was creditable to the members of the N. Y. Harmonic Society. They had studied and rehearsed it conscientiously and occasionally, and both performances rewarded the pains they had taken to interpret the thoughts of the great composer. The choruses were well drilled, and their training confers much honor upon their conductor, Mr. George Bristow. The only fault we find with Mr. Bristow, is that in some choruses the movement is too slow. The Harmonic Society, as a performing body, rank among the best in New York. They have ably opened their winter campaign, and have shown that they will not be inactivated during the season. The crowded audience which filled the church on Thanksgiving Day, is an evidence that they have taken a strong hold on the community, and that they will hereafter enjoy a large and deserved patronage. *Macte virtute, Juvenes!*

The solo and concerted music was entrusted to able and distinguished artists. Mrs. Georgina Stuart, and Miss Brinard, in several instances were enthusiastically encored. Mr. Alden, acquitted himself well generally, but sometimes with too much *laissez aller*. In the first performance the personage of *Simon*, was partly sustained by Mr. Camoëse. We cannot account for the same character being entrusted to Mr. Alden, on Thanksgiving Day. We must confess that, in several instances, we missed the round, deep and full tones of Mr. Camoëse. Mr. Johnson has a voice of excellent quality; his high register is full, pleasing and most effective. He was equal to his task, if we except some recitations which lacked accent and decision. The orchestra, the strings especially, were deficient in numbers. To do full justice to the old compositions, in which the main rôle is assigned to the violins, basses, and double bass, a large number of these instruments is required. So it is in the great festivals and public performances in France, Germany, and especially in England. On the present occasion the orchestra could not vie with the chorus, and was most of the time ineffective. Why is not also the organ added to the orchestra! In England the organ is judged a necessary appendage of the orchestra. How much more necessary in this city, where vocal societies, on account of the heavy cost in which they would be involved, cannot procure a sufficient number of instrumentalists. E. G.

## INNER-EDITORIAL BUDGET.

### PALIMPSEST.

This word, derived from the Greek, meaning, "cleansed again" or "twice prepared for writing," has been given to parchment scrolls, which have been a second time written upon, the original writing having been first designedly effaced.

Many years since, the discovery was made, that some ancient parchments preserved in public libraries, had, beneath the superficial text, another more ancient still, and efforts were immediately made, and in many instances successfully, to efface the second writing, and restore the first. It has been well remarked, that if the monks, the literal of the middle ages, had known as much of chemistry as we, or we as little as they, such a restoration would have been impossible. In the first case, they would have effaced the original writing entirely; in the second, we could not have erased the later manuscript, without destroying the earlier also.

The hope which prompted these labors, that something valuable in literature might thus be restored to the world, has not been disappointed. Ancient copies of the scriptures, invaluable as testing the accuracy of our present version, lost portions of the works of Livy, Cicero, and Plautus, and the writings also of old authors, known to us, previously, only by name, or by quotations in the works of others, have thus been brought to light. With singular impartiality, the monks would now erase a heathen writer to make room for the scriptures, and, then, efface the scriptures themselves, to substitute the work of some ghostly father. But we owe too much to their labors for the preservation of learning during the Dark Ages, to find fault because their judgment was not always perfect.

"Like causes will produce like effects," say the philosophers. The scarcity and high price of parchment before the invention of paper, in the Middle Ages, produced palimpsests, and the increasing scarcity and price of paper, in our day, is about to produce palimpsests again. A paragraph in the London *Athenaeum*, which was the short text for our long comment, says, that a Mr. Archer has invented a method of removing entirely the traces of ink from manuscript or printed paper, and leaving it blank and pure for a second impression, and, that he has taken out a patent for the same.

So we modern authors are likely to be blotted out to make room for others still more modern; blotted out too, finally, we fear for the frail nature of the modern writing material forbids the hope of any future restoration.

Yet—who knows! the resources of science are infinite. Perhaps some antiquarian of the 20th century, with the aid of future discoveries in Chemistry, may yet cry "Eureka," on restoring to the world our valuable lucubrations! But we must not indulge our vanity in such day-dreams.

### DRAPETOMANIA.

This is the name given in a Southern Medical Journal to a disease not yet found in our books of medicine. It is the disease which in the author's opinion causes slaves to run away. He thus speaks of it.

Drapetomania is from . . . . . a run-away slave, and . . . . . mad or crazy. It is un-

known to our medical authorities, although its diagnostic symptoms, the absconding from service, is well known to our planters and overseers, as it was to the ancient Greeks, who expressed by the single word "melancholia" the fact of the absconding, and the relation that the fugitive held to the person he fled from. I have added to the word meaning runaway slave another Greek term, to express the disease of the mind causing him to abscond. In noticing a disease not heretofore named among the long list of maladies that man is subject to, it was necessary to have a new term to express it. The cause, in the most of cases, that induces the negro to run away from service, is as much a disease of the mind as any other species of mental alienation, and much more curable, as a general rule. With the advantages of proper medical advice, strictly followed, this troublesome practice that many negroes have of running away can be almost entirely prevented, although the slave be located on the borders of a free state, within a stone's throw of the abolitionists.

Of the probable subjects and symptoms of this disease we say,

On Mason & Dixon's line two classes of persons were apt to lose their negroes; those who made themselves too familiar with them, treating them as equals, and making little or no distinction in regard to color; and, on the other hand, those who treated them cruelly, denied them the common necessities of life, neglected to protect them against the abuses of others, or frightened them by a blistering manner of approach, when about to punish them for misdemeanors. Before negroes run away, unless they are frightened or panic-struck, they become sulky and dissatisfied. The cause of this sulkiness and dissatisfaction should be sought into and removed, or they are apt to run away or fall into the negro consumption.

Whether there is ever an immediate exciting cause, as in the Notalgia (home sickness) of the Swiss, he does not inform us. Perhaps the sight of the North Star may occasionally bring on a paroxysm, such as the Ranz des Vaches is said to produce with the Swiss mountaineers.

Another disease described by the same author is

#### DYSMETHESIA ETHIOPIA.

Dysmethesia *Ethiopica* is a disease peculiar to negroes, affecting both mind and body, in a manner as well expressed by dysmethesia, the name I have given it, as could be by a single term. There is both mind and sensibility, but both seem to be difficult to reach with impressions from without. There is partial insensibility of the skin, and so great a hebetude of intellectual faculties as to be like a person half asleep, that is with difficulty aroused and kept awake. It differs from every other species of mental disease, as it is accompanied with physical signs of lesions of the body, discoverable to the medical observer, which are always present and sufficient to account for the symptoms.

In treating of the anatomy and physiology of the Negro, I showed that his respiratory system was under the same physiological laws as that of an infant child of the white race; that a warm atmosphere, loaded with carbonic acid and aqueous vapor, was the most congenial to his lungs during sleep, as it is to the infant; that, to insure the respiration of such an atmosphere, he invariably, as if moved by instinct, shrouds his head and face in a blanket or some other covering, when disposing himself to sleep; that if sleeping by the fire in cold weather, he turns his head to it, instead of his feet, evidently to inhale warm air; that when not in active exercise, he always hovers over a fire in comparatively warm weather, as if he took a positive pleasure in inhaling hot air and smoke when his body is quiescent. The natural effect of this practice it was shown, causes imperfect assimilation or vitalization of the blood in the lungs, as occurs in infancy, and a hebetude or

torpor of intellect—drawn from blood not sufficiently vitalized being distributed to the brain; also, a stultified, torpor, and disinclination to exercise, from the same cause—the want of blood sufficiently created or vitalized in the circulating system. When left to himself, the negro indulges in his natural disposition to idleness and sloth, and does not take exercise enough to expand his lungs and to vitalize his blood, but does not on a miserable existence in the midst of filth and uncleanness, being too indolent and having too little energy of mind to provide for himself proper food and comfortable lodgings and clothing. The consequence is that the blood becomes so highly carbonized and deprived of oxygen, that it becomes unfit to stimulate the nerves of sensation distributed through the body. A torpor and insensibility pervades the system; the sensitive nerves distributed to the skin lose their feeling to so great a degree, that he often burns his skin by the fire he hovers over, without knowing it, and frequently has large holes in his clothes, and the shoes on his feet burst to a crisp, without having been conscious of when it was done. This is the disease called *dysmethesia*—a Greek term expressing a dull or obtuse sensation that always attends the complaint. When aroused from his sloth by the stimulus of hunger, he takes anything he can lay his hands on, and trembles on the rights as well as the property of others, with perfect indifference as to consequences. When driven to labor by the compulsive power of the white man, he performs the task assigned him in a headlong, careless manner, treading down with his feet, or cutting with his hoe the plants he is put to cultivate—breaking the tools he works with, and spoiling everything he touches that can be injured by careless handling. Hence the overseers call it "rascality," supposing that the mischief is intentionally done. But there is no premeditated mischief, nor is he to be aroused by the angry passions to deeds of daring. *Dysmethesia*, or hebetude of sensation of both mind and body, prevails to so great an extent, that when the unfortunate individual is subjected to punishment, he neither feels pain of any consequence, or shows any unusual resentment more than a stupid sulkiness. In some cases, anaesthesia would be a more suitable name for it as there appears to be an almost loss of feeling. The term "rascality," given to this disease by overseers, is founded on an erroneous hypothesis and leads to an incorrect empirical treatment which seldom or never cures it.

Contrary to the received opinion, a northern climate is the most favorable to the intellectual development of negroes, those of Missouri, Kentucky, and the colder parts of Virginia and Maryland, having much more mental energy, and being more bold and ungovernable than in the Southern low lands; a dense atmosphere causing a better vitalization of their blood.

We have not room for further extracts, and can only commend the subject to our medical friends. We think we know of one negro, who will not be likely to be affected with *dysmethesia*, no thanks to climate either. He thus commendably writes from Liberia of the native African. He, of course, is an Afro-American, and belongs to the aristocracy.

The native is a very interesting class, but are not regarded as a part of the common people. They seem to be separated by a caste as great as that which divides the white and colored people in America; and, in some instances, the caste makes a distance between the Afro-American and native as great almost as that between the Brahmins and Shudras of India. This is a very great obstacle in the way of civilizing and christianizing the natives. But in the present state of society it can be easily overcome. One hundred families only need to act in different example, and an independent press advocate their education and civilization, and a public sentiment would

soon be formed making the present custom of treating them, disgraceful and odious. My native young men receive wages and dress sometimes as not to be distinguished from Americans, and sit at the third table and eat with knives and forks, and do many other things as civilized people. To put them at the second table with our American girls would deprive us of both cook and nurse. Just when they become more refined and we obtain better health, we shall advance them to the second table, even if we have to do our own cooking and nursing. For this little innovation we are assured by many persons here, who claim that I wish to make the natives impatient, restless and discontented in their present condition.

#### A PIANIST IN AMERICA.

Translated from the German for the Musical World.

##### CHAPTER I.

AMONG the many Germans, who, every year, leave their own country to seek their fortunes in the New World, was found, not long since, a certain Herr N., by profession a merchant. Not succeeding on his arrival in finding employment in the business to which he was accustomed, he remembered that he could play the piano a little, and determined to direct his efforts to a pursuit which would require no capital to start with. For a time, the doubt tormented him, whether it would not be better to study first and then teach, but he was without money, and could not wait, so he looked about for a place where the people know less of music than himself, and he might hope to gain a subsistence by teaching. He was not long in finding a sequestered village which he thought would answer his purpose, but here we will let Herr N. speak for himself.

I soon arrived at —, a pretty village, which has only the peculiarity of being in the highest degree tiresome to strangers. My whole baggage consisted of a carpet-bag, which contained six new silver tea-spoons, and a silver bodkin, a legacy from my lamented mother. I alighted at the only inn in the place, brushed my hair back, artist fashion, took my carpet-bag under my arm, and, fully sensible of the importance of my new position, wrote in the stranger's book, "Herr N., from Europe, pianist of various emperors and kings," and withdrew, with a dignified step, to my own apartment.

On descending the next morning, I saw a number of persons in the bar-room, diligently studying the names of new comers. Among them was a gentleman with large spectacles, to whom the landlord offered to present me, informing me, at the same time, that he was the editor of the village newspaper. I gladly accepted the offer, and, after the usual compliments, the conversation turned upon music, and I expressed my desire to obtain an instrument. The words were scarcely out of my mouth, before he assured me that he had the first instrument in the place, one with extra keys, and, if I would take the trouble to go to his house, he would show it to me, adding, at the same time, that it would give him much pleasure if I would use it often, for neither his wife nor himself, though both very fond of music, could play, and they had no children. All this seemed very fortunate for me, and I gladly accepted his invitation.

##### CHAPTER II.

VISIT TO THE EDITOR OF THE PATRIOT AND FREEDOM'S HERALD.

The dwelling of my companion was not far from the inn, and had a door and two windows



in front, but for reasons unknown to me, he used neither the one nor the other, but we entered by a back door, which led to the *Sanctum Sanctorum* of the editor. After leaving me for a time to turn over a huge pile of newspapers, my new friend led me to the parlor, but alas! I could see nothing of the promised instrument. Whilst I was staring about me, my companion, who had a better knowledge of the furniture than I, strode to one corner of the room, and bringing forth, with much ceremony, a small box from its concealment, exhibited it as the piano with extra keys, and invited me to try it. The instrument had four octaves and a half, and while I was wondering whether this half octave was meant by the extra keys, and what I could possibly execute within such narrow limits, my friend interrupted my meditations with the inquiry if I could play *Old Dan Tucker*. The author would here inform his readers, who may not be acquainted with this old though simple melody, that it has a great resemblance to the well-known *Bear's Dance*, which is ordinarily played with two fingers, either on the higher or lower keys. I had often, on my journey, heard the tune hummed or whistled, so I played it alternately in the base and treble. The effect which I produced was astounding. My friend fell into a regular ecstasy. The family, servants included, were called to listen to me, and, when I at last rose, he seized me by the hand, and said: "A young man with your talent need have no fears for the future." I thanked him for his flattering opinion and retired.

## CHAPTER III.

## MUSICAL DILEMMA.

So far, all went well. I returned to my hotel, ate my breakfast with an extraordinary appetite, and again betook myself to my chamber. Soon a loud knocking was heard at my door, and at my, "Come in," two gentlemen entered, one of whom had a violin under his arm, and the other a flute and music book. Both appeared a little excited, and the flute player, pointing to a measure in the book, said: "here is the difficulty,

and you, sir, as an artist of established reputation, must decide; we both yield to your superior judgment. The compliment was so strong a one, that I, as a modest young man, could only receive it silently with a low bow, and a request, that the gentlemen would explain the difficulty, which I promised to decide, with the most entire impartiality. The flute player then began in the following manner:

"Here, sir, we have six notes, and my colleague insists that the first two must be played slowly, so that he will be obliged to hurry over the other four. Would it not be better now to be shorter about the first, and then he will have more leisure for the others. People are always talking about time, and yet I have seen very few, who know anything about it. You will see them, now stopping on two or three notes, as if they were going to sleep, and then, hurrying over the others fast enough to take the breath away. In my opinion, time in music means regularity, and, therefore, it would be better to divide it equally among all the notes."

The violinist talked for a while about whole notes and half notes, but without producing any impression.

I had been too short a time in the place to run the risk of making an enemy, and I tried to find some answer which would offend neither of them. After some reflection, I remarked that we lived in a free country, and that, provided each bar had its proper time, it was allowed to the performer to give his fancy free play as to any particular note.

This reply seemed to please both my visitors. They said that my views were very liberal, and not at all pedantic, and they departed in the best possible humor, assuring me they would do all in their power to aid me. I congratulated myself afterwards upon my prudence, when I was informed, that these two gentlemen were the musical critics and connoisseurs of the village.

## CHAPTER IV.

## A BOLD STEP.

Fortune had shown herself so propitious, thus far, that I resolved to strike while the iron was hot. One grand effort must be made, which would make my name extensively known, and establish me forever in the favor of the public. A concert seemed to me the most suitable for this purpose, and as soon as my decision was made, I addressed a courteous note to my new acquaintances, inviting them to meet me, that day at my apartment. I spread out upon the table the half dozen silver teaspoons, and the bodkin, and awaited their arrival. All three came at the appointed time. I invited them to take a seat at the table, closed the window, and thus addressed them.

"Gentlemen! you see before you a poor exiled artist, a man, who might revel in luxury, but who prefers the most retired corner in the land of freedom, to the favor of the proudest potentates of Europe. My talent has procured for me access to the crowned heads of the Old World; you see before you some tokens of their esteem. These spoons I received from an Emperor, who was pleased to listen to my music,—and this bodkin from a king, who bestowed especial favor upon your obedient servant. Yet why do I linger upon these evidences of despotic greatness? I have but one wish, to dwell here among free-born citizens, and with this view, I have determined to give a concert in this place, to show what my abilities are, and to ascertain whether I shall have sufficient encouragement to take up my abode amongst you. Much will depend upon your efforts and sympathy, and I dare to hope, that you will aid me to find the resting place for which my heart longs. Since without freedom, as Aristotle beautifully remarks "life is but the image of death—*mortis imago*."

This speech produced the desired effect. The editor could scarcely contain his enthusiasm, and began to sing the National Hymn, the Star Spangled Banner, the violinist and I united our voices, while the flute-player, who was never without his instrument crowded the pieces together, and accompanied with the sweetest tones and patriotic chorus.

## CHAPTER V.

## ARTICLE OF A MUSICAL CRITIC.

I confess I feared for a time, that the general excitement would render my friends incapable of consultation, but, after nearly a dozen different songs had been sung, the throats began to give unmistakable signs of over-exertion, and positive exhaustion compelled my three

visitors to put an end to their musical exercises. I seized this occasion to bring forward again the subject of the concert, upon which my new friends promised me all the assistance in their power, and assured me of entire success, as I should be supported by all the intelligence of the place. It would be too long to enter into the details of the plan which we finally adopted, but I cannot refrain from mentioning a remark of the flute-player, which showed great penetration and originality. "You must know," said he, "that our musical public is divided into two parts, one part understands nothing of music, but desires pieces that will make a great noise, the other understands just as little, but wishes only soft and gentle melodies; they carry it so far even, that a piece pleases them the more, the less they hear of it, and, under no circumstances, would they applaud music, which was in the least noisy. Besides these two great classes, there are some individuals who caread a few notes, and who always expect free tickets. I leave it to your wisdom to reconcile these various interests; the success of your concert will depend, in a great degree upon your skill in this respect." I thanked the flute-player, and to show how well I could profit by his advice, I presented on the spot, a free ticket to himself and his companions, and they left me with the warmest assurances of friendship.

## CHAPTER VI.

## THE PROGRAMME OF THE CONCERT.

The remarks of the flute-player caused me much uneasiness, since it was no easy task to play at the same time loud and soft, but the concert must come off, and I went seriously to work. In the first place, it was absolutely necessary to procure a singer, a very difficult task, which I was about to give up as impracticable, when, at last a young lady offered her assistance on condition that she should sing behind a curtain. This was better than nothing, and I composed my programme, which was soon printed and posted up in every corner of the village. Here is a copy.

"Dear N., Pianist of various Emperors and Kings, be the honor to announce that, on Friday evening, with the assistance of Signora —, will give in the Court House, a great Vocal and Instrumental Concert. Her N. will on this occasion produce, a original composition. Owing to the turn of —, with variations of the popular melody, Dan Tucker, which he will execute with one finger. The whole to be concluded with a grand finale, a Yankee Doodle, which he has played with so much applause, at all his concerts in New York, Philadelphia, and Boston. Tickets 25 cents. No postponement on account of the weather."

## CHAPTER VII.

## LAST PREPARATIONS.

On the following day, the preparations for the concert occupied my whole time. In the evening, my three friends again waited upon me, and over a glass of brandy and water, we arranged a plan which could not fail to draw the attention of the public, in a striking manner, to myself and my concert. This was, that about ten o'clock, my friends, the violinist and the flute player should give me a serenade. The idea appeared to me a very happy one, and, in the joy of my heart, I promised them as a reward, a glass of egg-panch, with the use of my tea-spoons, the gift of a princely hand.

## CHAPTER VIII.

## REPLY OF THE CONCERT.

It terrified me, when I look back upon the past, to see how nearly my whole plan had failed, as

if everything on that day, had conspired against me. The famous singer, on the night of the concert, was not in a situation even to sing behind a curtain, and the piano, in consequence of its slender legs, would only stand still when supported against the wall, but my new composition outweighed all these deficiencies, and established me forever, in the good graces of my fellow citizens. My modesty hardly permits me to copy a criticism of the *Patriot & Freedom's Herald*. On the morning after the concert, it said, "We have never in our lives listened to a production which can compare with this. It was a perfect triumph of art, Beethoven and Mozart united, Weber in the garments of Freedom." I must add, that it was in fact very well suited to popular effect. I began with Dan Tucker, which I played with both hands, then came Dan Tucker again, with one finger, and, at last, the accompaniment to Dan Tucker, with the left hand only. This was the most brilliant moment of the evening. The whole audience hummed in chorus, and with light taps of the foot, indicated beforehand the storm of applause which followed my splendid finale, Yankee Doodle. The day, or rather the evening, was won; an immense bouquet was thrown to me by an unknown hand, and a poem of four lines was presented to me by a deputation of thirteen little maidens, who represented the thirteen old States of the Union. My friends, the flute-player, violinist, and editor, with many of the most distinguished citizens of the place, insisted upon escorting me, with music, to my hotel, while the glowing cigars gave to the whole the appearance of a torch light procession. With this demonstration, closed a day which was decisive of my future success.

## ABOUT FLUTES.

EDITOR OF THE MUSICAL WORLD.—I have occasionally noticed communications in your paper in reference to the comparative merits of the old German, Diatonic and Boehm Flutes. Having served a time upon all of them, I give an expression of my opinion as to their respective claims upon the attention of Flutists, which you can publish if you deem it worthy. All those who have used the old Flute have realized its imperfections in tone, its insuperable difficulties in fingering, and have looked in vain for improvements which would remove them, or aid in overcoming them. The Diatonic proposed to remedy some of its defects, and although it may be considered superior, in a few particulars, to the old Flute, the great obstacles in the way of easy and graceful execution, still remain. In the Boehm Flute, the difficulties are well nigh all swept away, and we have a most efficient and perfect instrument. As to the new troubles which it presents in the way of altered fingerings, they are but slight when compared with the great advantages they afford, and may be acquired in a short time, with ordinary practice and attention. The facilities which it furnishes for the execution of certain passages, which have hitherto been almost impossible; the ease with which the higher notes are obtained; the elegance of mechanical contrivances; the perfect tone of the different octaves, and the roundness, richness, and beauty of its tone, render it almost faultless. Knowing its infinite advantages over either of the other Flutes, I would not be without it, though it cost double the money; and I feel assured, that the day is not far distant when the prejudice existing against the Boehm Flute must yield, and when it will be adopted by every Flutist who truly appreciates the beauties of the instrument.

In conclusion, allow me to say to all those who desire a Boehm Flute, let them send their orders to A. G. Badger, 181 Broadway, New York, who will

make them one which for beauty of tone, and elegance of workmanship, cannot be surpassed.

Yours, &c., J. R. BRANHAM.  
Lumpkin, Ga., Nov. 9th, 1854.

[The writer of the above is principal of a young ladies seminary in Lumpkin, Stewart Co., Ga.; and writes us that he wishes to secure the services of a first rate singer, and pianist, to whom a salary of from \$500 to \$650 will be paid. Apply to the Editor of the Musical World.]

## ANECDOTES OF FOOTE.

Provost Gower was a pedant of the most uncompromising school, and Foote would present himself to receive his reprimand with great apparent gravity and submission, but with a large dictionary under his arm; when, on the Doctor beginning in his usual pompous manner with a surprisingly long word, he would immediately interrupt him, and, after begging pardon with great formality, would produce his dictionary, and pretending to find the meaning of the word would say, "Very well, sir, now please to go on."

Being asked what impression was conveyed to him by the condition of the Irish peasantry, he declared that it had settled a question which before had been a constant plague to him, and he now knew what the English beggar did with their cart-off clothes.

He used witfully to give as his laughing excuse for backsliding, that you must count a lady's age as you do a hand at piquet, twenty-five, twenty-six, twenty-seven, twenty-eight, twenty-nine, thirty, and he had no ambition to wake up one morning, and find himself matched so unequally for the whole length of a life.

There was in Garrick a kind of weakness which Foote's jokes never spared, and of which we have heard some whimsical examples from the poet and wit who is happily still the living link between that age and our own. At the Chapter coffee house, Foote and his friends were making a contribution for the relief of a poor fellow, a decayed player, who was nicknamed the Captain of the Four Winds because his hat was worn into four points. Each person of the company dropped his mite into the hat, as it was held out to him. "If Garrick bears of this," exclaimed Foote, "he will send as his hat." He had a small hat of Garrick placed upon his bureau. "You may be surprised," said he, "that I allow him to be so near my cap;—but you will observe he has no hands."

At one of Macklin's absurd Lectures on the Assassinate, the lecturer was solemnly composing himself to begin, when a hurr of laughter from where Foote stood ran through the room, and Macklin, thinking to throw the laughter off his guard, and effectually for that night disarm his ridicule, turned to him with this question in his most severe and pompous manner. "Well, Sir, you seem to be very merry here, but do you know what I am going to say now?" "No, Sir," at once replied Foote; "pray do you?" One night at his friend Delavie's, when the glass had been circulating freely, one of the party would suddenly have fixed a quarrel upon him for his indulgence of personal satire. "Why what would you have?" exclaimed Foote, good-humoredly putting it aside; "of course I take all my friends off, but I use them no worse than myself, I take myself off." "Gads!" cried the malignant, "that I should like to see," upon which Foote took up his hat and left the room.

No one could so promptly overthrow an assailant; so quietly rebuke an avarice or meanness; so effectually "abate and dissolve" any ignorant affectation or pretension. "Why do you attack my weakest part?" he asked, of one who had raised a laugh against what Johnson calls his *depredation*. "Did I ever say anything about your head?" Dining when in Paris with Lord Sturmont, that thrifty Scotch peer, then ambassador, as usual produced his wine in the smallest decanters and dispensed it in the smallest glasses, enlarging all the time on its exquisite growth and its enormous age. "It is very little

of its age," said Foote, holding up his diminutive glass. A staid and silly country squire was regaling a large party with a number of fashionable folk he had visited that morning. "And among the rest," he said, "I called upon my good friend the Earl of Cholmondeley, but he was not at home." "That is exceedingly surprising," said Foote; "what! ner none of his pe-o-pe!" Bolog in company where Hugh Kelly was mightily boasting of the power he had as a reviewer of distributing literary reputation to any extent, "Don't be too prodigal of it," he quietly interposed, "or you may leave none for yourself." The then Duke of Cumberland (the foolish Duke, as he was called) came one night to the green-room at the Haymarket Theatre. "Well, Foote," said he, "here I am, ready, as usual, to swallow all your good things." "Really," replied Foote, "your royal highness must have an excellent digestion, for you never bring up any again." "Why are you for ever humming that air?" he asked a man without a sense of tune in him. "Because it bounces me." "No wonder," said Foote; "you are forever murdering it." One Mrs. Montague's blue-stocking ladies fastened upon him at one of the routs in Portman-square with her views of *Locke on the Understanding*, which she protested she admired about all things; only there was one particular word very often repeated which she could not distinctly make out, and that was the word (pronouncing it very long) "id-ah"; but I suppose it comes from a Greek derivation. "You are perfectly right, Madame," said Foote, "it comes from the word *idleness*." And pray, Sir, what does that mean?" The feminine of idiot, Madame." Much bored by a pompous physician at Bath, who confided to him as a great secret that he had a great mind to publish his own poems, but had so many friends in the fire he really did not well know what to do. "Take my advice, Doctor," said Foote, "and put your poems where your lions are."

Not less distressed on another occasion by a mercenary man of his acquaintance, who had also not only written a poem but exacted a promise that he would listen to it, and who mercifully stopped to tax him with insatiation even before addressing beyond the first pompous line, "Hear me, O Phœbus and ye Muses mine!" pray, pray be attentive Mr. Foote. "I am," said Foote; "nine and one are ten; go on!"

After running through one of his fortior Foote was in difficult straits for money, and was induced to listen to the overtures of a small-beer brewer, who, in consideration of his large social acquaintance and unbounded popularity, offered him a sleeping-partner's share in the profits of the concern if he would but recommend the beer among his friends. Fitcherbert was one of the friends who took it, in consequence; but it became so bad that the servants refused not to drink it, though they found themselves at some loss in what way to notify their resolution. Knowing Foote's connection with the beer, they were afraid of offending their master, by whom they also knew Foote to be much cherished as a companion. At last they fixed upon a little black boy, who was rather a favorite, to be their deputy, and deliver their remonstrance; and having invested him with the whole authority of the kitchen, he was to inform Mr. Fitcherbert, in all their names, upon a certain day, that they would drink Foote's small beer no longer. As fortune would have it, however, on that day, Foote happened to dine at Fitcherbert's and this boy served at the table; when he was so delighted with Foote's stories, and merriment, and grimace, that when he went down stairs he told them, "This is the finest man I have ever seen. I will not deliver your message. I will drink his small beer."

Foote's jokes against attorneys would fill a volume, but space may be spared for the grave communication he made to a simple country farmer, who had just buried a rich relation, an attorney, and who was complaining to him of the very great expense of a country funeral, in respect to carriages, hat-bands, scarfs, &c. "Why, do you bury your attorneys here?" asked Foote. "Yes, to be sure we do; how







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*Serenade of Don Pasquale*. Page 162. Duizentil.

Oh! summer night!  
So softly bright!  
How sweet the bow'r  
Where sleeps my cradled flower.

*Happy Bayadere*. Page 159..... Bechen

Oh! gaily now I'm singing,  
A dancing Bayadere.

*Silence! silence!* Page 130..... J. L. Roethen.

Silence, silence, make no noise or stir,  
For in yon bower there above,  
Sleeps my gentle lady love.

*Oh! she was good as she was fair*. Page 127. Bslfe.

Oh! she was good as she was fair,  
None, none on earth above her.  
As pure in thought as angels are,  
To know her was to love her.

*The Last Greeting*. Page 106..... Schubert.

Adieu! go then before me,  
To join the seraph throng;  
A secret sense comes o'er me,  
I tarry here not long.

*The Home of Youth*. Page 105..... Bellini.

Come to the home of youth, dearest love;  
Come to the shade of childhood's tree;  
Sweet are the winds that whisper above,  
Here we will ever happy be.

*Hearts and Homes* Page 102..... Blockley.

Hearts and homes—sweet words of pleasure,  
Music breathing as yet fall;  
Making each the other's treasure,  
Once divided, losing all.

*Dreams*. Page 205..... Hodges.

Oh! I have had dreams, I have had sweet dreams  
Of childhood's bright and sunny hours,  
When I wandered all day, by the sparkling  
streams,  
And could I far my mother, the gay wild flower's.

*Thy name was once a magic spell*.

Page 3..... Miss Cowell.

Thy name was once a magic spell,  
By which my heart was bound;  
And burning dreams of light and love  
Were wakened by that sound.

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The author and compiler has made music, and the violin particularly, his most ardent study from his very early childhood, and he is the first American who visited Europe to place himself for a number of years, under the instruction and advice of Spohr and others of the very best masters.

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Lilly Bell.....	18
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Kate of Kildare.....	18

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## OUR PSALMS AND HYMNS.

No. 111.

CLASS V:—Instruction, combined with Prayer.

EXAMPLE:—

Vain are the hopes, the sons of men  
On their own works have built:—  
Their hearts, by adores, all unclean,  
And all their schemes, guilt.

Let Jew and Gentile stop their mouths,  
Without a murm'ring word;  
And the whole race of Adam stand  
Guilty before the Lord.

In vain we ask God's righteous law  
To justify us now;  
Since to convince, and to condemn,  
Is all the law can do.

Jesus: how glorious is thy grace:—  
When in thy name we trust  
Our faith receives a righteousness  
That makes the sinner just.

This hymn in the first three verses is plainly instructive and doctrinal, this character pervading even the last verse, where an appeal is made to Heaven. Not all examples under this class are as coldly didactic; but, in many, the instruction is administered in a somewhat warmer and, I may say, milder form; while the appeal is also more internal and direct, and indicates less glancing at the audience.

This individual hymn it may be remarked, is doubly unfit for music: The irregular accentuation at the commencement of the lines would alone unfit it—unless the hymn were composed throughout (instead of repeating the same music for every verse), and the irregularities of accent were especially adapted. And it is otherwise unadvised to music in its very un-emotional character. The only portion of the hymn that appeals to the composer as material for music is the first line of the last verse; for here there is a gleam of feeling. Music is emphatically the language of feeling: and it is fitted to express, or accompany, nothing else.

Generally speaking, this class of hymns (combining instruction with prayer) involve an act of worship only so far, of course, as their appeal to Heaven is concerned. They, also, like a previous class of hymns, may be compared to a short sermon, after which the clergyman offers a brief prayer.

Of such instances, I find in the *Church Psalmist* 121 out of 1190:—in the *Prayer Book* 29 out of 401:—in the *Bible Psalms* 2 out of 150.

The proportion, therefore, is the following:

*Church Psalmist*, 10 to 1000;  
*Prayer-Book*, 7 to 100;  
*Bible*, 1 to 100.

The five classes now enumerated include all hymns in which a direct appeal of any kind is made to the Supreme Being. We now come to hymns combining different elements.

CLASS VI:—Meditation.

EXAMPLE:—

Although the vine its fruit deny,  
The budding fig-tree droop and die,  
No oil the olive yield;  
Yet will I trust me in my God,  
Yes, hark rejoicing to his rod,  
And by his grace be heal'd.

Though fields in verdure once array'd,  
By whirlwinds desolate be laid,  
Or parch'd by scorching beam;  
Still in the Lord shall be my trust,  
My joy; for though his frown is just,  
His mercy is supreme.

Though from the fold the flock decay,  
Though herds its fashions'd o'er the sea,  
And round the empty stall,  
My soul above the wreck shall rise,  
Its better joys are in the skies;  
There God is all in all.

To God my strength, how'er distress,  
I yet will hope, and calmly rest,  
My triumph in his love.  
My longing soul, my tardy feet,  
Free as the bird be shaken, and fleet,  
To speed my course above.

This style of meditative hymn possesses, according to the definition given, the nature of worship. Of such instances I find, in the *Church Psalmist* 44 out of 1190; in the *Prayer Book* 12 out of 401; in the *Bible*, 3 out of 150.

The proportion, then, is the following:

*Church Psalmist* 1 to 100;  
*Prayer Book* 3 to 100;  
*Bible* 2 to 100.

CLASS VII:—Meditation combined with Exhortation (1)

There is a God!—all nature speaks,  
Through earth, and air, and sea, and skies;  
See!—from the clouds his glory glories,  
When earliest beams of morning rise!

The rising sun, serenely bright,  
Throughout the world's extended frame,  
Inscribes in characters of light,  
His mighty Maker's glorious name.

To curious minds, who roam abroad,  
And trace creation's wonders o'er!  
Confess the footsteps of your God;  
Bow down before him and adore.

The first two stanzas here are of a meditative character, while in the last there is an exhortation to worship. Both in meditation and exhortation this hymn is one of worship.

Of such instances I find, in the *Church Psalmist*, 6 out of 1190:—in the *Prayer Book*, 7 out of 401:—in the *Bible*, 7 out of 150.

The proportion, then, is the following:

*Church Psalmist*, 1 to 200;  
*Prayer Book*, 2 to 100;  
*Bible*, 5 to 100.

CLASS VIII:—Meditation combined with Exhortation (2)

EXAMPLE:—

In all my Lord's appointed ways,  
My journey I'll pursue;  
Hinder me not, ye much loved saints:  
For I must go with you.

Through floods and flames, if Jesus leads,  
I'll follow where he goes;  
Hinder me not, for I am bound  
To my Immanuel's land.

And when my saviour calls me home,  
Still this my cry shall be:  
Hinder me not—come, welcome, death!  
I'll gladly go with thee.

In this hymn the first two lines of the verse have a meditative character, while the last two are hortatory. But this exhortation, unlike that of the former class, is not addressed Heavenward, but to man. The entire hymn can only be considered devotional so far as the two successive lines of meditation and pious resolve make it so.

Of such instances, I find in the *Church Psalmist*, 9 out of 1190:—in the *Prayer Book*, 4 out of 401:—in the *Bible*, none.

The proportion, then, is the following:—

*Church Psalmist*, 1 to 100;  
*Prayer Book*, 1 to 100;  
*Bible*, none.

R. S. W.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## MUSICAL NEWS.

NEW YORK.—Opera has luxuriantly flourished this week. The audiences at the Academy have been overflowing, dressy and brilliant in the highest degree, while the performance of *Semiramide* has surpassed everything in the way of opera we have yet had in this country. The majestic and resplendent Grief, (no one who has seen her in *Semiramide* will consider these terms unwarrantable) has so looked, and so acted, as to exhaust all the adjectives and superlatives of everybody's praise.

Really, really, we have had an opera!

The public is already gladly aware, that Mr. Hockett is to give us a few nights more of performance, now that he has resumed the operatic charge again, ere the company leave for Boston.

—English opera with Middlemas and troupe, has also been more flourishing than usual at Niblo's. *Sonnambula* has followed attractively on the heels of the *Syren*.

—The first concert at the Academy, which we were not able to attend, came off on Saturday evening to about 1,200 persons, under the auspices of Messrs. Dodworth and Bristow.

—Another concert is announced for Thursday evening, in the same locality, by Father Cumming, the musically-distinguished and otherwise very accomplished pastor of the new Catholic church in 28th street: the proceeds to be devoted to the church debt.

—A tenor singer of acknowledged high reputation, wishes a situation in the choir of a church in New York or Brooklyn. Address F. Z., Musical World office.

—The Harmonic Society are to give the *Musical* in the Church, of the Divine Unity, on Christmas Eve.

Boston.—The performance this week has been (as our friend Dwight tells us) a concert by the Musical Society with only half an average audience, "but the best performance, on so large a scale, of any yet given in Boston"—also the oratorio of *Uriah*, by the Handel and Haydn Society—a concert by Mr. Millard, the newly-returned and admirable American tenor—also a second chamber concert by the Quintette Club—and finally, a performance by the Orchestral Union to a large audience in the Music Hall.

The English Opera has been *Sonnambula*, *Maritima* and *Crown Diamonds* by the French troupe, to rather "less than average houses."

Washington, D. C.—Miss Juliana G. May, of Washington city, the most careful instructor for several years under the best masters of Naples and Vienna, has commenced big career as a professional vocalist. She recently made the most successful debut at the third concert of the Philharmonic Society of Verona. A letter from that city dated Sept. 1, says: "A slight timidity marked her delivery of the first few notes, but after she sang consecutively and without the least embarrassment, having become accustomed to the gaze of the large audience. She was very reputationally applauded and repeatedly encored. The managers of the Society presented her with flowers, and every mark of approval was liberally bestowed. Miss May has been engaged to appear as prima donna assoluta of the opera of Verona, fifteen nights commencing this month. The part assigned for her first appearance is that of "Isabel" in *Robert le Diable*. Of her success there can be no question."

## FOREIGN.

London.—The *London Musical World* says, one thing is certain, that the greatest loss by the unaccountable flight of Miss Crivelli is the young lady herself. As there is nothing like figures to support arguments when questions of interest are at stake, we shall state what we know to be the inevitable forfeit from her strange precipitation—unless, indeed, redeemed by a retreat, for which a channel has been generously left open to her. By visiting the terms of her engagement with the Grand Opera. Miss Crivelli loses—first, 100,000 francs; second, 20,000 francs, damages; interest to the theater, for her

pointing the public, and leaving the management no alternative but to return the money; third, 50,000 francs for the remaining four months, the half of her first year's engagement; and fourth, 100,000 francs for her second year's engagement, and two months of her *engag* which had been purchased by the theater with a view to the Exhibition of 1889—not less than 20,000 francs voluntarily resigned through her abrupt departure from Paris, her engagement being of course no longer valid. Lastly, a penalty of 1,000 francs, twice a week, is incurred by her absence from her post—the terms of her treaty providing that she should sing eight times in a month, or forfeit 1,000 francs for each night's delinquency—thus adding a further sum already amounting to 10,000 francs to her losses. Let us add up the items.

Débit	-	-	100,000 fr. (£4,000)
Dommages	-	-	20,000 fr. (£800)
Salari	-	-	200,000 fr. (£8,000)
Fraisités	-	-	10,000 fr. (£400)
Total	-	-	£33,800 fr. (£13,200)

Meanwhile, two things may be relied on.—Madlle. Crullvill has not yet been found; and though, according to some she is but an indifferent singer and actress, the Grand Opéra in Paris, the first lyrical establishment of the world, cannot get on without her, for want of another as good. This is at least suggestive. Sig. Verdi, moreover is no bad judge, where his own music is at stake. He counted his new opera expressly for Madlle. Crullvill, after hearing her first in *Ernani*, and then in the *Huguenots*; he declared to his friends that the opera was his very best, and that the part intended for Crullvill was the finest he had ever composed; he played the music over to her a few days before she so unexpectedly quitted Paris, and composed and prime donna were equally exultant—she with her part, he with his expense; and, lastly, when he heard of her departure, he abruptly withdrew the score of his new work, and would hear of no other prime donna. Sig. Verdi may be right or may be wrong; but we can vouch for the extent of his regard for Madlle. Crullvill. The chances are that the composer of *Ernani* and *Huguenots* knew very well what he was about, and had no need to consult the critics of the press, either pro or con. He was acquainted with every European genre of eminence, and he preferred Madlle. Crullvill to them all; and moreover setting up his expressed opinion, he deprived the theater of his opera which he had composed, not for the *Académie Impériale de Musique et de Danse*, but for Sophie Crullvill. We applaud his choice, and trust that he may still be lucky enough to obtain her, and that she may reap the advantage of "swelling" a first original part from the pen of a composer so much in vogue. M. Meyerbeer, too, is somewhat casting up all the world knows; but let the Opera acquiesce in M. Meyerbeer. "Where to the *Africain*?" and his answer is stereotyped.—Where is Crullvill?—M. Verdi, in a conversation with a very intimate friend of the prime *dame* and of her family, expressed himself, in conclusion to the following purport.—Let Madlle. Crullvill return to Paris and resume her post, and all shall be forgiven and forgotten. Her money and other property, upon which the government has laid its hands, shall be restored to her; the debt, the damages *into* her, the penalties shall be paid; Verdi shall give her his opera; Meyerbeer will promise her his *Africain*, and she shall be received with open arms, and a *grand concert* for her world's welcome.

The celebrated composer, Meyerbeer, having presided at the *reprise* of his *Etia de Nord* at the Opera Comique in Paris has returned to Berlin, where it is said that a new interview of three millions of francs (£120,000) awaits him.

BROADWOOD'S PIANOFORTE IN THE CRIMINAL.—An extract from a letter dated the Criminal, October 14, says:—"In every valley there are good cottages and villas. You enter a house with all the accommodations of an English gentleman's, pier glasses, pictures, libraries. Broadwood's grand pianos, all broken to pieces, and this not done by us, nor of our own delectable Cossacks!"

The crowd assembled to welcome M. Jullien to England on Monday night was immense, and the welcome was spontaneous.

On Wednesday, Madame Anna Thibaud made her first appearance for three or four years in England, and was received with distinguished favor. She sang the "Ronde des Merveilles" from Meyerbeer's *L'Etia de Nord*, and the American melody, "The Old Friends at Home." Mad. Thibaud was in good voice, and sang with charming taste. She was overwhelmed with plaudits and bravo.

On Saturday last, the announced Military Fete in the Tyne Palace in aid of the "Patriotic Fund" now raising a total of our eastern armies and their dependants, took

place with an amount of success well worthy of the cause. The building began to fill from an early hour, and by two o'clock the number present had reached its climax; there having been then admitted, according to the best accounts, nearly forty thousand people. The great attraction of the day was furnished by the performances, combined and separate, of eleven thousand military bands besides the permanent band of the Crystal Palace.

A letter in the *Debat* gives a less distressing account of Rossini's health than the one recently published. It is written by his physician, and is as follows:—"Florence, October 12th.—The news that I can give you is altogether good and consolatory. Rossini had indeed suffered much during the long illness with which he has been afflicted for the last seven months, and even now it would be too much to say that he has perfectly recovered; but as to the lucidity of his mind, I can assure you that the illustrious convalescent is, and ever has been, as intelligent as when he gave his great works to the world.—The doctor, Francis Uccelli."

Baren Viger, now Madlle. Crullvill's husband, is the son of Baren or Count Viger, whose father endowed the city of Paris with the immense bathing establishments upon the Seine which bear his name, and who, under Louis Philippe, was a member of the Chamber of Deputies, and afterwards Minister of France. It was to the Baren Viger that the Duke de Fitz James addressed one of the most important notes ever procured by that proud and witty representative of the Parisian aristocracy. Count Viger, towards the close of the debate, had been engaged in a slight discussion with his formidable colleague. It would appear that two or three rather sharp expressions escaped his lips; so that when his interlocutor left, he thought himself bound to run after him and beg pardon for the warmth he had displayed. He came up to M. de Fitz-James in the cloak-room, where the Duke was just about to put on his palmot. At the first word pronounced by Count Viger, the Duke interrupted him with the question: "I beg your pardon, M. Viger, have you come to help me dream?"

Paris.—At the Grand Opéra, *La Ninna Sgarbiata*, has been repeated several times.—M. Meyerbeer has left for Berlin.—By the way, there is a malicious report current among musicians that, after a grand dinner given by the celebrated maestro, two of the guests, a well known musical instrument-maker and an ex-musical publisher, had a very lively dispute on the Boulevard des Italiens, and that, after indulging in a number of by no means flattering personalities, they eventually came to blows.

Berlin.—Gluck's *Orpheus* has been repeated.—Madlle. Johanna Wagner, Madame Koster and Herr Schubert exerted their lives, so on the former occasion, to the utmost and their efforts were duly appreciated.—Among the musical events of last week, the opening of the *Sinfonia Sinfonia* is worthy of especial notice. The first place in the programme selected by Herr Capellmeister Taubert, was Schubert's symphony in C major. It was played here once, eight years ago, but was new to the majority of the audience.

Cologne.—Herr Ferdinand Hiller has been spending the vacation at the Rheinische Musikschule in St. Geron, whence, among other compositions, he has written a "Lorelei" for solo voice, chorus, and full band. The poem itself is from Herr Wolfgang Müller.

Herr Wagner's *Tannhäuser* has been produced, Herr Hoffman playing the principal part.

Frankfort-on-the-Maine.—Herr Adolf Hesse, the organist, has given several organ performances lately, with great success.

Freiburg.—Madlle. Anna Zerr will play a short round of characters in November. She will be accompanied by her sister Madlle. Minna Zerr, who has been prosecuting her professional studies in Stuttgart.

Stuttgart.—Miss Arabella Goddard, the young and eminent English pianist, gave one last evening, under the immediate patronage of the Court, and supported by the choir of Stuttgart. Unfortunately a telegraphic message arrived in the morning announcing the death of the Queen of Belaria (reported to be from cholera), which prevented the attendance of the immediate *attaches* to the court; so that the room presented a most brilliant appearance, and the concert went off with great credit, under the coadjutorship of our respected Capellmeister, Herr P. von Lindpainter, and assisted by Mad. Marlow and Herr Pischek, as recitatives. Miss Arabella Goddard created a *furore* by her performance of Mendelssohn's O minor concerto, in which she was most ably accompanied by a first-rate orchestra.

Trieste, Austria, 30th B-p-t.—Alfred Jaell, the cele

brated Flautist, Compositors Tr. Arden gave a concert last night at the Teatro Grande, at which the enthusiasm was so great that he was recalled thirteen times during the evening. The house was crowded, every ticket sold at 4 p. m. Jaell possesses the greatest breath, strength, and with elegance, purity of touch and feeling, and his compositions are very interesting and elegant. His *Fantasia on La Fuglia del Regimento* and on *Norme* were received with thunders of applause.

## MUSICAL CORRESPONDENCE.

New York, Dec. 4th, 1884.

Dear M. "World!"—I take the liberty of asking you to read in calling the attention of Mr. Nixie, to the discomfort and fatigue persons experience while sitting in the seats at Fialgo's Garden, owing to their being so narrow, and the absence of foot boards. As to the width of the seats, I suppose there is no remedy for that, but they might be made more comfortable by placing a narrow board to rest the feet upon, and it would take very little room. Last Saturday morning at the Philharmonic Society's Concert rehearsal, some of the ladies present were so uncomfortable on this occasion that they made up their mind not to try it in the evening. But I did not like to forego this pleasure, and concluded to do the best I could for myself, so I took off my cloak, rolled it up and placed it under my feet, to the great surprise of the people seated near me. Fortunately it was cloth, or I could not have done it. As I heard my neighbors complaining in every kind of exclamation, I cast my eyes over the parquet and recognized you. At once the thought suggested itself that you might be able to give the parties concerned a gentle hint in regard to this matter, and oblige your fair and un-fair readers: among which I subscribe myself. C. W. B.

Boston, Mass.

LETTER FROM OTTO BRESEL.—[We take the liberty of publishing part of a private letter we lately received from our accomplished friend Bessel, who has lately returned to Boston from his European trip; for which liberty we trust he will pardon us.]

I was sorry that I did not see you when I arrived from Europe, (by fortunate chance on board the Canada and not the Arctic) as I passed through New York; but I spent but few hours there, hoping at the time soon to make a longer visit in your city. At Boston, however, I found so much to do, that it was obliged to give up my intention, and I am now chained by about twenty or more pupils.

I made a very satisfactory and pleasant trip; less in the character of a tourist, to see the country, which in those parts was nothing new to me, than to see my relations and artistic friends. I saw about a week in London, more than a fortnight in Paris, a fortnight in Frankfurt; saw List at Weimar, remained more than a week at Leipzig and spent a few days at Cologne, Düsseldorf, and on the Rhine.

As for musical enjoyments abroad, I had only private ones. List played to me a whole afternoon, I had a very charming time with Robert Franz and pleasant hours with Ferd. Hiller and Steph. Heller at Paris; but I heard no concerts; and especially speaking I am not very fond of, (particularly bad ones)—and the opera. Tannhäuser, which I saw at Frankfurt, and Robert I saw at the Grand Opéra in Paris, were nothing in comparison with the treat which the famous Rasch gave me at the French Comedy. For such enjoyments it is worth while going to Europe now and then. Perhaps I may after all yet come to New York in the course of this month, and then we will talk it all over.

PHILADELPHIA, Dec. 5th, 1884.

EDITOR MUSICAL WORLD.—Your correspondence of J. S. B. and "Amateur" have hitherto kept your readers so well informed on musical matters here, that it is almost impossible to communicate anything new. But as we noticed in J. S. B.'s last letter, a promise to notice more freely some of our prominent amateur associations, the thought has been suggested, that it might be well to furnish through your columns, a short history of one of the largest and most promising among us; thus giving him some correct data upon which to base any remarks in regard to performance, &c., that he may deem it proper to make. The "Amateur's Philharmonic" was organized in September, 1853, under circumstances of the most unfavorable character, as regarded a rapid increase of membership, by seven gentlemen, who met from week to week for mutual improvement in the practice of instrumental music. Among this number, was included the present esteemed

conductor, Mr. Reed: to whom much of the present prosperity is due, from the entire interest he has ever manifested in its behalf. The selection of their presiding officer, Mr. G. Combs, was also calculated to give strength and efficiency to their organization; and while manual qualifications have been regarded as of great importance in applicants for admission, moral and social qualities have not been overlooked and sacrificed to superior musical abilities alone.

We had the pleasure of attending the annual meeting of this association a few weeks since, and there gleaned from the official reports the necessary condensed and imperfect sketch we are now presenting, and as we glanced back over the short space of one year, we could not but feel a degree of satisfaction at the success that has marked their short history; numbering as they do twelve varieties of instruments, distributed among twenty-four performing members. One noticeable feature of their organization, (unfortunately so often wanting in similar associations) and which must strike the casual observer, is a feeling of perfect unanimity and deference to the wishes of the conductor, pervading the entire membership, which must stimulate in musical success. Our best wishes shall attend the "Amateur's Philharmonic" in the efforts they are thus making to cultivate and promote a taste for the highest standard of instrumental music. The officers for the present year, consist of the following named gentlemen, most of whom are well known in business circles here. President, Gilbert Combs, A. M.; Vice President, Wm. Brown; Secretary, J. B. Mollard; Treasurer, J. H. Mischenor; Conductor, Edgar Reed; Librarian, C. S. Fisher; Managers, Alfred Page, Chas. Lanning and O. H. Davis. Yours truly, MUSICUS

ALBANY.

We are rehearsing from the MS. of *Maestro's the Part*, which is in the hands of Mr. Page. I believe the Old Folks are to give another concert soon. Your humble servant is to play at a concert to be given by Mr. Rexford of Buffalo, in December. Meers Coburn, Owen, and Niles Gilbert are to take part.

A. H. W.

St. Louis.

EDITOR OF THE MUSICAL WORLD.—The waters of music have come in like a flood on this western metropolis for the last fortnight. Madame De Vries, Paul Julius and the Italian Opera have each spread their sails to catch the popular breeze. On Sunday evening Madame gave a concert comprising selections from the *Saint Mair* and the *Mars of Romani* to an audience of at least fifteen hundred: the devotees of Apollo evidently outnumbering on that evening, those of the cross. Paul Julius is truly a great boy, with as much violin playing in him as would overrun most grown-up men. Whether there is any of that aerial faculty which with the aid of paper and ink will live when that cunning hand has turned to ashes, remains to be seen. Nostril, when younger than he, had produced works which still live. I myself have a set of sonatas which he wrote at eight years. August Gockel at the piano, is certainly a fair specimen of the Dryschek school. While hearing him I could not help but think that the profusion of notes he poured forth might be condensed or transmuted into a little of the above named ethereal substance, which causes Bach and Beethoven to live forever, while Dryschek and all his disciples will endure but for a night. Of the Opera, I will ask you a question suggestive of many others, from the nature of which you will see that New York does not enjoy a monopoly of all the musical art and charity of this favored country. What do you think of Mosart's *Don Juan* with an orchestra of two violins prime, and other instruments to match? A friend of mine says there was but one, which point I contest with him. A teacher of the pianoforte here, has so far turned traitor to the beauty and dignity of his profession as to offer an outrage to a young lady of fifteen, his pupil. Her father forbade him.

Writing to the *Musical World* an increasing series of usefulness

I remain truly yours, CLIO.

SPARTANBURG, S. C.

DEAR MUSICAL WORLD.—Our South Carolina "Mocking Bird," (Miss Ellen Brennan) has been upon the wing during the warm season, among the shady bowers of the upper part of our State; at times upon the mountains, at times in mountain towns, such towns as Greenville, Spartanburg, Anderson, &c., where life and fashion is always seen; charming with her sweet, bewitching voice, the crowds of music loving people who attended her concerts. Of her last two, one was given at Spartanburg, the other at Greenville; where her voice was the complete echo of

Madame Sontag's. We will send her on soon to spend the winter with you, that you may give her voice a few more of your magic touches, for we have not forgotten how much you did for her last winter. Yours truly, R.

VENICE, October, 1866.

Everywhere in Italy they give Verdi's opera, *Il Trovatore*, which is graceful and pretty, but of no musical interest after you have heard Wagner's opera. In ten days I leave for Milan, intending to arrive at Leipzig about the 10th of November, there to play at the Gewandhaus Concerts. The latter part of the winter I shall spend at Paris, and hope then to be able to give you some interesting musical news.

ALFRED JABL.

O. H. C. Troy:—We have been obliged to postpone your letter till next week in consequence of the fresh matter sent.

H.—Springfield. It is difficult to learn musical composition from any book now published. Carry's treatise, published by Oliver Ditson Boston, will best answer your purpose. Of the three examples sent No. 1. should have the measure filled with single sixteenths in the bass, instead of crotchets. Otherwise, No. 1. 2 and 3 are all right.

### INNER-EDITORIAL BUDGET.

#### POEMS AND BALLADS:

By Gerald Massie. Printed from the third London edition. New York: J. C. Derby, 110 Nassau st.

The name of this young English poet is not unknown to American readers; and the magazines and newspapers having given us, from time to time, specimens of his productions. He is the son of a canal boatman, was bred in a hovel, and at the age of eight years toiled in a factory for the weekly pittance of 1 shilling 8 pence English money. Yet, from this situation, and that of errand-boy, which he afterwards filled, he raised himself to the Editorship of a Journal written entirely by working men. He was but twenty-one years old when he commenced this periodical, which was called the "Spirit of Freedom." He is, as might be expected, peculiarly the poet of the poor. Yet the following lines will show that early hardships have not soured him:

There's no dearth of kindness

In this world of ours;

Only in our blindness

We gather thorns for flowers:

Outward we are spurning—

Trampling one another!

While we are truly burning

At the name of "Brother!"

There's no dearth of kindness

Or love among mankind.

But in darkling loneliness

Stood the heart's great grief bled:

Full of kindness' tongues

Soul is shut from soul.

When they might be mingling

In one kindred whole:

There's no dearth of kindness.

That 't is he suspects,

From the heart it burning

Rainbow-smiles in token—

That there be none so lowly,

But have some angel-touch

Yet, nursing love unlovely:

We live for self too much:

As the wild rose bloweth.

As runs the happy river,

Kindness freely floweth

In the heart forever.

But if men will hanker

Ever for golden dust,

Kingliest hearts will canker.

Brightest spirits rust.

There's no dearth of kindness

In this world of ours;

Only in our blindness

We gather thorns for flowers!

O'er which God's best giving

Falling from above:

Life were not worth living.

Were it not for Love.

#### TOWN AND COUNTRY:

Or Life at Home and Abroad, Without and Within Us. By John S. Adams. Boston: J. Buffum, 23 Cornhill.

A very readable collection of miscellaneous verse and prose; the latter chiefly in the narrative form. We take as a specimen of the book, the Old Tree and its Lesson.

There is a story about that old tree; a biography of that old gnarled trunk and those broad spread branches. Listen.

Many, very many years ago,—there were forests then where now are cities, and the Indian song was borne on that breeze which now bears the sound of the Sabbath bell, and where the fire of the workshop sends up its dense black smoke, the white cloud from the Indian's wigwam arose,—yes, 'twas many years ago, when, by the door of a rough, rude, but serviceable dwelling, a little boy sat on an old man's knee. He was a bright youth, with soft blue eyes, from which his soul looked out and smiled, and hair so beautiful that it seemed to be a dancing sunbeam rather than what it really was.

The old man had been telling him of the past, had been telling him that when he was a child he loved the forest, and the rock, and the mountain stream.

Then he handed the lad a small, very small seed, and, leading him a short distance told him to make a very small hole in the ground and place the seed within it. He did so. And the old man bent over and kissed his fair brow as he smoothed the earth above the seed's resting place, and told him that he must water it and watch it, and it would become a fair thing in his sight.

'Twas hard for the child to believe this, yet he did believe, for he knew that his friend was true.

Night came; and as he lay on his little couch, the child dreamed of that seed, and he had a vision of the future which passed with the shades of the night.

Morning dawned, and he hastened to water and to watch the spot where the seed was planted.

It had not come up; yet he believed the good old man, and knew that it would.

All day long he was bending over it, or talking with his aged companion about the buried seed.

A few days passed, then a little sprout burst from the ground; and the child clasped his hands, shouted and danced.

Daily it grew fairer in the sight of the child, and rose higher and higher. And the old man led him once more to the spot, and told him that even now would the body of his little sister rise from the grave in which a short time before it had been placed, and rising higher and higher, it would never cease to ascend.

The old man wept; but the child with his tiny white hand brushed away his tears, and, with child-like simplicity, said that if his sister arose she would go to God, for God was above.

The mourner's heart was strengthened, and the lesson he would have taught the child came from the child to him, and made his soul glad.

A few weeks passed, and the old man died.

The child wept; but, remembering his good friend's lesson, he wiped away his tears, and wept no more, for the seed had already become a beautiful plant, and every day it went upward, and he knew that, like that, his sister and his good friend would go higher and higher towards God.

Days, weeks, months, years passed away. The plant had grown till it was taller than he who had planted it.

Years fled. The child was no more there, but a young man sat beneath the shade of a tree, and held a maiden's hand in his own. Her head reclined on his breast, and her eyes upturned met the glance of his towards her, and they both bled in one.

"I remember," said he, "that when I was young, a good old man, who is now in Heaven, led me to this spot, and made me put a little seed in the earth. I did so. I watched the ground that held it, and soon it sprang up, touched by no hand, drawn forth, as it would seem, from its dark prison by the attractive power of the bright heaven that shone above it. See, now, what it has become." It shuddered and shivered as God planted in my heart a little seed. None but he could plant it, for from him only emanates true love. It sprang up, drawn up by the sunlight of thy soul, till now thou art shadowed and sheltered by it."

There was a silence, save the rustle of the leaves as the branches bowed assent to the young man's words.

Time drove his chariot on; his sickle-wheels smote to the earth many brave and strong, yet the tree stood. The winds blew fiercely among its branches; the lightning danced and quivered about and around it; the thunder muttered forth its threatenings; the torrent washed about its roots; yet it stood, grew strong and stately, and many a heart loved it for its beauty and its shade.

The roll of the drum sounded, and beneath a tree gathered crowds of stalwart men. There was the mechanic, with upturned sleeves and dusty apron; the farmer, fanning himself with a daisy straw hat; the professional man and trader, arguing the unprofitableness of "taxation without representation."

Another roll of the drum, and every head was uncovered as a young man ascended a platform erected beneath a tree. In a soft, low voice he began. As he proceeded, his voice grew louder, and his eloquence attracted his auditors.

"Years ago," said he, "there were an old man and a young child. And the child loved the man, and the man loved the child and taught him a lesson. He took him by the hand, and, leading him aside, gave him a seed and told him to plant it. He did so. It sprang up. It became mighty. Independent it stood, sheltering all who came unto it. That old man went home; but here stands the child, and here the tree, great and mighty now, but the child has not forgotten when it was small and weak. So shall the cause we have this day espoused go on; and though to-day, we may be few and feeble, we shall increase and grow strong, till we become an independent nation, that shall shelter all who come unto it."

The speaker ceased, and immediately the air resounded with loud shouts and hurrahs.

The struggle for independence came. Victory ensued. Peace rested upon all the land, but not as before. It rested upon a free people. Then, beneath that same tree gathered a mighty host; and, oft as came the second month of summer, in the early part of it the people there assembled, and thanked God for the lesson of the old tree.

An old man lay dying. Around his bedside were his children and his children's children.

"Remove the curtain," said he. "Open the window. Raise me, and let me see the sun once more." They did so.

"See you yonder tree? Look upon it, and listen. I was a child once, and I knew and loved an old man; and he knew and loved me, and led me aside, placed in my hand a tiny seed, and bade me bury it in the earth, and I did so. Night came, with its shade and its dew; day with its sunshine and its showers. And the seed sprang up,—but the old man died. Yet, ere he went he had taught me the lesson of that seed, which was, that those who go down to the earth like this, will arise like this, towards heaven. You are looking upon that tree which my friend planted. Learn from it the lesson it hath taught me."

The old man's task was performed, his life finished, and the morrow's light lit the pathway of many to his grave. They stood beneath the shadow of that tree; and deeply sank the truth in every heart as the village pastor began the burial service and read, "I am the resurrection and the life."

## SARA, THE JEWESS.

Translated from the French for the Musical World.

"No," said the Jew Fleischohn, one Sabbath evening, striking with his fist on the copper table, "no, I will never suffer my daughter to mount the stage to amuse with her pirouettes the idlers of Berlin. A dancer! By Abraham, my girl a dancer, when young Aaron asks her in marriage, and she might to-morrow be the wife of the first horse dealer in Mecklenburg!"

"But," replied his wife, "she might make a fortune by it, and there is nothing to prevent her living honestly, although the ladies of the theater have not the best reputation."

"Silence!" exclaimed Fleischohn, "do you know any dancers who are not living Babylonians? I would rather be obliged, like our great patriarch, to sacrifice her with my own hands, than to permit her to enter upon such a life. The daughter of Fleischohn a public dancer!"

"But, my friend," resumed the mother, "the Book of Samuel, which the churches call the Book of Kings, says that David danced before the ark."

"He danced there," replied the old Jew solemnly, "to celebrate the praises of the Lord, and his grave and measured dance had no resemblance to that which your Sara wishes to practice."

Three months after this conversation, the great theater of Berlin was filled to its utmost extent. The orchestra commenced, the curtain rose, and hands of Nymphs and Loves, dancing with garlands opened the piece. At the end of the third act Sara appeared. She was tall, with black hair, and of a slender, graceful form. For a century nothing so beautiful had appeared on this stage. All the European powers, in the person of their ambassadors, were filled with the most lively enthusiasm. It might have broken the equilibrium and peace of Europe, but for the following incident.

At the moment in which the young debutante, after having a long time evaded the pursuit of a zephyr, fell exhausted into his arms, a man whose costume was not at all mythological, with a long beard and a broad brimmed hat, advanced from the side scenes, seized the young girl by her robe, which was torn in his hands, and exclaimed:

"Wretch! would nothing stop you? must you disgrace yourself in the presence of all Berlin? 'Tis well—in the face of all Berlin, I curse you; and I pray to Heaven that you may die in shame and misery. I curse you," he repeated; and though he was not in the least an actor, never did a paternal malediction upon the stage produce such an effect.

At this terrible apparition Sara became ill, and two soldiers of the royal guard seized the intruder and hurried him out of the theater. The manager could not comprehend the anger of this man, with whose daughter he had just signed one of the most advantageous engagements which had been made for ten years. The European powers were a little deranged in their respective plans by this unforeseen interruption; among the women there was but one voice; the debutante was possible, but she must have been a very abandoned girl to cause such grief to so respectable a father. The people of the *parterre*, who at first were touched by this scene, when they recovered from their emotion de-

manded, that their money should be restored to them, seeing that the play hills had said nothing about a father, and they had come to see a ballet, and not a domestic drama.

On returning home, the father and daughter were both seized with a fever, a natural consequence of the violent emotions they had experienced. The daughter was but seventeen years old, and life was yet strong within her, but to the old father decaying nature had long threatened dissolution. It came at once. They bore him to the Jewish cemetery without the gate of the city, on the road to France, and, when two months after Sara passed along the road in the carriage of the Ambassador, she could not help thinking of her old father and his malediction. But as no voice came from the tomb to repeat the curse, in less than a quarter of a mile she had ceased to think of it.

The smooth road, the luxurious carriage, the rapid motion, the society of the Ambassador and his young secretary, the thought of the brilliant future which awaited her in Paris, where dancers are held in honor as virtues were formerly in Rome, completely absorbed her.

In the midst of her extasy, the carriage began to increase its speed. Soon the cries of the postillions and the more and more rapid revolutions of the wheels, showed them that the horses had taken fright, and that they were in danger of overturning. If it had happened in France, where, thanks to the state of the roads, carriages are used to such accidents, the peril would have been less serious, but in Germany everything is done conscientiously, and, if a vehicle is overturned it is rare that the unfortunate proprietor escapes without broken ribs. The result in this case was according to custom, the carriage was overturned, dragged some distance by the horses, and then left in a ditch. The Ambassador had a leg broken, the secretary lost half of his teeth, the young Jewess, drawn from a ravine in a pitiable state, was transported to a neighboring village. The surgeon of the village took charge of her, and, under the pretext that he wished to save her life, inflicted the most horrible sufferings. During the night which followed this torture, she became delirious, spoke of her father, of Berlin, of Paris, of diplomacy, of *pas de deux*, and in the morning breathed her last.

The next day, Sara the dancer was extended between two layers of earth, and the widows commenced their work.

For the Musical World.  
FOROOTTEN BARDS.

NO. I.—BY EL MEDICO.

SILKEE, OSBORN, L. CUNWAY BLAKE, AND MC DONALD CLARK.

It is but a few days since that we took up a green covered book with the following title:—*Poems: Moral, Sentimental and Satirical*, by Silkeek Osborn. We thumbed over this volume, and read many of the poems with deep pleasure. And who was Silkeek Osborn? He was the Editor of a Jeffersonian Paper in the town of Litchfield, Connecticut; was handled rather roughly by the opposing party, who, after much stratagem succeeded in throwing him into prison for some pretended seditious act against the government. He still, however, with the aid of his party, kept up his paper, and wrote politics and poetry in a prison sanctum. The following is a very good specimen of his style.

MORTALITY AND IMMORTALITY.  
What is this body?—Graggle, frail.  
As vegetation's tenderest leaf,

Transient is the fugal gale,  
And as the fading meteor—brief  
What is the Soul?—Eternal mind;  
Unlimited as thought's vast range;  
By givelling matter unconfined;  
The same, while States and Empires change.

When long this miserable frame,  
Has vanished from life's busy scene,  
The earth shall roll, that sun shall beam,  
As though this dust had never been.

When suns have waned, and worlds outline,  
Their final revolutions told,  
This soul shall triumph over time,  
As though such orbs had never rolled.

Another, of an equally poetic temperament, but with far more education, depth of thought and polished expression, was J. Convery Mack. He was not only one of the ripest scholars in English and the Classics, but he was one of the best linguists in the city. He spoke Italian, French, Spanish and German with equal fluency, and his prose and verse showed a mind in the highest state of cultivation. The following Epitaph on a Fish, written and handed to his friend, is perfect of its kind and shows how well he could manage a trifling subject, and even clothe it with dignity.

#### EPITAPH ON A FISH.\*

Here lies, embosomed in the grassy earth,  
Far from the sparkling stream that gave him birth,  
One, whose brief life, without a vice or flaw,  
Unswerving followed nature's perfect law,  
Lured from his crystal home by tyrant man,  
In joyous attitude his race he ran;  
Till summoned by the stern command of death,  
In anguish he resigned his little breath;  
His plying master scoop'd this tiny grave,  
And gave to earth the tenant of the wave.

And who has not heard of Mr Donald Clarke, the mad poet?—One of the most erratic sons of genius that ever lived or held a quill? Affecting to look like Byron, (and certainly there was some faint resemblance) he flattered himself into the belief that he was almost, if not quite, his equal in thought and power of expression. This vanity we will forgive him, and quote some stanzas that are sufficiently beautiful for any writer of verses. Who can read and not admire the following, written on a young lady he met casually in Broadway: after praising every grace and feature of whom in the most glowing hues he throws off this pretty conceit:—

And then thy little crimson lips,  
Two roses on a maiden stem;  
How many sweet and secret trips  
Will memory take, to visit them!

This poem is in his first book of poetry, published in 1822, entitled the *Etirer of Moonbeams*: which contains many beautiful gems of thought. Among his many wild rhapsodies we meet with this exquisite little couplet, in an

#### APOTHEOSIS TO EVENING.

When twilight draws her magic round,  
And pins it with a magic stain.

Also, in a poem in answer to a lady who told him he had lost the world's good opinion, he has the following:

I owe the world no friendly debt,  
Nor hath it aught I ought to prize;  
I've lost its smile without regret,  
And pity too much dole to despise.

Mr Donald Clarke was simple as a child in his nature, and as gullible; just before his death he was publishing, in numbers, a wild irregular Poem, entitled, *Afara*, and was also filling the Poets corner of the *Daily Herald*. To these *chancepieces* we shall refer in a subsequent paper, he issued another work entitled *Poems*, by Mr Donald Clarke, which was published by J. W. Bell, of Ann street, in 1830: this was quaint and peculiar, but far inferior to his first

\* A friend of the writer had come in possession of the fish, which he put in a glass globe where he kept it until it died, when he buried it with all pomp and ceremony. The Epitaph was the result of this pious rite.

volume. But the poor poet has ceased to strike his wayward lyre, and his songs seem like their author, almost forgotten. He sleeps by the sylvan water of Greenwood, in a most picturesque and beautiful locality, now known as the "Poet's Mound."

#### THE IRON COUNT.

When I was a youngster, at the University of Heidelberg, I struck up a strong friendship with a fellow student, a young Hungarian, son of Count Kuno. He had often urged me to go home with him and visit his family, and at the end of one of the terms, when we had a long vacation before us, I determined to accept his invitation and accompany him. So, down the Danube we sailed, till we reached Pest, where we left the river, and by dint of hard travelling for some days, penetrated to the old Count's residence in the interior. It was a gloomy old castle, built round a quadrangle, and which seemed to have remained unchanged since the Crusades. In fact, I don't believe it had been altered, for the successive Counts of Kuno had vegetated in its dreary stone halls without dreaming of any change, until they were compelled to remove to the family vault.

However, the old castle had an attraction. Living with the old Count was a young daughter, the pride of his life. To me she seemed marvellously beautiful, and in three days I had fallen deep in love with my friend's sister. For you know, Count, in those times I was young and foolish, and had not yet learned the valuable lesson, that the part of our system which requires most cultivation, is the stomach, not the heart. However, there was some romance about it, and even now I can recall the beautiful tableau presented by the group in the evening when they had gathered around the fire. I used sometimes to go to the end of the long hall to see the effect produced as they sat about the huge fireplace, the fugal light from which fell upon them. There was such a fine contrast between the old Count, with his white hair falling upon his shoulders, the manly figure of my friend, and the graceful beauty of the daughter. Then, there was the great stone hall, with its high arched ceiling, the walls hung with old armor, or the antlers of long departed stags; and we used to sit round the long evenings, and listen to the Count's stories of his own adventures and ancient family traditions, until we seemed to be living back some centuries in the middle age. For Hungary, you know, even to this day—and thirty years have passed since then—retains more of the characteristics and customs of old feudal times, than any country in Europe. The graceful civilization of the French, and the intellectual freedom of my own country, had not yet penetrated beyond the Danube.

It amuses me in these days, when I think of my efforts to present myself in the most agreeable light to the young lady. I was very devoted and very lachrymose, and by no means backward in setting forth my own merits. This, however, was the rock on which I split. I fell into my own trap, and ended my courtship with a grand flourish, which presented a beautiful instance of the bathos, for few persons could descend with more rapidly than I did, from the sublime to the ridiculous; and it was in this way that I effected it.

One night we were talking round the fire, when the conversation turned, as it did this evening, on ghosts and spiritual influences. The old Count, of course, with all the prejudices of the last age, was an implicit believer in them. I, on the contrary, took the other side, and expressed my utter disbelief in anything of the kind, although, to tell the truth, many of my professions were rather insincere, for education and contact with the world had not yet saved me above such follies. However, I talked so boldly and expressed such willingness to be subjected to any test, that the old Count at last proposed one.

One side of the quadrangle of the castle was formed by the chapel—an old Gothic building, dimly lighted by narrow lancet windows, and beneath which many generations of the Counts of Kuno were buried.

Over this was the armory, filled with antiquated suits of armor, once worn by those now sleeping beneath the building in the stone vaults. These suits were ranged round the armory, as you see them now in the royal armory in Vienna, standing up as if they still contained their former occupants, so that the whole hall seemed filled with the old warriors. Among them was the armor of a gigantic old knight, a former Count of Kuno, who in the sixteenth century was celebrated for the terrible cruelties he inflicted on those members of the Reformed Faith who fell into his hands. He was known through the land by the name of "The Iron Count," and at last was out off with on a hunting expedition, it is supposed by the hands of his old adversaries. His armor stood at the end of this hall, his gauntlets resting on the hilt of a huge two-handed sword, as if he was leaning on it; and the proposal of the old Count was, that I should demonstrate my courage by going up, alone, that night to the armory, and bringing away this sword from the hands of the Iron Count.

I confess I by no means liked the proposal. In spite of all my vaporing, I had at that time an insidious dread of the supernatural. The Iron Count had left a bad reputation behind him; strange voices were heard in the apartments he once occupied at one end of the castle, so that they had not been inhabited for a century; the servants affirmed that he was seen at night in the chapel beneath which he was buried, and that part of the edifice was always avoided by the household after dark. However, there was no help for it, my honor was at stake, the young lady, I thought, smiled when her father made the proposal, and there was no alternative for me but to go. So I put a bold face upon the matter, and at once set out, though my heart beat considerably faster than usual as I crossed the quadrangle, and I would much rather have declined all more intimate acquaintance with the Iron Count, and remained by the hall fire.

I crossed the chapel rather hastily, not stopping long to look at the marble monuments, on which the recumbent figures of knights and ladies looked ghastly, as the moonbeams fell upon them through the narrow lancet windows. At one end of it was a tower, through which a stairs wound round and round till it reached the armory above. Up this I traveled, with no light but that of the moon, which struggled through some slits in the wall, until I reached the armory. The wind, too, had risen, and moaned and sighed about the tower, as if the spirits of all the heretics the Iron Count had dispatched to the other world, were coming to visit him. At times, too, as it swept through the narrow openings in the wall, it seemed to shape itself into articulate sounds, which, to my excited imagination, had the sound of "Kun-uo! Kun-uo!" as if they were summoning him to come forth and join them. By the time, therefore, that I reached the armory I was in rather an excited state of mind, and had a much higher respect for ghosts than my talk in the hall would have led me to believe.

The armory was in the same dim light, part of it involved in total darkness, with here and there a moonbeam shooting through the window and just lighting up a suit of armor, as it played upon it. However, I felt my way across and at last reached the effigy I sought, which I approached with a much greater respect for the Iron Count than the moral character he bore on earth entitled him to receive. I began to have some doubts as to my reception, or how he would like my seizure of his property. Yet I disengaged the gauntlets from the hilt of the sword and was just bearing it off, when suddenly, as my very feet, there seemed to be a series of steps below me, as if an earthquake was taking place below me. I dashed me about frantic back I rushed through the hall still, however, retaining my hold on the long sword, and fairly precipitated myself down the long stairs. How I got down without breaking my neck, I never knew. The wonder is that I had not landed on the sword I still carried, and thus ended my career. In less time than I have taken in telling it, I

had reached the quadrangle;—across this I bounded like a maniac, brandishing the long sword, when, suddenly, I heard a shout—then what seemed to me a couple more claps of thunder, bang! bang! and then, I knew nothing more. I was just as insensible as the Iron Count.

When I came to myself, I was lying on my bed, with the whole Kane family gathered round me apparently formed into a committee to restore suspended animation. It seemed that at the foot of the armor I had attempted to rifle, was a pyramid of large cannon balls piled up. The base of this I must have touched while disengaging the sword, and down the whole structure came, echoing through the hall with a sound, which in any theater would have been a very good representation of thunder. The noise, besides driving me distracted, aroused one of the game-keepers, who came out into the quadrangle just in time to see, by the dim light, a man rushing across it brandishing a huge sword. He halted me, and no answer coming, fired two pistols in succession. Fortunately, neither ball touched me, but the noise completed my fright and scattered the few wit I had left, and down I fell, to the great alarm of my good hosts, whom the noise had brought out of the hall."

"And the young lady?" said Count Volkener.

"Did she, like Desdemona, love you for the dangers you had passed?"

"No, she did not. The truth was, it ended my courtship. I felt I had outlived the Heroic Age, with her, and shortly after emigrated back to Heidelberg. She married, some years afterwards, a great, broad-shouldered Hungarian Magyar, and has now, I am told, a son six feet high. Lucky escape for me! wasn't it, Count? How could I float about, as I do now, just as the humor seizes me, this month here, the next in Paris, the next in Naples, if I had Madame and divers little Graciosa to take care of. And as for settling down at Kuno Castle, I should have died and been long since laid by the side of the Iron Count, with whom I wanted no further acquaintance. Good people, those Hungarians, very! but utterly ignorant of the noble science of cookery. You could not get up in all Hungary such a dinner as we have had to-day, at the Stadt London. When I was young it made no difference. My taste was utterly unformed. But as I grew older, it would have been fatal."—*The Pioneer*.

#### MISCELLANIES.

—The Andalusian peasant is a model of temperance; he eats very little meat, and scarcely drinks any wine. After a hard day's labor, instead of resorting to a glass or jug for refreshment and relaxation, he tunes his guitar, and exercises his voice. Night comes on and the song begins. He and his companions form a circle, and at the head place the compans, that is, the Spanish national instrument; each of the assembly sings a couplet, always to the same air; sometimes they improvise and, if there be among them any who can sing a romance (which is not uncommon), he is listened to with religious silence. The music of the national romance, though melodious, is a relative rather than a song, and very much partakes of the style of performance supposed to have been practised by the ancient jongleurs.

—Bogge, the celebrated hair doctor, gives an authority for saying that the number of hairs found on a square inch of the human scalp are as follows: Of flaxen hair, 727, of chestnut 648, of black 580. Black hair is the coarsest.

—A London paper states, that since the battle of Alma the different military depots of London, in Pall Mall, Charing Cross, Piccadilly, and Knight's bridge, have been thronged with old men, women, and children, seeking news of their brothers, sons, husbands and fathers in the Crimea: Many a heart-rending scene follows as the announcement "dead" or "wounded," is made by the clerk in charge. More than two thousand homes in England are destroyed by this one "glorious victory."

—Messrs. J. W. Stillman and J. Durand, of New York, propose to issue on the first of January, a new weekly Art Journal entitled *The Crayon*, with a view as is indicated in the prospectus of furnishing "a medium between those who have studied and desire to instruct and those who have admired and desired to learn." An exchange says:—"It is intended to enlist as contributors the most competent writers in the several departments in the graphic arts, at home and abroad, and their discussions are not to be confined to the purely instructive development of the principles of art, which will extend even to its incidental relations in the matter of dress, music, drama, and all things in which 'Beauty makes approach to our unpoetic lives.'"

"—It is not perhaps generally known"—as the penny-liners say, when they are about to furnish a shilling's worth of the very latest news—that there exists in London a regular body of professional dog stealers. The members of the fraternity are understood to keep a secretary to conduct their correspondence, as well as a large tanning establishment, to prepare for the leather market the hides of such animals as are not ransomed by their owners. The dog stealers recently took the savage way to work on the fears of an old lady whose pet had fallen into the hands of "the trade," and who had shown some reluctance to lay down the sum of eight pounds, which had been demanded as the price for the restoration of the favorite. The owner of the delicate animal received one morning by post the tip of her dog's ear, with an intimation that the entire animal would be forwarded to her by post in the same minute instalments unless the money were forthcoming, and that on the next day the parties who sent the letter proposed to drink each other's health in a cup of dog's nose. Rather than submit to the infliction of homeopathic doses of anguish composed of infinitesimal morsels of her lost favorite, the lady at once sent the sum demanded, and received her dog minus the loss of his ear on the day following.—*Punch*.

—The great hams in the note A on the second space; the death-watch ticks at the owl's hole, in B flat; the bawling of beavers is in F; that of the housefly F in the first space; the bumble-bee is one octave lower; and the *door-bell* or *claffer-bug*, in D below the line.

—Every man who lives in a house, especially if the house be his own, should oil all the various parts of it once in two or three months. The house will last much longer, and will be much more quiet to live in. Oil the locks, bolts and hinges of the street door, and it will shut gently with luxurious ease, and with the use of a small amount of force. A neglected lock requires great violence to cause it to shut, and with so much violence that the whole house, its doors, its windows, its very floors and joists, are shook shaken, and in time they get out of repair in all sorts of ways, to say nothing of the dust that is so dislodged every time the place is so shaken. The incessant banging of doors, scraping of locks, creaking and screaming of hinges, is a great discomfort. Even the bell wire cracks should sometimes be oiled, and they will not more certainly with such gentle force that there will be little danger of breaking any part of them. The castors of tables and chairs should be sometimes oiled, and they will move with such gentle impulse and so quietly that a sleeping child or an old man is not awakened. A well oiled door lock opens and shuts with hardly a whisper. Three pennyworth of oil used in a large house, once a year, will save many shillings in locks and other materials, and in the end will save many pounds in even the substantial repairs of a house, and an old wife living and sleeping in quiet repose will enjoy many more years of even temper and active usefulness. (Housekeepers, pray do not forget the oil. A stitch in time saves nine, and a drop in time saves pounds.—*The Builder*.

#### GLEES.

—Rev. William Jay in his Autobiography, just published, in speaking of the benevolent disposition

which influenced the character of Rowland Hill, adds in a note: "He had what was called a *Froggery* and *Toadery* at the bottom of his orchard, where he said these poor creatures could marry and be given in marriage, and live an unpersecuted and merry life."

—It is strange that fishermen should be better off than they are, when the moon, we are told "fringes the waves with silver," and no one but themselves there to pick it up.—*Punchnello*.

—A gentleman traveling inside a coach, was endeavoring with considerable earnestness to impress some argument upon a fellow-passenger who was seated in the same vehicle, and who appeared rather dull of apprehension. At length, being slightly irritated, he exclaimed: "Why, sir, it is as plain as A B C!" "That may be," quietly replied the other; "but I am D E F."

—Does it ever strike over-zealous people that they are executing a very thankless office in "brushing the dew off the grass," when the grass doesn't care a rush about it?—*Punchnello*.

—Death—An ill-bred fellow, who visits people at all seasons, and insists upon their immediately returning his call.

—The grave—An agly hole in the ground, which lovers and poets wish they were lig, but takes uncommon pain to keep out of.

—Friend—A person who will not assist you because he knows your love will excuse him.

—Tragedian—A fellow with a tin pot on his head, who stalks about the stage, and gets into a violent passion for so much a night.

—Dentist—A person who feds work for his own teeth by taking out those of other people.

—The following curious advertisement appeared in a Western paper:—"Whereas, at particular times I may importune my friends and others to let me have liquor, which is hurtful to me, and detrimental to society—this is, therefore, to forbid any persons selling me liquor, or letting me have any on any account or pretence; for if they do, I will positively prosecute them, notwithstanding any promise that I may make to the contrary at the time they let me have it."

—Sam. Julius, when you mislead your dog, how did you find out what he was to?

Julius. Why, you see Sam, I was walking at do north end do other day, and saw a large string ab passengers hangin' outside do door ab a butcher's shop. I walked by two or three times, and do fourth time I halted—lor, goth a'mighty, Sam, do way dem passengers curled up was kamshun to dis child. I didn't want to hurt do men's feelings, but I knew what had become ab do dog.

—There is an old lady in this village so full of sympathy, that every time her ducks take a bath in the mud gutter, she dries their feet by the fire, to keep them from catching cold.

—Why is a colt getting broke, like a young lady getting married? Because he is going through the bridle ceremony.

—"I can marry any girl I please," said a young fellow, boasting. "Very true," replied his wagish companion, "for you can't please any."

—While Dr. Samuel Johnson was courting his intended wife, in order to try her, he told her that he had no property; and moreover, he once had an old uncle that was hanged. To which the lady replied that she had no more property than he had; and so to her relative, although she never had one that was hanged, she had a number that *deserved* to be!

—"Mary, you are very naughty this morning," said a kind old lady to a little girl whom she had taken under her care; "but you must learn your lesson. I will have you to find you a good girl. Mary was left in tears, and the tears had given place to smiles, and Mary, running up to her aunt, exclaimed, in great glee, "Dear aunt, kiss me! for Mary will never be naughty again; Mary has burned that naughty book which made her so naughty this morning."







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So softly bright!  
How sweet the bow'r  
Where sleeps my cradled flower.

*Happy Bayadere*. Page 159.....Bochsa

Oh! gaily now I'm singing,  
A dancing Bayadere.

*Silence! silence!* Page 130.....J. L. Roethen

Silence, silence, make no noise or stir,  
For in you bower there above,  
Sleeps my gentle lady love.

*Oh! she was good as she was fair*. P'ge 127. Balfe

Oh! she was good as she was fair,  
None, none on earth above her.  
As pure in thought as angels are,  
To know her was to love her.

*The Last Greeting*. Page 106.....Schubert.

Adieu! go thou before me,  
To join the seraph throng;  
A secret sense comes o'er me,  
I tarry here not long.

*The Home of Youth*. Page 105.....Bellini.

Come to the home of youth, dearest love;  
Come to the shade of childhood's tree;  
Sweet are the winds that whisper above,  
Here we will ever happy be.

*Hearts and Homes* Page 102.....Bloomley.

Hearts and homes—sweet words of pleasure,  
Music breathing as yet fall;  
Making each the other's treasure,  
Once divided, losing all.

*Dreams*. Page 205.....Hodges.

Oh! I have had dreams, I have had sweet dreams  
Of childhood's bright and sunny hours,  
When I wandered all day, by the sparkling  
streams,

And on'd for my mother, the gay wild flower's.

*Thy name was once a magic spell*.  
Page 3.....Miss Cowell.

Thy name was once a magic spell,  
By which my heart was bound;  
And burning dreams of light and love  
Were wakened by that sound

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A song that is destined to great popularity  
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"I ever held this sentence of the Poet as a canon of my creed: that whom God loveth not, they love not Music."—T. MONLEY, 1580.

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(Office 257 Broadway.)

17-of Volume X.]

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, DEC. 23, 1854.

[195-of whole Number.]

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Editor and Proprietor, 257 Broadway, New York.

## SPECIAL NOTICE.

TO SUBSCRIBERS AND EXCHANGERS.

When we announced, a few weeks since, that we would supply our subscribers for the new year, we commenced with January 1st and thereafter, with portraits from our gallery of celebrities, in advance of the subscription time, we did not at all foresee the great demand for these portraits, or the very unusual increase of our subscription list. We must now, (for a time only) give for quarter. The stock of portraits, which we had supposed quite sufficient for the emergency, is now for the most part exhausted. We have no more Beethovens or Webers or Mendelssohns—there has been a great run upon them. The Madame Sontag supply would also have been insufficient, had we not foreseen, in a measure, the demand for this, and provided an extra number of copies: we have had a greater call for Sontag than any one else.

We have now in preparation a large supply of all the portraits announced and shall be able to furnish every subscriber with the engravings of his choice during the month of January, or at latest, in February. The names are all registered as the subscriptions come in, and the portraits sent for, noted; so that there will be no possibility of a mistake. The paper will be immediately sent of course.

Our exchanges, and the press generally, who to so unexpected and courteous an extent have copied our circular, and become entitled to portraits, will please to take notice of the above and, for a time, possess their souls in patience. They will, of course, immediately receive the paper.

## TRIFLE-BUDGET.

Madame Grisi says, that she cannot accustom herself to the ladies' bonnets at the opera. It seems to her just as though people sent their servants to hear her sing instead of coming themselves.

We hope that this hint may not be lost upon the fair Bostonians, whom Grisi is now about to visit, but that they may hood themselves well, this cold weather, and then fully display their symmetrical phrenologies as soon as they arrive within opera-dresses. Grisi herself certainly makes every sacrifice to the properties of things. Last Monday night, when the cold was excessive without doors, and ladies kept on their furs and gentlemen were not comfortable without the entire length of their modern sartou-continuations within doors, Grisi was on the stage in bare arms and unprotected shoulders; and only slipped on a mantilla for a moment, while encoined behind the piano with Mario, where she was directly exposed to a cold draught of air from the side-scenes. Indeed, how Grisi or any body else can bear the exposure of the stage and the multitudinous cold currents issuing therefrom, we are at a loss to know.

Nario puts his hair in the middle—therefore our young New York gentry are beginning to do the same. Even those who have not the courage to come up to the decided center of things, are *siding* up to it. The seam of division upon the head is gradually creeping up, and the youthful caputs we see at the opera have less the one-sided appearance heretofore imparted by wearing most of the hair on one side, but begin to get into shape. We trust that the balance and equipoise thus secured outside will be realized also in the interior arrangements.

Speaking of the cold, if the toes of our shoes were cut into five several compartments, one for each individual toe, with stocking underneath to match, these isolated pedal extremities, thus imprisoned upon the Philadelphia-penitentiary-solitary-system, would have a realizing sense of the sufferings of their distant cousins at the other extremities—the fingers. In cold weather is there anything colder than a glove?—such an arrangement upon the foot would be intolerable. The toes would be no more able to stand this solitary imprisonment, than (according to Dickens) the poor subjects of the Philadelphia cells are.

Now, why run the fingers into moulds thus, as though to make ice-cream, or any other frozen thing out of them? Contiguity—close proximity

is the only true principle of keeping warm; as we have found in all the New England sleigh-rides we have ever taken. Thus, the only proper cover for the hand, in winter, is a *mitten*. In a mitten the thumb alone is the imprisoned culprit, and he can stand that kind of penance better than his colleagues, and gets used to it. But, just as the toes are allowed to keep cozily together in a stocking, so the fingers ought to be allowed to do—not in a stocking, exactly, but in its close counterpart, a mitten. One has only, on a cold day, when each individual finger has gradually changed into a kind of cold, congealed-meat, just to let the anthers curl up for a warm moment into the palm of the hand, without taking off the glove, to experience how blessed a thing it is in this world to keep pleasantly near to each other.

In that freezing Greenland realm, the city of Boston, where an unspeakable cold drives the inhabitants into all kinds of desperate invention; where one of their streets goes by the inevitable name of *Winter street*, and where they valiantly endeavor to soften its asperity by calling the lower continuation of it *Summer street*, they have one excellent and comfortable thing—a mitten. At least, the gentlemen are provided therewith. The *Ladies* perhaps, oftener give, than wear, the mitten: on this point, however, we are by no means prepared to speak "of our own knowledge."

Last winter, then, supposing that New York could not possibly be outdone by Boston in all the comforts and amenities of life; knowing, also, that in our State of New York the *Auburn* system of gregarious imprisonment was the accepted and popular one, in preference to the solitary Pennsylvania system, we went into a certain furnishing store in Broadway, under the New York Hotel. The fashionable young man in attendance, upon our inquiry for *mittens*, looked vacantly at us for a moment; but, soon recovering from the shock, remarked with calm suavity, that we should probably find the article mentioned on the *Bowery side* of the city—he doubted if we could procure it in Broadway.

We felt reproved. But repressing our inclination to threaten the youth with an editorial visitation, we went on our way, a wiser, though not a warmer, man.

By the way, it always seemed to us a painful fact, that musical people, particularly pianoforte and violin players, suffer more from cold fingers than any body else. An extraordinary amount of sensibility, is, of course, concentrated in the fingers; for

the soul has to flow out there; and, as a general thing, no doubt, is mourning about the digital extremities of pianists and violinists for egress. Therefore, musical people are all particularly interested in the mitter-question.

NEW YORK.—*Norma* and the *Barber of Seville* have been the operas of the past week at the Academy. The attendance has been small but the enthusiasm great. We are always afraid to begin to "let on" as regards the singing and acting of Grisani and Mario. It is so superlatively fine, that one is irresistibly drawn off from his standpoint of critical watchfulness and transported into the realms of ejaculation and superlatives. In fact, who would wish to criticize, when heart, and eye, and ear, and intellect are fully and perfectly satisfied, and we feel that we could receive no more of pleasure if they could impart it to us. Thus we felt at the performance of the *Barber of Seville* and therefore we are constrained—to let criticism rest and say nothing more about the opera this week.

The *Fyae Opera Troupe* has returned to the Broadway Theater, after a successful engagement at Boston. On Monday night they gave us *Fra Diavolo*, which has not been heard in this city for many years. There was a very large audience present, who manifested great satisfaction at the manner in which the leading singers acquitted themselves. Miss Fyne was, as usual, excellent in her part, "Zerlina," winning many a round of applause. Mr. Harrison was very fair, and made great generous encouragement. Last night the *Green Diamonds* was given, and to-night we have the *Beggar's Opera*.—*Tribune of Wednesday.*

—The English Opera at Niblo's will go on, with moderate success. The choice between Italian and English opera with the several troupes appertaining, is so entirely disproportioned, that we wonder English opera is able to sustain itself at all. That it is able to do so, in our opinion, a favorable symptom for English operatic performance.

—The Harmonic Society give the *Messiah* on Christmas Eve, at the Academy building. The solos will be sustained by Mrs. Stuart, Miss Brainerd, Sig. Badiali and Mr. Johnson. This will prove a most interesting and delightful performance. We bespeak an overflowing house. The Academy Trustees have made a very generous arrangement with the Society, and we trust that both will realize that pecuniary advantage which ought to follow upon all generous and liberal action of this kind.

## OUR PSALMS AND HYMNS.

NO. IV.

### CLASS IX.—*Exhortation.* (1)

With one consent let all the earth  
To God their cheerful voices raise;  
Glad homage pay with awful mirth  
And sing before him songs of praise:

Convinced that he is God alone,  
From whom both he and all proceed,  
We whom he chooses for his own,  
The flocks that he vouchsafes to feed.

O enter then his temple gate,  
Thence to his courts devoutly press,  
And still your grateful hymns repeat,  
And still his name with praises bless.

For he's the Lord, supremely good,  
His mercy is forever sure;  
His truth, which always firmly stood,  
To endless ages shall endure.

In this familiar psalm we have an exhortation to praise the Supreme Being: the exhortation evi-

dently involving the act of praise, and being identical with it. This then is a hymn of worship.

Of such instances I find, in the *Church Psalmist*, 76 out of 1190:—in the *Prayer Book*, 41 out of 401:—in the *Bible*, 16 out of 150.

The proportion, then, is the following:

<i>Church Psalmist</i> ,	6 to 100:
<i>Prayer Book</i> ,	10 to 100:
<i>Bible</i> ,	11 to 100.

### CLASS X.—*Exhortation.* (2)

EXAMPLE.—

Let party-names no more  
The christian world oppress;  
Gentile and Jew, and bond and free  
Are one, in Christ, their head.

Among the saints on earth,  
Let mutual love abound:—  
Hate of the same inheritance  
With mutual blessings bound.

Thus will the church below  
Resemble that above;  
Where streams of endless pleasure flow,  
And every heart is love.

This second form of exhortation is plainly distinguishable from the former, as involving no act of worship—it is not addressed heavenward, but to man.

Of such instances, I find in the *Church Psalmist*, 65 out of 1190:—in the *Prayer Book*, 10 out of 401:—in the *Bible*, none.

The proportion, then, is the following:—

<i>Church Psalmist</i> ,	5 to 100:
<i>Prayer Book</i> ,	2 to 100:
<i>Bible</i> ,	none.

### CLASS XI.—*Instruction.*

EXAMPLE.—

The law by Moses came;  
But peace and truth and love  
Were brought by Christ, a savior name,  
Descending from above.

Amidst the house of God,  
Their different works were done;  
Moses a faithful servant stood,  
But Christ a faithful Son.

Then to his new commands  
Be strict obedience paid;  
O'er all his Father's house he stands,  
The sovereign and the head.

The man, who durst despise  
The law that Moses brought—  
Behold! how terribly he dies  
For his presumptuous fault.

But sorrow vengeance falls  
On that rebellious race,  
Who hate to hear when Jesus calls,  
And dare resist his grace.

A purely instructive hymn. The unsuitableness of so coldly didactic a hymn to music cannot but be apparent.

Of such instances, I find in the *Church Psalmist*, 110 out of 1190:—in the *Prayer Book*, 28 out of 401:—in the *Bible*, 3 out of 150.

The proportion, therefore, is the following:

<i>Church Psalmist</i> ,	9 to 100:
<i>Prayer-Book</i> ,	7 to 100:
<i>Bible</i> ,	3 to 100.

### CLASS XII.—*Instruction, combined with Exhortation.* (1)

EXAMPLE.—

Would you behold the works of God,  
His wonders in the world abroad?  
Go with the mariners, and trace  
The unknown regions of the sea.  
They leave their native shores behind,  
And seize the favors of the wind:  
THU God commands,—and tempests rise,  
That baffle the ocean to the skies.

When land is far and death is nigh,  
Lost to all hope, to God they cry:  
His mercy bears their load above,  
And sends salvation in distress.  
Oh! may the sons of men record  
The wondrous goodness of the Lord,  
Let them their private offerings bring,  
And in the church his glory sing.

The first three verses here are instructive, while the last contains an exhortation to worship; the devotional element being confined to the last verse.

Of such instances I find, in the *Church Psalmist*, 114 out of 1190; in the *Prayer Book*, 25 out of 401; in the *Bible Psalms*, 7 out of 150.

The proportion, then, is the following:

<i>Church Psalmist</i>	10 to 100:
<i>Prayer Book</i>	6 to 100:
<i>Bible</i>	5 to 100.

### CLASS XIII.—*Instruction combined with Exhortation.* (2)

EXAMPLE.—

Not to condemn the sons of men,  
Did Christ, the Son of God, appear:  
No weapon in his hands are seen,  
No flaming sword, nor thunder there.

Such was the pity of our God,  
He loved the race of man so well,  
He sent his son to bear our load  
Of sin, and save our souls from hell.  
Sinners! believe the Saviour's word,  
Trust in his mighty name and live:  
A thousand joys his lips afford,  
His hands a thousand blessings give.

Here, again, we have an instructive and beautiful hymn. But the exhortation in the last verse is in repentance, not to devotion.

Of such instances, I find in the *Church Psalmist*, 34 out of 1190:—in the *Prayer Book*, 10 out of 401:—in the *Bible Psalms*, none.

The proportion, then, is:—

<i>Church Psalmist</i> ,	2 to 100:
<i>Prayer Book</i> ,	5 to 100:
<i>Bible</i> ,	none.

### CLASS XIV.—*Narration.*

EXAMPLE.—

'Tis midnight—and, on Olive's brow,  
The star is dimmed that lately shone.  
'Tis midnight—in the garden now  
The suffering Saviour prays alone.

'Tis midnight—and from all removed,  
Immanent writhes lone, with fear,  
Even the disciple that he loved  
Heeds not his mother's grief and tears.

'Tis midnight—and for other's guilt  
The man of sorrows weeps in blood,  
Yet he, who bath in anguish knelt,  
Is not forsaken by his God.

'Tis midnight—and from other plains,  
Is borne the song that angels know;  
Unheard by mortals are the strains  
That sweetly soothe the Saviour's woe.

Of such instances, I find in the *Church Psalmist*, 9 out of 1190:—in the *Prayer Book*, 5 out of 401:—in the *Bible*, none.

The proportion, then, is:—

<i>Church Psalmist</i> ,	4 to 500:
<i>Prayer Book</i> ,	1 to 100:
<i>Bible</i> ,	none.

These 14 classes complete the classification, so far as there are enough instances to form a distinct class.—This classification of hymns at first view would seem as impracticable as attempting to classify the clouds—so various and changeful are the forms and qualities of each. But, although the cloud-classification has been presented in a simpler shape than that now given of our Psalms

and Hymns, the latter would seem, nevertheless, practicable.

The omitted psalms and hymns, in the three collections examined, are very few in number, and combine variously the elements already enumerated. These combinations are the following:—

*Instruction-exhortation-prayer*: of which are found in the *Church Psalmist*, 9 instances;—in the *Prayer Book*, 5;—in the *Bible*, none.

*Meditation-instruction-exhortation*: of which are found in the *Church Psalmist*, 1; in the *Prayer Book*, 1; in the *Bible*, none.

*Narration-exhortation*: in the *Church Psalmist*, none; *Prayer Book*, none; *Bible*, 3.

*Meditation-exhortation-prayer*: in the *Church Psalmist*, none; *Prayer Book*, none; *Bible*, 2.

R. S. W.

[COMMENTS TO FOLLOW.]

### THE MAGIC VIOLIN.

Translated for the Musical World from the French.

In a small retired street behind the Cathedral in Bremen, Tobias Guarnerius, a musical instrument maker, supported with great difficulty by his labor his old mother, with whom he had lived since the death of his wife.

As he was the only workman of his class in a city which contained many artists and amateurs, who constantly gave him instruments to repair, it would seem that he might have lived tolerably at his ease. But, ten years before the epoch of which we speak, a great calamity had befallen him. One day morning, a fixed idea took possession of his mind, and since then, he had not ceased to pursue it, whatever sacrifice it might cost him.

He had in his possession a violin of Stradivarius, for which amateurs had repeatedly offered him a high price. He fancied that by reproducing with mathematical rigor the form and dimensions of this instrument, by employing a wood precisely like its own, and imitating exactly its very varnish and color, he would be able to produce a quality of sound exactly similar. Notwithstanding all his efforts, there was always some slight difference between the new instrument and the model, infinitely subtle distinctions constituting apparently the superiority which was his despair, and he at last began to suspect in it an element of a superior nature, not yet understood by him.

One day, one of his customers, on bringing him an instrument to be repaired, left by accident a book, which for some time he forgot to call for. At his hours of leisure, which were rare, for when not working with his hands, he was working with his poor head, Tobias employed himself in reading this book. One day, on turning over the leaves, a chapter presented itself with this title, "On the Transfusion of Souls." At reading these words, as if a new revelation had come to him, he leaped up with a prodigious bound, called his mother, and whom he charged to remain in the shop, and to say to any one who asked for him that he had gone out, shut himself up in his chamber, and commenced the reading of the chapter, which in his opinion could not fail to be the most marvellous that ever the pen of a philosopher had brought forth.

Three months have passed. It is the eve of St. Joseph, and the hour of one has been struck on all the clocks of the city. All Bremen is in repose. The shop of Tobias Guarnerius is care-

fully closed, and, least a ray of light should penetrate into this from the back room, a double curtain of thick green serge is extended across the door, which forms the communication between the apartments. These are not useless precautions, for it is a strange work in which the instrument maker is engaged.

In this back room, in which Tobias himself forty years before first saw the light, is extended on a large bed of faded red damask, his old mother, Brigitta Guarnerius. She is dying of a cancer, which has long been undermining her life. Tobias is bending over her, watching her last agonies, listening to the horrible rattle in her throat; not a tear is in his eye, not a muscle of his countenance expresses sympathy with her dreadful sufferings. He is absorbed in the expectation of the last fatal moment.

We have not room for the full account of the scene which follows. We can only say briefly, that the object of Tobias is to seize the soul of his mother, at the moment of its separation from the body, and imprison it in the violin which he has been constructing. Aided by the directions in the book, he succeeds in accomplishing this, but, at the moment of success, overcome by his emotions, he falls fainting on the floor. The story then proceeds.

When he awoke from his long insensibility, the sun had been risen some hours. He felt great fatigue in all his limbs, as if he had just completed a long journey. He had great difficulty in collecting his ideas, and in remembering what had happened. At last, a clear recollection of the events of the night returned. He approached the bed where the body of his mother lay, cold and stiff, and with a hand whose trembling never ceased from that moment, he closed the eyelids. He turned away his face lest his eyes might encounter that of the corpse, but even after the face was covered, he was afraid, for it seemed to him that the facial angle revealed by the white cloth had an expression of reproach and menace.

For two months the mortal remains of Brigetta had been deposited in the tomb, but strange things had taken place at the time of her interment, for whenever in the prayers the priest had spoken of the soul of the defunct, the candles, which burned around the body, had gone out of themselves and thus, under other mysterious circumstances had caused much talk in the city. Tobias was tortured with remorse, but the joy of having realized the hope of his life was stronger still. He had not yet dared to try the instrument, but he knew that a marvellous harmony was concealed in it, for whenever the air passed through it, it exhaled sighs of incredible sweetness. The rumor began to spread, that Tobias had discovered his grand secret, and, every day the multitudes of the city came to his shop, some to laugh at the dreamer, others, with a more serious curiosity, to inquire when the miraculous violin was to be heard; but Tobias always put them off, under the pretext that his work was not finished.

It happened, however, that the heir presumptive of a little principality of Germany passed through the city. Providence, which probably had its reasons for such an arrangement, while destituting him one day to reign had given him all the qualities requisite for an excellent violinist. His reputation as a virtuoso had spread

throughout Europe, and wherever he went a concert was arranged, at which he often did not deign to make his appearance. The Governor of Bremen, having every wish to be agreeable to the illustrious musician, hastened to prepare a musical soirée and sent word to Tobias, that he would like on this occasion to make trial of his new invention.

When all the guests of the grand musical banquet were assembled, Tobias Guarnerius was introduced into the saloon of the governor. The general aspect of his toilette, which was almost antediluvian, and somewhat dilapidated, notwithstanding the unusual care that he had given to it, combined with the awkwardness and constraint of his manner, gave him a somewhat burlesque appearance, but when seated in a corner with his pale face and his eye fixed with unspeakable anxiety upon the virtuoso, who was about to give a voice for the first time to his creation, he was no longer baroque he inspired fear in all who looked upon him.

No words can express the strange effect produced upon the audience, when the bow first set the strings in vibration. The imprisoned soul was afflicted with terrible sufferings, and moaned lamentably. Several have since said, that from the first note, it seemed to them that they were lifted from the earth, and remained suspended in the midst of unspeakable anguish; to others, the sound was so sharp and penetrating, that it seemed to come into immediate contact with the nerves, as if the flesh had been withdrawn, and they were left bare; neither the grief of a mother weeping over her first-born, nor of a young girl deserted by her lover, nor of an artist dying at the completion of his masterpiece, could give an idea of the mournful wail of this child of heaven, treacherously retained on earth, and longing for the repose of the infinite. No one, not even the man who guided the bow over the cords, would have been able to recall a single note of the air, which the violin of Tobias Guarnerius had played; no one could have said whether what he had heard was a melodious song, or a marvellous history, related by a sublime poet, in which was summed up, with admirable art, all the troubles anxieties and sorrows of life from the vague melancholy, which incessantly regrets and desires, to the most positive and cruel sufferings; yet all would have acknowledged, that never before had they listened to or imagined a harmony so deeply moving.

So soon as the song had ceased, and the audience had recovered from the kind of ecstasy into which they had been plunged, every eye was turned towards Guarnerius. At this moment, the artist was so completely predominate over the man, that he had not heard the cry of grief which resounded in the heart of all others present, he was only aware of a marvellous harmony, superior to every thing which the masters of his art had yet realized, and, seeing the problem of his whole life thus resolved, he had fallen on his knees, with his clasped hands extended towards heaven, the tears streaming down his cheeks and his eyes radiant with unspeakable joy. He did not for some minutes perceive the German prince, who shook him by the arm to arouse him from his reverie, and to demand if he would sell him the violin for a thousand crowns.

"My violin! for a thousand crowns?" he re-

pled, looking at the prince with a bewildered air. Was his filial piety indignant at the proposed bargain or did his vanity as an artist revolt at the low estimate of his work? The prince interpreted it in the latter sense, and doubled the sum offered, but Guarnerius replied, that the violin was not for sale, that his fame would be immortal, and that was sufficient for him, but unfortunately for him, he had to do with a man who was not easily discouraged at obstacles. Taking out a pocket book, which contained 12 000 livres in bank notes, and a purse besides filled with gold, he laid them on the table, and cried: "Give me your violin for these." At the sight of such riches, the pride of the poor Tobias, who had never in his life possessed a thousand francs, his filial piety, his pretensions as an artist suddenly gave way. He glanced at the bank notes scattered upon the table, made a rapid estimate of the contents of the purse, then, with the air of a man a prey to the most importunate constraint, he said, "since you wish it, I consent, but, remember, I do not answer for my merchandise, if you are not careful, and any thing happens, I will not undertake to repair it." The prince ordered his valet to carry the violin to his lodgings, took French leave of the Governor and assembled company, and during the whole night, not a neighbor within 300 feet of the house could close his eyes. [To be continued.]

## ROCKETS FROM AN ORGANO-LIFT.

NO. 1.

BY AUGUSTA BROWN.

For me the universe contains no such charmed spot as the organ-loft, for with it are connected my brightest associations from earliest childhood, and in it have been passed my happiest hours. Upon entering a strange church, my eyes involuntarily turn to the music gallery; and if there be not visible an organ, the sorrow, however otherwise impressive, is shorn of its sublimity, and doomed to be for me but "static, flat, unprofitable." The majesty of the organ imparts a richness, a grandeur, a solemnity, an animation, to the church service, which every one whose perception of fitness and beauty is not limited or "divinized to the smallest span," will freely acknowledge. No matter how depressed in mind I may be, it needs but to abandon my spirit to the spell of magnificent harmonies invoked by a masterly hand from a noble instrument, when I am lapped in Elysium, and the evil influences vanish, "melted into air, into this air."

The denizens of the organ-loft seem to me nearer friends than are ordinary mortals, so fully do I sympathize in all the manifold perplexities, trepidations, and oftentimes inharmonious skirmishes, which are inseparable from the idle effort to please everybody, and do oneself justice at the same time. There is an instinctive free-masonry among musicians, which, whatever may be their personal disagreements—and there cannot be free harmony without discords—marshals them together in collective compact to repel any infringement of professional dignity or rights. None but artists can enter into the feelings of artists, and although the friendship of the general community is of serious importance to us for encouragement and pecuniary assistance, yet we feel that they are not of us. There is, probably, not a public performer, who would not rather exert his finest powers to elicit the approbation, or awaken the appreciation of a distinguished brother artist, than that of the most influential amateur present, although interest might forbid the avowal. If none other than the musical profession were auditors at concerts, would any of these sorry trifles which oftentimes draw down the greatest applause on such occasions be introduced? No.

art felt this, felt the absolute need of a sympathetic audience, when, at the age of six years, playing before the Emperor Francis, he found himself surrounded only by court patronages. The little fellow's ardor was damped, and he inquired of the Emperor, "Is M. Wagenseil here? he ought to be here; he understands the thing." Wagenseil was sent for, to whom the Emperor resigned his post near the clavier. "I am going to play one of your concertos," said the boy, "will you turn over for me?" Here spoke the true artist, though not the courtier.

The first of all musical instruments is the organ. Whether it thunders forth the peals of its concentrated might in triumph to the skies, or whether it sighs out a supplication in its sephar-voiced diminuendo, it is alike the monarch of instruments, and therefore the most worthy to be consecrated to the service of Almighty God. The term, organ, in Scripture phraseology, signifies indefinitely an instrument, but the exhortation of David to praise the Lord "with stringed instruments and organs," seems to imply by the distinction, that it was then applied, as with us, to wind instruments only. Like every other superb result of genius and art, it had its dawn of simple infancy. Manner declares the bagpipe to be its true ancestor, and says: "The soubotom generally thrown upon this ungracious child of antiquity, I do not participate in. Although one of the humblest and coarsest, it is the parent of the grandest, the most magnificent, and most complete,—the organ; not without reason called the wonder of art. The bag has grown into the bellows, and two or three pipes into hundreds. The principle upon which the sounds are produced, is in both exactly the same."

In the present improved era of organs, every species of musical effect may be easily produced at the will of an accomplished player, as a first-class orchestra contains indications of various other instruments, forming thereby a complete orchestra. In exact proportion to the growth and progress of the organ itself, have increased its demands upon the skill and genius of its appointed high priest, who, if he possess the spirit and enthusiastic love for his instrument which is indispensable to a development of its powers, will study its individual capabilities, and seek to draw forth its hidden beauties, solitiously as would a judicious master study the peculiarities of a promising and sensitive pupil. Power is not beauty—who ever heard of a beautiful thunder-peal!—neither is he who produces the mightiest volume of sound, the superior player. There is infinitely more true genius displayed in the creation of a work of beauty, than in one of mere strength,—the former depends on the maker, the latter on the material—the one is the achievement of the artist, the other of the mechanic.

In my favorite place of rendezvous, it has been my privilege to meet a variety of musical characters; the grave and the gay; the staid and the whimsical; the modest and the assuming; the qualified and the not qualified, and I have established to my own satisfaction, the fact, that the temperament of a person's mind, will direct itself in his performance, and that the most studied schooling to a foreign manner can never entirely suffice to veil it. A few of the more prominent of these characters I have selected as types, and sketched with a light pencil for my own amusement, and that of my friends.

The man of devout, reverential mind, reveals his character in a rich, earnest style, over which the "dim, religious light" of his spirit sheds a glow like that retiring smile cast by the infant son, as he fondly lingered on the borders of Paradise to list the first responsive song of Adam and Eve. He exults in the religious dissonance—the peculiar glory of the organ—and firmly convicts with Luther that "music is intolerable to devils," thunders out the "subbas, swell every arch and corner of the edifice is thoroughly cleared of these unwholesome intruders. He displays his excellent judgment in the spare use of the shriller and smaller reed stops, and in the avoidance of all tricks resorted to by inferior artists. He is, perhaps, a little bigoted in regard to cherishing old

prejudices in favor of Bach, Handel and Beethoven; but so matter; peace to the echoes of the discreet old gentlemen, honor to their memories; let us hope that they are now employed in nobler harmonies above; while we, on this mundane sphere, enjoy, unmolested, the inestimable privilege of despoiling and torturing their works. Such an organist, despite these little eccentricities, is an invaluable treasure to a church, and adds to it a weight which cannot be too highly prized. He strains lead wings to the worshipping soul, which speed it clinging to the celestial portals. How he ever gets his fingers straightened out of those enormous and knotty figures, must remain a marvel to the uninitiated. Long may he flourish to maintain the dignity of organ-playing, and to "magnify his office."

A man of less religious, of simply poetical feeling, inspired with his own fallacious and radiant fancies, evokes forth witching strains which give eloquent voice to the delight with which every pulse of his own soul is quivering. He also lends wings to the soul, but alas! for their pluming, they soar not higher than the visible firmament, when their action fails, and the unwary adventurer is precipitated down-like amid the billows of secularized thought. By those in quest of mere entertainment—an object unsuited in the house of God—this player is preferred, but the utmost measure of his skill can never strengthen, much less exultate, a noble or holy resolution in the soul. It is like feeding a hungry multitude on confectionery, or trying to warm the hands in a moon-bath.

But, oh! save us from that gloomy, sour-visaged individual, who, draped in solemn black, creeps toward the grand instrument with the air of one going to execution. With a profound sigh he plants one foot upon the very lowest pedal which emits an indefinable sound like the growl of Saint Patrick's angry "serpent" when he found himself in dangerous view. In a few sepulchral notes on the base of the Great-organ, double upon diapason, he unfolds his tale of woe, and having succeeded in infecting as with his misery, which he perceives with a grim content, he closes with a wailing cadence of minor thirds on the swell hantboy, which is the better adapted to his taste because—as is usually the case with that doomed—gravelly-toned of tune, and gifted with a propensity to sphyer. Borrow no wings from him, my dear friends, I pray you, for he sure he will proffer you leaden ones which would accelerate your progress the wrong way. He acquaints us through the medium of his instrument that he is a miserable sinner, an item of information, by the way, quite unnecessary, for no good person ever yet wore a long, dismal face. Were the minister to coincide with him in opinion, none but penitential and funeral psalms, set to minor tunes, would be in vogue, and I am not sure but, did he think he could succeed in effecting his object, he would propose to drape the pulpit and organ-loft in mourning.

Save us from doleful mortals, who, instead of looking ever heavenward, hoping to catch a ray of glory from the unsmiling refuge above, walk gropingly along with bowed heads and veiled life. Let us, rather, as musicians, seek to imitate the example of Haydn, to whom music was an unending source of rapture and happiness. Now such a man as our ingenuous acquaintance, never had a spark of real genius; he has evidently mistaken his path; nature must have intended him for a monk of La Trappe, or a funeral mate. Imagine him, on being requested to play Beethoven's March Fenebre, in the *Bisinfonia Eroica*, replying, with a furtive shake of the head, that he does not approve of light frivolous music on the organ. He seals up the dirge like Postle, with a groan that soars into nimble flight a lingering bay on the gallery stair, and gradually fades out of our sight round the corner of a dark street, into the silent lodging where he rejoins alone like a melancholy sparrow on the house top.

[To be continued.]

## LA NONNE SANGLANTE.

[Plot of the new opera by Gounod, translated for the Musical World from the Gazette Musicale.]

In Bohemia, in the 11th century, two noble lords, the Baron of Luddorf and the Count of Moldau, who had for a long time been enemies, consented at the persuasive voice of Peter the hermit, to lay down their arms and swear brotherhood. A marriage was to be the pledge of this reconciliation. Moldau agreed to give his daughter Agnes to Theobald, the eldest son of Luddorf. But love will not bend to these marriages of convenience. Rudolph, the second son of Luddorf, loves Agnes, and Agnes adores Rudolph. The rash youth dares to proclaim their mutual passion, and thus draws upon himself the malediction of his father. Undeterred by this, he succeeds in persuading Agnes to a secret marriage. She agrees to pass at midnight through the gates and ramparts of her father's castle, in the disguise of *The Bleeding Nun*, an apparition, which excites terror throughout the country, and has often put to flight the bravest. But Rudolph is one of the strong-minded of his time, and treats such apparitions as fables. He does not hesitate, therefore, to give the ring, swear fidelity, and vow himself body and soul to the white phantom, which leaves the castle at midnight, with a veil over her face, and a torch and poignard in her hand, which he supposes to be his well-beloved Agnes. And Agnes it is, but another Agnes, a false one, Agnes the nun, the terrible nun, with the throat dabbled with blood. She returns to the earth to seek vengeance upon her seducer and murderer. Theobald soon after dies, and Rudolph is free apparently to marry Agnes de Moldau, but every night at the stroke of twelve, his terrible bride appears at his bedside. She will release him from her vows on one condition, that he will avenge her. Rudolph promises and the nun is to point out the victim at his marriage feast. This victim is the Baron, the father of Rudolph! Poor Rudolph cannot be married on such conditions. The friends of the intended bride not understanding the delay, attack him with poignards, but the father, struck with remorse, receives the blow destined for his son. His death arranges everything, the vindictive nun even is appeased, and bears him to heaven on a bed of clouds to implore mercy for him from on high, and with this tableau the opera closes.

## MUSICAL CORRESPONDENCE.

PHILADELPHIA, Dec. 5, 1864.

MY DEAR EDITOR:—The anticipated concert of the Harmonia Sacra Musical Society came off on Monday evening, Nov. 25th. The popularity of the society, together with a well selected programme, drew an immense audience. For almost half an hour previous to the time for commencing nearly every seat was filled. On looking up the orchestra I discovered the same old *Maiden*. Not overlooking solo, chorus, and one half of the organ. To every intelligent person this is the height of absurdity. However different persons may be, the distance from the audience is so great as to preclude the necessity of a curtain to hide their blushes: and we doubt not that as soon as the piece is sung, and the applause gained, they silently wish that the soloist was away, that the audience could see who had sung so charmingly. As well might a society set up a tent in the open field and invite the public to stand or sit outside and listen, as to ask them to listen to performers behind that curtain. If any lady or gentleman is elevated to be known as being engaged in contributing to the standard of music by the performance of works by the best masters, I advise them to retire altogether from public life. If you are to hear an actor, you wish to see him also. In order to a just appreciation

you must see the language accompanied with gesticulation and the flash from his eyes. So it is with the stage. You must see his soul depicted in his countenance and expression, the voice, in order to receive the full effect. But this is all lost here. The tone comes out—but from the actor, whose body and those behind the curtain. Having now relieved my mind about the curtain, I intend to go on with my notes.

No. 1, Introductory voluntary, by J. C. Stanbridge.—No. 2, A beautiful chorus, composed by Briery: "Hail to thee," was well and effectively given, by the whole society. No. 3, Soprano solo, *Ave Maria*, by Schubert, sung by somebody behind the curtain. As she was invisible, of course I am not expected to know who, still I fancy that I have, on a former occasion spoken favorably of her, but regret to say that she sang quite flat through nearly the whole of the solo; which, however, received considerable applause, and on repetition was sung much better. The singer has a fine voice, quite well developed. Should the lady give us another opportunity of hearing her, I trust she will insist on allowing herself to be seen.

No. 4, *Treize*, composed by Winter and arranged by Novello for soprano, tenor and bass: but performed on this occasion by two sopranos and bass. Much of the brilliancy was lost by giving the tenor to the contralto, as it threw the part too low for the female voice. It was, however, well given, and favorably received by the audience. The base had an opportunity to display his voice to advantage, showing a good degree of cultivation.

No. 5, Full chorus. *Holy! Holy! Holy!* by Mozart; effectively given and received, with much applause.

No. 6, Solo. *Red's in the cradle of the deep*. Composed by M. A. Although as I remarked before, I could not see through the musquito net, I recognized the voice of Mr. Bishop, and I am willing to confess I never heard it so beautifully managed. His voice seems full and fresh as in his palmist days. He was enthusiastically received, and repeated the last verse.

No. 7, Quartet. *Preis Jochob*, by Mozart, arranged by J. C. B. Stanbridge. This did not please me, and was rather indifferently done. The gentlemen sustaining the base has a good quality of voice, which would richly repay him for cultivating. That peculiar tenor voice was heard again after a long absence: we must say we do not like its quality.

No. 8, Grand chorus. *The Lord is great*, by Bighall. This excellent chorus was well given, and received much applause.

The second part opened with the overture to *William Tell*, upon the organ, by M. H. Cross, Esq. It was executed in his usually good style. I noticed the same fault in his registering which was alluded to in a former article. It was well received: in fact, was received, but I noticed, he played part of the overture to *Frei Schütz*.

No. 2, *The Little King*, from "Anna Bolena," by a lady with a good voice and considerable cultivation.—O. the marquis net!

No. 3, *Plum*, from "Don Giovanni." This delighted the audience, who called for a repetition, which proved even more effective than the first performance.

No. 4, *Sempie pie*, composed by Carafa, performed by two ladies. From the applause, I judge it was very satisfactory to the audience. Had that musquito net been away we would have made some suggestions.

No. 5, *Morning*; its sweets, &c. Composed by Rosini, sung by Mr. Bishop very sweetly, and enjoyed.

No. 6, *Trio from Bazarin*. Mr. Bishop, an amateur gentleman and lady. Certain mannerisms were observable in the base which were not altogether agreeable. These were apparent in forcing his voice from the *serce* to *forte*; especially on the higher notes, descending the scale, and changing the position of the vocal organ and of the mouth in a manner to change also the quality of tone. With this exception it was well rendered.

No. 7, *O luce da quest' anima*, from Donizetti by the same lady who sang No. 2, in the first part.

The concert closed, with a full chorus from the *Gipsy's Warning* by Balfe.—which was warmly applauded.

The whole performance was the best ever offered by the Society. The introduction of secular music into the second part of the concert, seemed to give additional pleasure to the audience: and I think every body felt perfectly satisfied.—I never found that Philadelphia possessed a society that would render in so creditable a manner the works of the best masters.

With one simple suggestion I close these remarks: that the Society will excite a much deeper interest among the citizens if they will dispense with that curtain. Should any decide to leave the Society in consequence, let them

go: two others will come in, to every one's leaving. But we believe there is not a lady or gentleman in the Society, but will have the good sense to comply with this arrangement on a moment's consideration. I understand a new *Oratorio* is to be brought out this season, composed expressly for the Harmonia.

Big Perill's first solo for the season came off on Saturday evening, November 25th. His pupils gave evidence of most rapid progress since last winter. Many of the most beautiful, as well as the most difficult selections from the old masters were almost faultlessly rendered by some of his scholars. The audience was composed of the elite of the citizens, who gave unmistakable assurance of their approbation and gratification. It was pronounced by those who have been accustomed to attend these solos the best ever given. The only unsatisfactory part of it was that afforded by myself. It being my first appearance, I found some difficulty in preserving my equilibrium, and fancied I saw two notes, to every one, an incident to think I mistook notes for the same notes and sang accordingly. Some I hit, and some I missed and others took care of themselves: or rather, Mr. Perill took care of them for me, for which, he has my sincere thanks. Miss Gubert's first Solo came off on Monday evening, Nov. 25th. Being otherwise engaged I could not be present, but it gave much satisfaction. Miss G. is an artist, and an excellent teacher; also a great favorite in Philadelphia.

A new place of amusement has been opened during the last week, in Eleventh street above Chestnut, and opposite Girard. The building, which was formerly a church, has been leased to Messrs. Carter & Co., the interior entirely remodelled and fitted up in the most elegant manner. The floor has been elevated so, that there is not a bad seat in the house. No pains has been spared by the Lessee to make the interior attractive and comfortable. The seats and backs are all cushioned. Mr. Carter's company consists of about 20 members and style themselves Julian's Boutique-Troupe of minstrels. The central and fashionable location will doubtless draw out the first class of citizens. All those who are troubled with the "blues" we advise to go there. If not a sure cure we will venture to say their woes will be alleviated. This company is to Philadelphia, what Christy is to New York. J. S. B.

TACR, N. Y., Dec. 5th, 1864.

Last evening, a full house greeted the first performance, in this place, of the cantata, entitled *Elisus*, in, as Hyman to Liberty, composed by G. Henry Curtis, where vocalists were given to its preparation, and justice complete me to state, that I have never witnessed more prompt and brilliant chorus singing. About fifty voices combined to produce this effect, and it would be well for the improvement of the young vocal talent of this city. If this band of vocalists can be induced to remain united, at least for the present winter, in order to produce a series of cantatas and Oratorios. No doubt, it seems to me, need be entertained of the success of such works, provided the members will be true to themselves, and to the honor of the art which they delight to cultivate. A generous and intelligent community stand ready to encourage them, provided the singers will ignore all minor personal grievances, and stand shoulder to shoulder in the common cause. I may not omit to mention, that the solos in this popular cantata were creditably sustained on this occasion. The parts were filled as follows: Christiansa, Mrs. A. W. Worth; Silly, Mrs. R. W. Lathia; Victor, Mr. Jas. W. Andrews; Secs. Mr. Daniel B. Bell.

The accompaniments were performed on two pianos, by Mr. G. H. Curtis and Mr. T. J. Grey, the latter organist of St. Joseph's Church. Much credit is due the leaders of the choir for their active co-operation in the performance of this Cantata.—I more particularly may be named, Mr. D. B. Bell, St. Paul's; Mr. J. W. Kinnelott, of the 3d Presbyterian; Mr. S. B. Saxton, of the 1st Presbyterian; Mr. Jas. W. Andrews of the North Baptist 1st Church; and Mr. Conant of the 3d Baptist.

On the Sunday evening, a week preceding the performance of this cantata, the Rev. Dr. Embley, pastor of the 3d Presbyterian Church, gave an excellent discourse on the subject of music. The interest on the occasion of its delivery was appropriately enhanced by the singing of Handel's anthem "Hear my prayer," 45th Ps., rendered in an effective manner by Miss Kinnelott in the leading part, with their accompanying, and the evening services were concluded by singing the 100th in unison, the entire congregation and choir joining with full organ accompaniment.

In St. Paul's also, the Rev. Dr. Colt had recently very



agreedly surprised. I joined his congregation with a beautiful and highly original course of music, considered especially in its relation to the church, with occasional allusions to its bearing upon the moral of life. So you see we are not idle in this classically named and classically envied (Mount Ida and Olympus are in the distance) city. May the Sons of Troy press forward in their progress towards a high appreciation of true art, with a courage not unworthy of their ancestral prototypes.

I regret that any remark of mine should cause even that degree of uneasiness in Mr. George Wm. Warren's mind, so fluent to call for a "comical" letter. Mr. Warren is, undoubtedly, a wit, and I do not desire, either by accident or design, to incur the consequences of his ridicule. Let, however, he should deem the last observation more "comical" than true. I beg to state, that my remark "Mr. Warren extemporized in his usual fanciful and somewhat comic style" referred not to the mistake in the poetic playing, for this is common enough, and I did not notice it; but simply to his off-hand, dashing, spiritless, operative, and in view of his unattractively volatile temperament, occasionally comic style. Indeed a man cannot break away from the general current of his thoughts, and Mr. Warren's musical expressions are the natural outgrowth of a heart, (to all outward appearance, at least) free from care, and overflowing in its excess of joy. PHILADELPHIA.

COLUMBIA, GA.

EDITOR OF THE MUSICAL WORLD.—I believe that it is generally conceded, that there is no greater evidence of the progress of civilization and refinement than the gradual unfolding of the Divine Art of Music. Yet, strange to say, there are Christians in this community, who appear to doubt that it is an evidence of anything but wrong, and when consisting of a combination of voices in the form of a choir it is doubly wrong, and if yet more harmonious by the addition of instrumental music, it is sacrilegious, yes, blasphemous. Old David with his harp is looked upon as an Israelite who knew no better, and Luther with his hand organ, exclaiming, "music can drive the devil out of man," is an unqualified enthusiast. Strange that enlightened and religious people should think that God can be praised better by jarring and discordant voices, than by the harmonious blending of sweet voices rising in one melodious volume. Yet there are such people, and some here in the Empire State of the South. In my last I took occasion to speak of the introduction of choir singing into the Methodist Church, very much against the pious wishes of a portion of its members. The result for a long time was uncertain, but after a tedious and protracted discussion during the summer, I am happy to inform you, that it was decided by the "Official Board," the choir should sing. Still it has warm opponents. The clergyman is a man of fine attainments, and a great lover of music. He has done all in his power to forward the good cause, but meets with unwelcome opposition. Here is an example. The church had been unsuccessful in getting up a Revival, and one good man was stating, to me, why there was not more good done was owing to the existence of a choir in the church, as he had never known a Revival to come off where the singing was done by a choir.

GEORGE W. H. H.

ED. OF MUSICAL WORLD.—Engaged here in the midst of the White mountains and far from a Grail and a Marie, it is not at all strange that the World is anxiously looked for each week and its bit of Musical news eagerly devoured. Our performances of music here consist principally of Durang's Hornpipe, rasped out of a sheep violin with more power than melody by our village blacksmith; which is invariably pronounced by an admiring audience to "beat all!" or the arrival of some strapping meadown with a barrel organ as they regale the community at large with a distorted version of the Prima Donna Waltz, or mangled version of the Regiment's Daughter. I am happy to see the many favorable notices of the musical talent of Troy, and glory in being a Trojan. The scenery in this vicinity is fraught with interest to a lover of nature. Mountain cascades and abrupt mountain landscape form the principal features. Noble Mt. Washington near this place, whose summit has been snow capped since the 18th of September, and whose sides are covered with a dense growth of timber and present the many tints of Autumn is 6235 feet above the level of the sea. This place is now rapidly becoming known as one of the most pleasant of summer resorts. Although situated among a set of small savages, mutually speaking, I have one thing which prevents my dying of ennu, and that is the pursuit of your paper, which is invaluable to a person interested in musical matters. C. H. L.

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## INNER-EDITORIAL BUDGET.

We will this week, for those of our readers whose childhood has been entertained and instructed by "Henry and his Bearer," and the "Lady of the Manor," some passages from the recently published Autobiography of Mrs. Sherwood. Speaking of her early life, she says:

The society in which I mixed as a child, was such as to give a decided turn to the thoughts and the tastes. Indeed, as long as I have lived, I have never heard any person converse as my father and mother were accustomed to converse. My mother never suffered her children to interrupt conversation. We were compelled to listen, whether willing or not. My father not only conversed in a superior way himself, but he gave the tone to all his visitors and to all his pupils. I can hardly say how young I was when I got ideas of other countries, and other times, and other modes of life, such as, by the modern style of education, could never possibly be obtained; and this through the simple means of listening to my father's conversation. Whilst this system of improvement was always going forward whenever the family were assembled, there was a private discipline of such undeviating strictness carried on with me by my excellent mother, that it might have appeared that no other person in the world could have been better fitted to bring a mere child of many imaginations under control than was my honored parent. Lady Jane Grey speaks of the severities to which she was subjected by her noble parents. I had neither nips, nor bobs, nor pinches; but I experienced what I thought worse. It was the fashion then for children to wear iron collars round the neck, with a backboard strapped over the shoulders: to one of these I was subjected from my sixth to my thirteenth year. It was put on in the morning, and seldom taken off till late in the evening; and I generally did all my lessons standing in stocks, with this stiff collar round my neck. At the same time I had the plainest possible food, such as dry bread and cold milk. I never sat

on a chair in my mother's presence. Yet I was a very happy child; and when relieved from my collar, I not unseasonably manifested my delight by starting from my half door, and taking a run for at least half a mile through the woods which adjoined our pleasure grounds.

My sister, as a child, had not good health, and therefore she could bear neither the exposure nor fatigue I hid. Hence the reason wherefore I was much alone. From this cause, too, she was never subjected to the same discipline that I was; she was never made so familiar with the stocks and iron collar, nor the heavy tasks; for after my brother was gone to school, I still was carried on in my Latin studies, and even before I was twelve I was obliged to translate my fifty lines of Virgil every morning standing in these same stocks with the iron collar pressing on my throat. It only wanted one to tell me that I was hardly used, to turn this beautiful discipline into poison; but there was no such person to give this hint, and hence the suspicion never, as I remember, arose in my mind that other children are not subjected to the same usage as myself. If my sister was not so, I put it down to her being much younger, and thus I was reconciled to the different made between us.

The following anecdotes of her school days, would almost make us wish her back again to the iron collar and stocks.

I truly believe the larger number of the girls in the highest class of reading were certainly simple and well-intentioned. Some had once there were indeed, and it so happened these were in the room in which I slept; for I had not been in school many weeks, when one night, having gone to bed before the supper in the parlor, which I had the privilege of attending, I was kept from sleeping for some time by a conversation in the next bed, attended by repeated laughter.

I knew that something bad was going on, though I did not understand all that was said. I called out, "I have done with that nonsense, or I will go down and tell of you." "That I am sure you will not," said my neighbor. "I will not," I answered. "If you will let us hear no more of it." There were many other girls in the room, but chiefly silent. "We will not have done," was the reply I received. After one or two more warnings I got up, dressed myself, and went down into the parlor, where I reported the case. Madame St. Q.—, whatever she might have thought or wished, was obliged to take up the affair for the credit of the establishment. The girls were punished by bread-and-water diet for a day or two. Through the Divine favor I never heard another bad word at school, though I not unseasonably observed the breaking off of a discourse between two girls when I came near.

It might be asked, whether it was under the influence of religion that I did this right action, whereby I protected the ears of the little people in the room as well as my own? Really I am unable to answer this question, for I do not think that when at Reading I ever gave much attention to religion; though, through the force, perhaps, of education, I had high respect for it, accompanied by a somewhat delicate sense of morality.

I had heard my parents speak with horror of certain novels, whose names I will not mention. One even lay, in the schoolroom, I picked up an abridgement of one of these old novels. I saw at once that the title was the same as one which I knew my parents condemned. However, the temptation was strong, and I read a page or two. Suddenly, however, a better thought was inspired, and I laid the book down, at the same time, as I believed, unobserved, I lifted up my eyes, saying, "God forgive me for my disobedience." A violent burst of laughter, and a cry from the French teacher to this effect, "Mademoiselle Butt is saying her prayers," suddenly startled me, and I felt more guilty than if I had been detected in stealing, or any other disgraceful act.

The romantic account of the first appear-

ance at her father's house of Henry Sherwood, her cousin, whom she afterwards married, is taken from his own journal. He was in France at the time of the French Revolution, and with great difficulty succeeded in making his escape.

Imagine me, then, dressed like a beggar, with my foraging cap, my old dusty black coat, minus one shirt, with no stockings nor neckerchief, asking admission on a Sunday evening at a neat tea-drinking public house. It was no wonder they would not receive me. Exhausted and heart-broken, within ten or eleven miles of the end of my journey, having gone through so much, and now so unkindly used near home, I fell fainting at the door.

When, after a while forgetting my sorrows, I came to myself, I found that I had been taken into the house and tenderly treated, but I did not dare tell my history there, for I was afraid, though I repeatedly said that I had no need of money.

I recollect they gave me brandy-and-water, and I passed a quiet night, and in the morning I proceeded on foot.

I had been taught by my father that if I showed myself in Coventry in my worn-out dress, that our family would be disgraced forever. My business was now to get to a great-aunt, my grandfather's sister, in such a manner as not to be known hereafter. How foolish we all are! Just as if any persons were thinking of me, or troubling their heads to recognise Henry Sherwood in the travel-soiled, way-worn beggar that I then appeared. The skin being changed, the whole animal was changed also in an instant, for I had not the manners of the beggar. But I was very ill, and I often stopped and rested. Once, whilst leaning against a milestone, a post-chaise passed, in which were two young ladies and a gentleman. The young ladies laughed at me, pointing me out, saying, "See that drunken lad."

"It was very much hurt at this remark; but I met three same young ladies at my grandmother's within the week, and they had no idea I was the same poor wretch leaning against the milestone, and I kept the story to myself."

At Nanstons I bought a pair of stockings, and smartened myself up as well as I could. I at length entered Coventry; but I had now forgotten the streets, and no wonder, for I had not been there since I was seven years old. The street, indeed, I at last found, but not the house. I knew, indeed, where my trustee, lived, for his house was very large; my grandfather had built it, and it was called the Priory, was suitably marked by its iron gates, and its relative situation to St. Michael's and Trinity Churches; but here I was ashamed to go.

My old great-aunt I remembered well, and I walked along the street, looking in at each window to see her; at length I did see her dear old face, and I knocked very lightly and humbly at the door. It was opened, and there stood Susan—Suskey they always called her—she had been in the family before I was born. She did not know me; but was shutting the door with "Go to the mayor, go." "I—I—I am Henry Sherwood," I said.

Of course, I was at once admitted, and at once taken to bed. The surgeon was summoned and he pronounced my disease the scarlet fever, and I lost all recollection for days.

After her marriage, she went to reside in India, where the scene of many of her stories is laid. While there, she visited the world-renowned missionary, Henry Martyn. She thus describes him.

"Mr. Martyn received Mr. Sherwood not as a stranger, but as a brother,—the child of the same father. As the sun was already low, he must needs walk back with him to see me. I perfectly remember the figure of that simple-hearted and holy young man, when he entered our budgery."

"He was dressed in white, and looked very pale, which, however, was nothing singular in India; his hair, a light brown, was raised from his forehead,

which was a remarkably fine one. His features were not regular, but the expression was so luminous, so intellectual, so affectionate, so beaming with Divine charity, that no one could have looked at his features, and thought of their shape or form,—the out-beaming of his soul would absorb the attention of every observer. There was a very decided air, too, of the gentleman about Mr. Martyn, and a perfection of manners which, from his extreme attention to all minute civilities, might seem almost inconsistent with the general bent of his thoughts to the most serious subjects. He was as remarkable for ease as for cheerfulness, and in those particulars this journal does not give a graphic account of this blessed child of God.

"Mr. Martyn invited us to visit him at his quarters at Dinapore, and we agreed to accept his invitation the next day. Mr. Martyn's house was destitute of every comfort, though he had multitudes of people about him. I had been troubled with a pain in my face, and there was not such a thing as a pillow in the house. I could not find anything to lay my head on at night but a bolster, stuffed as hard as a pincushion. We had not, as is usual in India, brought our own bedding from the boats. Our kind friend had given us his own room: but I could get no rest during the two nights of my remaining there, from the pain in my face, which was irritated by the bolster; but during each day, however, there was much for the mind to feed upon with delight. After breakfast Mr. Martyn had family prayers, which he commenced by singing a hymn. He had a rich, deep voice, and a fine taste for vocal music. After singing he read a chapter, explained parts of it, and prayed extempore. Afterwards he withdrew to his studies and translations. The evening was finished with another hymn, scripture reading, and prayers."

We must close our extracts with the amusing account of their disembarkation at Liverpool, on their return after many years in England.

Our party happened to be the largest from the ship, for we had eight children, and we were followed wherever we went by hundreds of the residents of Liverpool. It must be understood we had not a bonnet in the party: we all wore caps trimmed with lace, white dresses, and Indian shawls. As every person was allowed to land a shawl without duty, each little girl had been made the bearer of one for that purpose.—At the quay there were thousands of spectators to welcome us, looking kindly at the fair babies. We walked up with Robinson to the "Talbot," whilst Mr. Sherwood went with the baggage to the custom-house. We did not understand then why we were followed through the streets by such a concourse of people. The little girls trembled lest they and their shawls should be seized, but no one offered to touch us, or anything belonging to us. We were received at the inn with as many expressions of welcome as we had been at the landing-place, and the children excited the same interest. We were led to an upper sitting-room looking on the street, with its paper-hangings and small neat compartments, which was so strange a sight to us, that one of the little girls said "It was like a box lined with colored paper." We ordered breakfast, and when the little creatures saw the fresh rolls, etc., they expressed such joy, that the hostess and her maids, who contrived to keep about us, were convulsed with merriment. The amusement expressed by these little Indians at all they saw was very entertaining especially at the feather beds; and when I threw the baby on one of them and she sank down laughing in it, they quite shrieked, and would have it tried again. The sights seen from the windows, too, the shops and passengers, were an infinite source of delight.

Among our preparations I had not thought of a bonnet, that sine qua non of English attire. The question might be asked, "Had I, in the years of absence from England, so totally forgotten English customs?" and the answer must be, "I suppose that I had."

Facts are stubborn things. I did not think of these said bonnets, nor did I avail myself of the Saturday to prepare them. There are odd people in the world, and ever have been, and I must be content to sit down among them; my conduct on this occasion leaves it without a doubt.

On Sunday morning, June the 2d, we were gladdened by the sound of bells calling the people to church. I should have thought it very wrong, after all our merries, with the memory fresh of the fearful storm of that day foretold, not to have gone to attend Divine service. So, without hesitation bonnetless as we were, I went with three of my little girls to a fine church near the inn, and heard a good preacher. His subject was the indwelling of the Holy spirit. We were put into a seat in the centre of the church—Some odd ladies in Liverpool still talk of the Indian family who appeared that day, looking so remarkable with their Indian shawls and lace caps, being apparently and really unconscious of their outre appearance.

#### ANECDOTES.

THERE was no one of the friends, of Lord Jeffrey's later acquisition, for whom he had greater admiration or regard than Mr. Macaulay; and he testified the interest which he took in this great writer's fame, by a proceeding which, considering his age and position, is not unworthy of being told. This Judge, of seventy-four summers, revised the proof-sheets of the two first volumes of the History of England with the diligence and minute care of a corrector of the press toiling for bread; not merely suggesting changes in the matter and the expression, but attending to the very commas and colons—a task which, though humble, could not be useless, because it was one at which long practice had made him very skilful. Indeed, he used to boast that it was one of his peculiar excellences. On returning a proof to an editor of the *Review*, he says:—"I have myself rectified most of the errors, and made many valuable verbal improvements in a small way. But my great task has been with the punctuation—in which I have, as usual, acquitted myself to admiration; and indeed this is the department of literature in which I feel that I most excel, and on which I am most willing now to stake my reputation."

—Shenstone, a well known English poet, was one day walking through a wooded retreat with a lady, when a man rushed out of a thicket, and presenting a pistol at his breast, demanded his money and the lady fainted.

"Money," said the robber, "is not worth struggling for; you cannot be poorer than I am."

"Unhappy man," exclaimed Shenstone, throwing his purse to him, "take it and instantly disappear."

The man did so—threw his pistol into the water and instantly disappeared. Shenstone ordered his servant to follow the robber, and observe where he went.

In two hours the man returned and informed his master that he followed "the robber to the house where he lived; that he went to the door, and peeping through the keyhole, saw the man throw the purse on the ground, and say to his wife: "Take the dear-bought price of my honesty;" then taking two of his children, one on each knee, he said to them, "I have ruined my soul to keep you from starving," and immediately burst into a flood of tears. Shenstone, on hearing this, lost no time in inquiring into



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Angie Lawrence.	A not beside a hill.
Are we almost there.	Arab steed.
Ab for once, or Prime comes song.	Are Maria.
Bowling enjoy boy.	Blue Juniata.
Burial of Mrs. Judson.	Bonnie Mary Gray.
Be watchful and beware.	By the sea and waves.
Blanche Alpen.	Blot almost a rev.
Come, oh! come with me.	Child's wish.
Chastity.	Get beside the hill.
Come, sit thee down.	Charming May.
Call me pet names.	Chink of gold.

Do they miss me at home.	Dearest, I will love thee more.
Discontent Drum.	Dreams.
Eight dollars a day.	Ever be happy.

Free country.	Free wishes.
Grave of Washington.	Grave of Bonaparte.
God of the faithful.	Go there and dream.

Highland minstrel boy.	Here's a serenade.
Heart's home.	Heather bell.
Homes of my youth.	Happy Bayaderes.
Hour of love.	Had I met thee in thy beauty.

I do Mary.	I'd offer thee this hand of mine.
It is better to laugh.	I would I were a boy again.
In this old chair, I've been roaming.	I am dreaming of thee.

Johny Bunch.	Joe Hardy.
Jamie's on the stormy sea.	

Katy Darling.	Katy did and Katy did not.
Lulu is our darling.	Lilly dear: I've with me.
Lilly Dale.	Let greeting.

Last serenade.	Light sparks.
	Lords of creation.

Make me no gaudy chaplet.	My dream of love is over.
Miller's Maid.	Mountain Bells.
Mary of Arles.	My father comes home mother.

Mountain made invitation.	Molly Bawa.
My night shall on the balmy breeze.	Mountaineers Farewell.
Not for gold or precious stones.	No more.

No never can thy home be mine.	
On the banks of the Guadalquivir.	Oh! charming May.
O! would I were a girl again.	Oh! she was good as she was O! to the bell of glory.

Once I knew a maiden fair.	Oh! home of my childhood.
Panper's Funeral.	Pretty little waltzer.
Petal.	Pretty little Coughing bird.

Prime Donna song.	Pinch and Mough O'Leary.
Remo then art no more.	
Songs that are brightest.	She sweetly sleeps.

Song of Blanche Alpen.	Song of the time.
Silver snow.	Spruence old and gray.
Song of other days.	Serenade of Don Pasquale.

Soft glides the sea.	She's only gone before.
Silence! silence!	Songs of love.
Thy name was once a magic spell.	Thou hast learned to love an- other.

'Twas on a Sunday morning.	There's aigh in the heart.
The return.	Three bells.
'Twas in the glad season.	Take me to my native home.

Vale of Waters.	Through meadows green.
We met by chance.	Willow song.
We miss thee at home.	When the swallows home- ward fly.

Where are the friends of my youth.	Where the warbling waters flow.
We are almost there.	Why do you weep forms.

When the moon on the lake is beaming.	Will you love me thus now.
Yes, the die is cast.	Yes, 'tis true that thy Katy now is sleeping.

Yes! I have loved before.	
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1—of Volume XL

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## OUR PSALMS AND HYMNS.

NO. 1.

REGULAR RESULT OF THIS INVESTIGATION—COMMENTS, ETC.

The analysis and classification of the three collections of sacred song being completed we can now accurately ascertain the amount of devotional element contained in them and the extent to which their contents actually involve worship. As the *Church Psalmist* and *Prayer Book* are doubtless fair exponents of the collections in general use, this result may stand for our entire psalmody and hymnody, while the *Bible Psalms* (in the contrast afforded) will stand for themselves.

The following table of proportions, combined from the preceding classifications, will show, at a glance, the result attained.

### FULLY DEVOTIONAL. [Class 1, 2, 3, 4, 7, 9.]

*Church Psalmist*, 55 to 100:  
*Prayer Book*, 63 to 100:  
*Bible Psalms*, 92 to 100.

### INSTRUCTIVE AND DEVOTIONAL. [Class 4, 5, 8, 12.]

*Church Psalmist*, 23 to 100:  
*Prayer Book*, 15 to 100:  
*Bible*, 8 to 100.

### FULLY INSTRUCTIVE. [Class 10, 11, 13, 14.]

*Church Psalmist*, 17 to 100:  
*Prayer Book*, 12 to 100:  
*Bible*, 2 to 100.

### COMMENTS.

1. This result conclusively shows, that, viewed not only in the light of correct judgment but in direct comparison with the model-collection of sacred song afforded us in inspired scripture, our psalms and hymns PREACH TOO MUCH AND PRAISE TOO LITTLE.

Observe the extraordinary disproportion of devotional element as contained in the *Bible psalms* and our church collections!—and mark how, as we recede from praise and fall into preaching, the *Bible psalms* recede from us—or rather, we recede from the *Bible*. There is no question, I think, that the PRAISE OF OUR CREATOR, which is the legitimate office of sacred, chorally song, has been withdrawn from that Supreme Object, to give place, in far too great a measure, to preaching and instruction: thus, doing violence, first to musical art, by forcing it into a service for which it is entirely unfitted (to instruct and to indoctrinate,) and second, trespassing upon the peculiar office of the clergyman and the sacred desk, whence instruction and exposition are expected naturally to proceed.

2. It would seem, from the above table of comparison, that the *Prayer Book* collection possesses in a much greater degree the devotional element than the *Church Psalmist*.

Since the *Prayer Book* collection was made, the resources of sacred song have been exceedingly enhanced; and many later collections, like the *Church Psalmist*, possess finer hymns: and yet, there is no doubt that the *Prayer Book* collection, (though still far removed from the *Bible standard*) more prominently keeps in view the object of worship; and it begins to be a question, whether fine poetry has not been secured at the expense of true devotion. That there is nothing incompatible in the two is admirably shown in the *Psalms of David*. Hence the duty which is suggested, of a reform in our church collections at the hand of some competent person, who will combine, to a far greater extent than has yet been done, the best poetry with the sincerest devotion.

3. A curious fact has been elicited by this investigation as to the result of thus attempting to verify and force into rhyme the psalms of David. On comparing the verified psalms with the original psalms, the result shows a far less degree of the devotional element in the verification than in the original!

This fact is proved by the following tables, in which the verified psalms (independently of the hymns) of the *Church Psalmist* and the *Prayer Book* are compared with the *Bible originals*:—

### FULLY DEVOTIONAL.

*Church Psalmist*, 55 to 100:  
*Prayer Book*, 58 to 100:  
*Bible*, 92 to 100.

### INSTRUCTIVE AND DEVOTIONAL.

*Church Psalmist*, 27 to 100:  
*Prayer Book*, 19 to 100:  
*Bible*, 8 to 100.

### FULLY INSTRUCTIVE.

*Church Psalmist* 12 to 100:  
*Prayer Book* 12 to 100:  
*Bible* 2 to 100.

How shall we account for this strange result?—it is here positively shown, that, in the process of verifying, the psalms have deteriorated in devotional tone and character to a remarkable degree:—that the purely devotional psalms in the *Bible*, which are in the proportion of 92 to 100, sink in the *Prayer Book* verification to the proportion of 58 to 100, and in the *Church Psalmist* verification to 56 to 100:—that, on the other hand, the instructive-and-devotional psalms of the *Bible*, which are only in the proportion of 8 to 100, increase in the *Prayer Book* verification to 19 to 100, and in the *Church Psalmist* to 27 to 100:—and, furthermore, that the purely instructive psalms of the *Bible*, which are only in the proportion of 2 to 100, increase, both in the *Prayer Book* and the *Church Psalmist* to 12 to 100!—what a loss of devotional tone and of actual worship do we find here!

And how shall this result be explained!—a result which would certainly seem to show that it is rather a critical matter to tamper with the language of holy writ. To some extent, perhaps, an explanation may be given. A rhyming and verifying process would naturally change the character of a psalm. Qualifying adjectives and epithets of all kinds, thrown in to complete a line, together with the change of words generally, are matters fraught with danger to the original. This, no doubt, instigated the Scotch version of the psalms, where the aim is to retain, so far as possible, the words of the original. But, although this particular aim may have been partially accomplished and the danger of a change of sense to some degree averted, the danger to King David's poetry, and, indeed, to all poetry, was very disastrously incurred—judging by the result.

It seems strange, however, that in the process of verifying, the spirit and aim of a psalm should be so essentially changed, that what, in the original, is a devotional appeal to Heaven, is transformed in the hand of the versifier to a mere moral reflection addressed to the audience! I will give a single



short example of this—not the best or most obvious one that can be found, perhaps, but the first that offers. The 5th psalm is devotional throughout: being addressed to the Supreme Being or rehearsed in his presence. The last verse is the following:—  
 "For thou Lord, wilt bless the righteous; with favor wilt thou compass him as with a shield."

#### VERIFIED.

To righteous men, the righteous Lord  
 His blessing will extend:  
 And with his favor all his Saints  
 As with a shield defend.

(Prayer Book, Psalm 6th.)

The language of David is that of consolatory assurance, almost appealing in its tone—"Thou Lord, wilt bless the righteous"—"wilt thou not?"—and with thy favor compass him as with a shield." The language of the versifier is—such as we read it: a didactic statement of a fact, addressed apparently to the audience—a turning earth-ward, just at the climax of the prayer;—instead of closing, (as David does, consistently and in unity with the preceding verses,) prayerfully and appealingly to Heaven.

Another explanation of the singular result here presented is the following. I find in sacred writ but three purely instructive psalms—the 1st; the 127th and the 128th—and these are among the shortest psalms of the Bible. Now, in our collections we have often many verifications of the same psalm—as we have many verified psalms composed from one long original psalm. We therefore find, that where the Bible gives us but one instructive first psalm, in the Church Psalmist we have the same four times—variously verified. Where the Bible gives us but one 127th instructive psalm we have it three times—variously verified.

Now, it would appear probable, that in the general multiplication of psalms by verification, the instructive, and the devotional psalms, and parts of psalms, would be equally multiplied. But this seems, by the result presented, not to be the case:—and the fact remains as before, of an apparently strong proclivity in our versifiers to preaching and instruction, and a departure from the spirit and devotional sense of the Bible.

4. The conclusion, then, it seems to me, is irresistibly forced upon us by the result thus presented, that the versifiers of the psalms, though rendering good service to such extent as they have furnished a collection of many fine sacred lyrics based upon the psalms, have more harmed than helped the cause of sacred song in the christian church in making these a substitute for the original psalms. The psalms should unquestionably be sung just as they stand, in the admirable form of the chant. When we see to how successful an extent not only a choir but a whole congregation can chant entire psalms, as in the Church of the Holy Communion, (Rev. Dr. Muhlenberg, New York, there seems to be no excuse for using anything less admirable and devotional than the language of Holy Writ. Let the verified psalms remain in use if you will: there are many most excellent lyrics among them, and no sacred poetry could have a better basis surely than the Bible Psalms: many of these also are endeared to the christian church by long and hallowed association: let them remain then: only,—let us not make these an actual substitute for the original psalms in our worship—an office which they are by no means fitted to subvert. For my own part, I would select the best of the metrical psalms, consider them as based upon

the psalms, attach to them the number of the psalm from which they are taken, and incorporate them among the regular collection of hymns: and then, for our psalms, use the original Psalms of David: so that when we say *Psalms* and *Hymns* we literally mean *Psalms*, and not an imitation and—I might almost say,—a dilution of them. The advantages gained by thus being able, from the rapidity of articulation possible in the chant, to sing an entire psalm, as David meant it to be sung, thus securing its intelligent unity, would be great and manifold: very sensibly felt, perhaps, in instructive psalms: for, it will be found that David rarely, if ever, wrote a psalm of this description, without incorporating into it, somewhere in its progress, the element of devotion, and raising an occasional eye to Heaven. Singing, therefore, the entire psalm, the Almighty would not miss of that worship, or recognition, which David meant *he should have when that psalm was sung*—an intent entirely foiled by the versifier, who cuts out the instructive part and gives us only that to sing. Instruction combined with prayer may be effectual: but who knows that it will be so when the solicited blessing, or recognition, of Heaven is deliberately omitted.

In the preface of a chant-book published some time since by the late Bishop Wainwright and the Rev. Dr. Muhlenberg, in which the psalms are arranged for singing, I find the following remark with regard to verified psalms in the Prayer Book:—"the rubric does not enjoin, but simply allows their use; and therefore the metre psalms and hymns are bound in the same volume with the Prayer Book only for convenience sake." In this remark, as indeed by the whole preface, the use of verified psalms in the Episcopal Church as a substitute for the original, is discouraged by this very able musical and churchly authority. I cannot but think, that the worshippers of all christian denominations, will eventually be of the same mind as to the use of the original psalms, in their beauty, unity and completeness; unshorn of their strength and poetry and—still more important—un-averted from the Supreme Object of their service.

A task, it seems to me, for some competent hand yet to perform, is a collection of psalms and hymns for church use, in which the psalms shall be the incomparable originals, divided or pointed for chanting, and the hymns shall be the (poetically) best effusions of sacred song, and selected from the choicest outpourings of devotional hearts—rather than instructive heads.

R. S. W.

#### PARISIAN GOSSIP.

Translated from the French for the Musical World.

A brilliant marriage was celebrated the other day at the Madeleine. Many equipages stood at the door of the church during the ceremony. Crowds of curious idlers mingled with the invited guests. There was reason for the throng and for the curiosity. This marriage was the dénouement of a comedy, which has produced a great sensation in the Faubourg St. Honoré. "A Woman Avenged" should be the title of this historical comedy.

The heroine of the comedy was not a widow disciplined to the trials of life, though this history might lead us to suppose it. She was in the fresh bloom of youth and dazzling beauty. Add to these advantages, a good intellect, a modest but comfortable dowry, and you will understand that the young lady could not want lovers. She had one whom we will call M. Fe-

lix, who had succeeded in inspiring her with a strong affection, which he seemed to share or rather did share, though his love could not stand the test to which it was subsequently inspired.

M. Felix had a very moderate fortune, with which he had difficulty maintained his position in the aristocratic world. This probably, had something to do with the facility with which he yielded to the sentimental passion. No hope gilded his horizon, no inheritance was promised in the future. Was he not right in accepting the quiet peaceable happiness which was offered to him in a marriage with a young and beautiful woman loving and beloved?

But, suddenly, his horizon became illuminated. An unexpected fortune presented itself. M. Felix had a near relative who was very poor, an old uncle, who lived with great economy on a small annuity. This uncle, by a singular concurrence of circumstances, found himself in possession of a considerable sum. He was sixty years old, and his family was limited to this single nephew. M. Felix was then heir to from forty to fifty thousand livres. His position in the aristocratic world was changed. He appeared then in all the splendor, and was surrounded with all the attentions belonging to the heir of a large fortune. His marriage appeared insipid to him in comparison with the brilliant fortune which seemed to await him, and with little ceremony he broke off his engagement.

How did the young lady receive her dismissal? We do not know, and therefore cannot say, we can only tell the result. After the engagement was broken, the young lady reappeared in society more charming than ever. She met M. Felix without apparent emotion, but all her attentions, all her graces, all her fascinations were lavished upon the old millionaire uncle. The honest man was all unutilized to such attacks. He was dazzled, captivated, seduced, and the vengeance was accomplished. Madeleine — has married the uncle of M. Felix. The marriage contract was highly favorable to her, the future will do the rest, and the nephew already three quarters disinterested will soon be so entirely.

Such are the details rumored in Parisian society, and which have drawn together the throng of curious persons, who were present at the nuptial ceremony on Monday at the church of the Madeleine.

The following anecdote is told of M. Lewewimar, whose career in literature and diplomacy has recently been closed by a sudden death. M. Weimar had been bald from his youth, but, thinking a good deal of his personal appearance, and aware too of the advantage which a man from the favor of the female sex, he had studiously concealed this defect, and ornamented his head with a peruke, a masterpiece of art, which could deceive the most practiced eye. He found himself on one occasion at a country seat in the neighborhood of Paris, among an assemblage of distinguished and charming women, with M. de Jailly, an accomplished man, well known in contemporaneous literature by his graceful verses and judicious criticisms. The Parisian saloons have not forgotten M. de Jailly, who died not quite two years since. The charm of his conversation was equalled only by the originality of his exterior. He had a singular figure.

set off by an eccentric dress, and the face of Voltaire under a pretty blonde wig with infantile curls.

On the occasion we speak of, both these gentlemen charmed with their vivacity the company of ladies, who were seated under the shade of the trees in the garden of the mansion. M. de Jally, led away by the current of conversation, began to speak of the past, and remarked that he had been distinguished in his youth in all the exercises which demand strength and agility, adding that age had not deprived him of this advantage, and that although seventy years old, he was still as active as a young man.

It would have been generous not to notice this innocent boast, but M. Weimar, encouraged by some significant glances among the ladies, determined to give them a spectacle which promised to be amusing. He began to rally M. de Jally, and teased him to accept a challenge. "Look here," said he, leaping over a chair, "I defy you to do this." After the chair, it was a bench, then a table. M. de Jally was not daunted by any of those challenges. He attempted everything, but his strength did not equal his courage. He panted for breath, stumbled, and performed only in a comic fashion, the feats in which his rival displayed much grace and agility.

M. de Jally had too much good sense to be the dupe of a mystification. He saw that he was laughed at, and determined to be revenged on the wicked wit, who had drawn him into the snare.

"In my turn," said he, "I challenge you to imitate what I am about to do."

"Let me see it," replied his antagonist proudly. Then the malicious old man, who had no longer any pretensions to please the ladies by his personal appearance, took off his wig, and showed his skull entirely bare.

Everybody laughed, except M. Weimar.

"Well! it is your turn," resumed M. de Jally, coldly.

"What do you mean," stammered the embarrassed challenger.

"My meaning is very clear, I have taken off my wig, take off yours!"

It was evident that the young baron wore false hair; until then, nobody had suspected him. The experienced eye of a brother in misfortune had alone detected the deceit, and the desire for revenge had thus revealed it.

Years after, when M. Weimar, having renounced all pretensions to youth, no longer made a secret of his baldness, he related this adventure with much grace, and was the first to laugh at the mortification which he had received.

Some years since, a young man, fresh from college, arrived at Paris, furnished with a little money and a recommendation to an old lady, an ancient friend of the family. The young provincial was a frequent guest at her house. He had obtained a small office under government, but the narrowness of his income compelled him to lead a simple life, and use the strictest economy, and, having no other relations, the drawing room of the old lady became a resource, rather tiresome it is true, but better than a solitude. To please her, he learned to play piquet, and was always chosen by her as a partner. Notwithstanding his talent, the young man always lost. The obstinacy of this ill-luck appeared

very singular, still he did not suspect anything, and one day quite accidentally, he detected his partner in cheating. At the movement which he made, she discovered that her fraud was discovered, she blushed, but said nothing, and continued the game.

The young man was stupefied and confounded. He could not understand how a lady who appeared to have, if not a great fortune, at least a comfortable subsistence, who was a most respectable person, and showed in other respects the finest qualities, could descend to cheat at cards for the purpose of gaining a few sous from a poor governmental clerk. The loss, trifling in itself, had become a considerable sum. In spite of his economy and sobriety, and the almost hermit-like simplicity of his life, he had been compelled to contract debts, and sometimes, while awaiting his payments the last days of the month, he had dispensed with dinner, and supped on a little dry bread and a glass of water.

He determined never to visit the house again, and for some time persisted in his resolution, but a letter recalled him, and he could not refuse to go. The old lady reproached him for his absence with a mild grief. Her drawing-room was deserted by degrees, she said, by all her former friends. It was the fate of the old to see their society thus diminish, and as they advanced in age, the hard alternative was left them isolation or death. "The old disappear," she added, "if the young quit me, I shall indeed be alone." The young man was touched by her complaints. He was weak and good-natured, and again he became her partner at cards. His desertion had not been a lesson to her. She continued her frauds. Habit was too strong with her. The young man resigned himself heroically to the part of dupe, his kind heart leading him to prefer sacrifice, privation and abstinence at the end of every month, to the humiliation of his aged friend.

This continued for five or six years, until the day that the lady departed this life to join her old companions. The young man regretted her sincerely. Some days after he had escorted her to her last dwelling, he was summoned to a notary to hear the testament of the deceased. It contained but a single clause constituting him her sole legatee. It said, that she wished to recompense him for the pleasure he had afforded her by his society, for his complaisance in playing piquet, and for his touching delicacy, which she well knew how to appreciate.

"Do you know what property the deceased has left?" asked the notary.

"I think that she was in comfortable circumstances," replied the young man, "and her income might amount to seven or eight thousand francs."

"You are very much deceived. She had an income of eighty thousand livres, and of this you are now the legal possessor."—*Courrier des Etats-Unis.*

—Dr. P., who is attached to a Parisian theater in quality of a physician, expressed his astonishment that man and woman were not created at the same time, instead of the latter springing from the rib of our first parent. A young actress standing by, remarkable for the graceful turn which she ever gives to the expression of her ideas, said, "Was it not natural, sir, that the flower should come after the stem?"

## ROCKETS FROM AN ORGAN-LOFT.

NO. II.

BY AUGUSTA BROWN.

HERE comes one whose approach I really dread, inasmuch as his mere shadow prophesies a prim headache. He is a very Vulcan both in mind and person, and rejoices in noise and uproar to a degree that would astonish that redoubtable deity were he to revisit the scene of his terrestrial labors. Hear him play but six bars, and you feel satisfied that those positive colors of musical harmony, completeness, delicacy, and sweetness, have no place whatever in the arch of his soul. Some minutes too late, as usual, during which time the clergyman has twice drawn out his watch, and coughed meaningly three times, he is heard dashing wildly up the gallery stairs, and rushing through the choir, he comes to anchor, in a violent state of excitement on the organ bench.

Throwing down three or four heavy palm-books on the speaking pedals, by way of prelude, he darts frantically at all the stops, inhales a deep breath, and with an air of determination, which, had it a more laudable motive than that of driving our thoughts into chaos, we might admire, plunges into a tumultuous sea of harmony that makes our ears tingle. On, he goes, with eyes flashing and hair bristling, until amidst the billows of sound, we fancy we hear, ever and anon, in a false trumpet-note, the shriek of an appalled merman, the roof of whose crystalline palace he has ruthlessly smashed in with one of his ponderous blows, and disturbed his wife and eleven small children in the practice of Parcell's celebrated song and chorus:—

Fall thomson five thy father lies:  
Of his bones are coral made;  
Those are pearls, that were his eyes:  
Nothing of him that doth fade,  
But doth suffer a sea-change  
Into something rich and strange,  
Sea-anymph hourly ring his knell:  
Hark! now I hear them—ding-dong bell."

And ding-dong, ding-dong tolls the organ by way of refrain.

At length he stops abruptly, brought up by the minister's fifth signal, and the tenor's fierce jerk at his coat-skirt, and then we experience vividly that "brilliant flash of silence," so extolled by Coleridge on a parallel occasion.

This organist feels it incumbent on him to employ the total force of the instrument on every part of the service, regardless of fitness or appropriateness; his accompaniments are stunning. This verse for instance,

"Soon shall ocean's hoary deep,  
Tum'd with stronger tempests, rise;  
Wildster storms the mountains sweep,  
Loudster thunders rock the skies."

he accompanies in precisely the same manner as he does this highly contrasting one,

"So fades a summer cloud away;  
So sinks the gale when storms are o'er;  
So gently sinks the eve of day;  
So dies a wave along the shore."

The last lines of this exquisite stanza winds up with a whirled that makes the windows to quiver. He interludes, also, might have served to arouse the famous Seven Sleepers, could aught earthly have broken their slumbers. Appropos of sleepers, be assured that there are none in the church where he officiates; on the contrary, the members thereof have a peculiarly wide-awake expression.

The only other praiseworthy quality about his playing is the courage which he imparts to the congregation, who, emboldened and shielded by the din, are not afraid to lift their voices right lustily, a demonstration which the more timid would hardly venture were the music of the pianissimo organ so prevalent in many churches. It is in vain that the poor old clergyman at the opposite end of the building complains piteously every Sabbath evening of a raging headache; to say nothing of the sorrows of the fingers, who wear a sort of bewildered aspect: in

vain, for two of the music committee are deaf of an ear apiece, and the third keeps a saw-mill. No wonder that the colored artist behind the scenes, who invokes with vigorous arm the aid of Boreas, indulges in various bodily contortions, and claps his throbbing temples; no wonder that the sexton's voice is heard loud and rasping as he thrusts straggle into pews, nor that he sports heavy creaking boots—these things are only in character.

It is easy to perceive that our massive friend has a coarse and arid nature—remitting partly, it may be, from anarchy training in infancy and youth, but in any case irremediably—unembellished by a single flower of poetry, and is utterly destitute of any of the gentler or lovelier attributes of humanity. A fragrant blossom he cannot touch without destroying it, and a pet bird or a kitten might furnish for him. It is a great pity, too, for we are gifted in the smallest degree with a just perception of beauty, one might, for the sake of his excellent sight-reading and execution, mechanical though they be, strive to win him, if but by chromatic degrees, to the shrine of the graces.

One exquisite strain, born in the soul, nurtured by the judgment, and polished by the imagination—one artistically simple strain, breathing of gentility and love—is of greater price, and will impress an hundred-fold more indelibly, than a score of labored, soulless efforts.

Then there is the unassuming artist, the modest man, of unimpeachable toilette, who glides hesitatingly to the instrument, and subsides quietly before it. Behold with me a charmingly embarrassed air he extends his delicate white hand, greets with a flashing gem, and gently impels towards him those most unpretending of all stops, the stop-diapason on the choir organ, and dulciana on the swell. This labor achieved, he wafts his perfumed ambrosia over his slightly flushed brow, arranges his jolly ringlets, parted Raffaele like in the middle, and begins the exordium. Although his music would sorely awaken Titania herself, were she slumbering within the half-blown rose-bud that decks his button hole, yet he looks around seriously, with a kind of "I hope I don't disturb" air, every time that he hazards a chord or pedal-note, which would lead us to wish that to his really artistic taste he added a grain of many independence of opinion. Through volatilities, tunes, interludes, dogologies, he preserves the same noiseless course, until our ears ache with the intensity of attention. We cannot be satisfied with the shadow when the substance is attainable. For the purposes of public worship, I do verily believe his boisterous brother to be far more valuable, for there is, at least, no danger of falling asleep during his reign. He is a prodigious favorite, however, with the bellow-blower, a fat, nonviolent youth, whose office is almost a disservice, yet who requires to be shook awake every time that his services are needed.

The temperament of this player is altogether too etherealized for ordinary use; his sensitiveness is so extreme, that even to pay him a compliment acceptably is a matter of no slight agony; a breath of censure would probe his tender heart to the quick, and cause him intense anguish. In him we see the graceful and elegant page of the olden time, who, lute in hand, discoursed delicious strains in the bower of his lady-fair. Preferable to the softness of this artist, were even the quaint roughness of old Christopher Tye, organist to Queen Elizabeth, who, when the queen would send the verger to tell him that he played out of tune, was wont to send her back word that her ears were out of tune. How fortunate for that independent worthy, that he lived not in our day nor in our environs, nor to venture a musical opinion dissenting from that of the sexton, or some pompous deacon, totally guileless of the knowledge of a note in music, has often caused the dismissal of superior musicians.

One sapient deacon, in a neighboring city, I met of, who, by virtue of having, in his less pearly days, kept a singing school, always conducted the choir in a church where a friend of mine was organist. This right,

having in view the special delectation of said deacon, as well as deeming them an essential element in regular organ-playing, had a passion for figure, and was indulged in, at least one of a Sunday. But, ah! 'twas never labor lost, so far as the deacon and his accomplices were concerned. Somewhat piqued by the inespecially, the organist, with the amiable desire to difference manifested, by the pretentious singing-man, please and edify so natural to all of the profession, inquired of him "if the people did not like figure." "Don't know," quoth he with a pained countenance,—"perhaps he wondered whether fingers were not something good to eat"—"don't know, never had one in the church!"

Now over his ears had probably rolled scores of them. And yet such persons are permitted not only to live, rendering service a cruel purgatory to educated artists, but even to govern the music of the church, a part of the worship fully as important as any other, for scores of praise to God shall continue throughout countless ages, when prayer and preaching have ceased forever.

#### X-MASS MORNING.

"Great heights are hazardous to the weak head;" says the poet Blair, "in so obedience to the warning, I resolved this morning to quit for a brief space my elevated post of observation, and refresh my memory with some fine ecclesiastical music, now somewhat scarce. Bright and early, therefore, I started, with a friend, from my far up-town home, to visit that pile of a thousand hallowed associations, Trinity Church, a place where one is sure never to be disappointed in the expectation of hearing the sublime service of the church performed with befitting dignity and grandeur.

As we entered the grand edifice, the chimes were ringing joyously the closing cadence of a lively air; then, pausing a moment, they commenced Saint Michael's, and never had that truly Handel melody sounded more thrillingly sweet—it seemed a strain met for angel lips.

With their silvery sounds, came memories of one who had been my companion the last time I had hearkened to those Christmas bells, the young artist-brother, whose eyes the slumber of the grave now seals forever, and above whose pulseless heart the mortal presses heavily; and amid the festal harmonies and songs which burst forth from the organ gallery, seemed mingling echoes of that enduring anthem in which he now bears a part before the throne of Jehovah, whose advent in human form we were then celebrating. What awakener of the soul is there like church music! the recurrence of the sabbath harmony is as the angel who came down at certain seasons to trouble the still waters of the pool Bethesda; for how often, when dead, dead or torpid to every other influence, does a well remembered sacred strain arouse the soul to noble action. As for me, under its way the tide of years rushes back, and amid its surgings, many and many a note do I again catch from voices now singing the angel's song.

Some time since, in the same church, I was moved almost to ecstacy by hearing unexpectedly an old, almost forgotten *Venite*, a favorite in childhood, the very first, I believe, that my father taught me, and immediately the intervening years, with all their cares, and griefs, and labors, were swept away, and I was once more, life's untired voyager, tertoring that chant on the steepest fabled Broadway.

They know not what true, profound poetry is, who are insensible to the matchless magic of sacred music: the subtle key which opens the costliest chamber of the heart is yet untouched. Nothing is more worthy of fervent love than an ancient chant or psalm tune; with them are linked the purest and holiest associations of life and Heaven. [To be continued.]

#### THE FRIEND OF MUSIC.

**Albany.**—Our friend, C. M. Traver, Esq., has given the musical public another treat, in a composition of unequalled excellence and beauty, entitled the *Dream of Memory*. We are sorry our limited space will not allow us

to transfer the beautiful song to our columns, but if we could, our readers would not have the accompanying music, which after all, is its chief attraction. It gives us pleasure to learn that Mr T. has had decided success, not only as a composer of great originality and power, but also one of the best singers of which our city can boast. All of Mr Traver's music can be had at Boardman & Grays.

**Newark, N. J.**—A correspondent writes us, that Miss Elizabeth, a pupil of our distinguished New York teacher, Sig. Boglioli, made quite a sensation in Newark a few weeks since, by her very superior singing. Miss Espinola is an American, and according to the very competent judgment of the writer of the letter, has made very unusual progress in the art of song. We hope soon to have the pleasure of hearing her in New York. At the same concert, Mr. Drescher, (Drescher & Clayton,) and Mr. Noll, contributed their services, to the great pleasure of the audience.

**California.**—The most important event that has occurred since our last, was the arrival of the Italian Opera Troupe, who, during the two weeks of our record, appeared twice in "Kranz," and twice in "Lucretia Borgia." The troupe consists of the following artists, viz: Prima Donna, Clotilde Barilli Thorne. Marietta Bedi. Seconda Donna, Ernesta Bocherini. Prima Tenore, Carlo Sisti. Seconda Tenore, Luigi Comazzi. Baritone, Alessandro Bassi. Bass Profondo, Francesco Riccardi. Bass, Sig. Riccardi. Tenor, Sig. Ferdinando Bocherini. Lances their arrival, the following artists have been, temporarily, added to the troupe, viz: Seconda Donna, Mrs. M. E. Voorhies. Seconda Tenore, M. Laglusa. Musical Director, Mr. George Loter. The Italian Opera Troupe, is the first complete company that has yet visited us, and great expectations were indulged concerning it. It was not expected that it would be composed of stars, and in that respect the community have not been disappointed. Still it is capable of presenting an opera without giving one part an undue preponderance over the others, or leaving the principal lacking the support necessary from the subordinate characters. We say that the company is the only complete one that we have yet had; but, with the exception of Leonardi, there is no artist in it, who has not been surpassed by some other artist of the same kind, that has visited us. The personal appearance of the Prima Donna, Clotilde Barilli Thorne, disposed the audience in her favor. Her first night was not an evasion. The audience were coldly critical. Yet there was what a true artist loves, appreciation. The applause, though not enthusiastic, was frequent and judicious. At the subsequent representations the applause was warmer, and on the third opera night, it became really enthusiastic, while the house was as crowded as at the first. Signora Barilli will take hold upon the hearts of the audience, and establish a sympathy calculated to inspire her with that energy which she lacks. We should not close this branch of our remarks without noticing the first appearance, in opera, of Mrs. Margaret A. Voorhies, the sister of the popular manager. We must confess to a very agreeable surprise. Mrs. V. looked exceedingly well in the character of Miss Orsini. The head dress was defective, for some reason best known to herself. She trod the boards with great self-possession—with ease and grace—and sang her part in a style which astonished her warmest friends.—*California Pioneer.*

#### FOREIGN.

**Paris.**—At the Italian, Erzeni has been received with success. I need not describe to you how brilliantly Madlle. Bodo vocalized the music of Elvira. But that said, all is said that can be fairly said in favor of the chief performers. Sig. B-tini is a very loud singer (Kranz); Sig. Graziani (Carrie), is, after all, but a second-rate barytone; and, M. Gessler is a Duo Sings of the Borroni school, a little refined. If you want an amusing and spirited description of how these artists roared and screamed against one another, in the true Verdi style, in order to satisfy the composer, who solicited at the rehearsal, and was present at the performance, read the *fascination* of M. Florentin in Tuesday's Constitutionnel. The orchestra, under Sig. Bonetti an energetic and able conductor, out-bellowed the singers; and the general effect was victorious enough to have deprived Sig. Verdi himself of the faculty of hearing for at least a month. The chorus was not good by any means. However, the audience were pleased, and the manager, Sig. Ragani (the uncle of Giulio Orsini), is justified in keeping Erzeni in the hills. *Ripalote* will shortly be produced, for Madlle. Bodo, who is quite as great a favorite in Paris as in London, and who is really singing

better than ever—The *quatre* of Mlle. Sophie Cravell is to take place on Monday, in the *Huguenots*. The greatest *alto* of the present season, and the scene of her re-appearance will be well worth witnessing. She will probably be received in silence by the audience, and no manifestation of any sort will take place until she has sung her first important *aria*. If she sings it well, good, if ill—! Meanwhile, the new opera of Verdi has again been put in rehearsal, and every day the "Musicians" composer of *Ernest* rehearses his music, at the piano, with the *prima donna*, whom, to his credit be it said, he declared "Indesigne him." The opera is to be brought out with extraordinary splendor, and in Verdi—whose *Jerusalem* Lombardi was a dead failure in 1847—does not this time win back his laurels, it will be his own fault, not that of the manager, the scene painter, or the *prima donna*.

London.—Händel's oratorio, *Judas Macabeus*, was performed on Wednesday evening, under the direction of Mr. John Halliwell. On the whole we may, perhaps, be justified in saying it was the best performance of one of the great composer's masterpieces yet given by Mr. Halliwell. The principal vocal performers were Mr. Sims Reeves, Miss Julia Beadon, Miss Haddatt, Mr. Augustus Bramham, and Mr. Wales. The chorus consisted of the members of Mr. Halliwell's first upper singing school. The orchestra was under very good control, and did its duty in a praiseworthy manner. The horns, perhaps, might have been better; we must not, however, be hypercritical, considering the almost impossible difficulties allotted to them in certain parts of the score of *Judas Macabeus*. Mr. Halliwell has cause for congratulation in the improvement of his pupils, and in the patronage bestowed upon him. The Hall was crowded.

The Revue des Arts.—On Wednesday evening the second *soirée musicale* of the winter season took place. The principal feature of the evening was a new *placato* quartet by Herr Gelmick, which was executed by the composer, assisted by Herr Goffin, and Messrs. Rie and Hanneck. Our impressions of the quartet, after some hearing, is very agreeable. It is remarkable for clearness of treatment, and simplicity of style.

Manchester.—GERMAN AND ITALIAN OPERA.—This has been a busy week in Manchester, in regard to musical and operatic delights. Herr Formes' benefit on the 9th, with *Der Zuehrer*, attracted a better audience to the Theatre Royal, and the performance on the whole was satisfactory. Friday, the 10th, *La Fenestella* was repeated to very thin house. Saturday last, I assisted at the best performance of the *Huguenots* ever yet given in Manchester. It was the third performance this season (but the first I had been able to hear), and, doubtless, went all the better for being rehearsed. This time, too, it was done entirely in Italian. Herr Reichardt again remained the part of Raoul, into which he throws so much tenderness and pathos, as well as power and force. Herr Formes, of course, was the Marcel; Madame Gerhardt, Valentine; Madame Schneider, Marguerite. The subordinates characters were not very ill; still they sang sufficiently well to make the opera go smoothly. M. Charlie Hall was again the conductor, and the band under him were very efficient. Tuesday, Norma was repeated as before. Tuesday, also, there was a grand military concert at the Concert Hall, for the Patriotic Fund, with two military bands: Tickets, gentlemen, 10s. 6d.; ladies, 7s. 6d. We were sorry to learn the hall was not nearly filled.—A concert was given on Wednesday, at the Philharmonic Hall. The performers were the same who appeared on Friday week, and the selections were very similar. In the course of the evening considerable success was attended by the refusal of Madame Clara Novello to repeat "With tender sighs," she did it all come forward and gave a favorite Scotch song.

Liverpool.—The *Crescent* was produced on Tuesday evening, at the Philharmonic Hall, the solo taken by Miss Stott, Mr. B. Robinson, and Mr. Armstrong. Mr. Stott was conductor, and Mr. Hirst provided at the organ.

Brighon.—The intense sympathy evinced throughout the concert in behalf of the suffering soldiers in the East has given rise to several musical and dramatic entertainments for their benefit.

Bradford.—A performance of *Elipha* will take place on the 20th inst. Madame Clara Novello, Wales, Lockey and Messrs. Sims Reeves and Wales are engaged.

Belfast.—The Belfast Acrobatic Society commenced their forty-first season on Monday last. The *revue* takes the English Glee and Madrigal Union, with Madame Clara Novello and Mr. Sims Reeves. The lady sang the opening *cavatina* from *La Sonnambula* and a romance of which I forget the name. Both produced a great effect, the last especially. Mr. Sims Reeves sang

Beethoven's "Adelaide" divinely, and infused infinite tenderness and expression into the romance, "L'Impero," from *Le Prophète*. The grand effect, however, was produced in a new song, by Frank Mori, entitled "England and Victory," which was given with prodigious power and entrain, and literally electrified the audience. The song was vociferously encored.

## CORRESPONDENCE OF THE MUS. WORLD.

Denton, December 1854.

Notwithstanding the performances of the *Musical* on Sunday evening, (Christmas eve), by the (Hendri) and Hady's Society, at Boston Music H. H., and the Mendonville Church Society, at the Melodion, the Musical Education Society gave their annual Christmas Festival Concert to a crowded audience on Monday evening at the Tremont Temple. It consisted of selections from the *Messiah*, *Jephtha*, *St. Paul and Elipha*, accompanied by organ only, at an admission of 25 cts.

This Society, as its name betrays, is a weekly gathering of young people, for study and practice of music of the best kind; and, in view of this fact, we must accord to them great praise for the performance of it evening. They gave their whole souls to the work before them, and with confidence more reliable in his motions, would certainly do credit to older and more experienced singers. Mr. Krievismen is an able musician and a good singer; but his movements with the *baton* are too nervous and irregular; and he often hurries a chorus beyond the measure dignity which it requires in his lead to prompt and lead off each separate part with his own voice. This hint may lead him to correct an evident fault, and incite him to a regular and sufficiently precise movement, that could easily be distinguished or followed by the whole choir.

Mr. Arthurson lent his aid, and sang, "Comfort ye my people," with taste and feeling. He was laboring under a cold, and therefore did not use his voice with accustomed skill.

Miss Downs, the leading sentimentist of the Society, gave the *Airs* "Come unto me," and "I know that my Redeemer liveth." She has a fair presence, strong vocal power, and is always well received by the audience; but, that she has a good method, or that she is always correct in the time and conception of her music we cannot say. Bringing to the *explains* for her school, she often mars, what might without this fault, be done creditably.

"I suffer grief," "But thou dost not leave his soul in Hell," was sung most prettily; yet she made no doubt her songs with a little more fire: as a novice she did extremely well.

Miss Agees Stone in the recitative *Alto* Song, "Oh then that tallest good tidings," met with considerable success. She was unusual in her time, and not always sure of her voice; thereby failing to attack the low *extreme* passages of it effectively.

Miss Ida, in her rendering the *Air* "He was despised," produced an effect upon her hearers which this song seldom creates. She has a contralto voice of fine quality, and her execution and reading throughout was a fine specimen of good singing; she was much commended by her musical hearers.

Miss Burton and others appeared in the second part, but after her singing the *Hallelujah* chorus, which closed part first, we were obliged to leave. This was the best song chorus of the evening.

A word of praise to Mr. Müller, the organist of the evening. He played the entire accompaniments upon the organ. He played in a most artistic manner; and when we take into consideration the labor he had to perform, we cannot but wonder at his doing all so well. Hearing accidentally a stringer at his elbow remark, that "the organ was worked admirably," led us to think of the instrument and the worker of it. It is the largest organ in our city newly built for the Hall, with four banks of keys and about seventy stops. Upon this gigantic music machine he played, besides all the accompaniments to chorus and solo, the overture and Pastoral Symphony. This last to our ears was most beautifully done. Being accustomed to hear it performed by a full orchestra, we can fully appreciate his taste in the combinations as well as the clearness with which he touched the keys. As an organist he ranks deservedly high; and on this occasion, not only displayed his musical power to advantage, but a rare chance was offered to show off both his good nature and physical strength. As a whole, the concert was pronounced successful, and we congratulate the Educational Society on its present strength and usefulness.

(Should be happy to hear again from our correspondent.)

BRATTLE, December, 1854.

The *American Musical Institute* gave last night their first concert of the season. The first part of the programme consisted of vocal and instrumental solo by reading amateurs and musicians; the second part of Root's "Pilgrim Fathers;" a piece, on which the leaders, some of the members of the Institute, and its season, Jos. A. Allen, was, according to my judgment, misapplied. It is too monotonous; the connection of the different pieces often forced, the system frequently too much like the clattering of oil-mill stamps, and several quartets and choruses nothing but a melody with an insignificant accompaniment of three other voices. How much more good would be wrought to the members of such Musical Associations, and to the public taste by rehearsing and presenting only standard pieces of acknowledged masters! We are now engaged in the rehearsal of Rossini's *Stabat Mater*, rather a hard nut for young teeth. E. W.

ROSELAND, Dec. 19, 1854.

Why is musical news in Brooklyn so scarce? Surely in this city of churches, there should be a voice from her numerous professional and amateur organists and pianists. Although our little sister, New York, monopolizes the opera, still we do the handsome thing occasionally in the way of a concert. I am delighted with the short voluntaries for the organ with which you occasionally favor us, especially so with the composition notes of Jackson. Mr. Girac, the accomplished teacher of harmony, is about commencing a course of *Harmony* and *Thoroughbass* on this side the river. E. F. T.

MIDDLBURGH, VT. Dec. 27, 1854.

I have a favor to ask, though perhaps it will not be best received when coming from a tardy subscriber. Can you give in your paper, the names of some pieces suitable for an *Ellen Placato*? Such pieces as would be inspired by the *Ellen*, (1.) Another idea I have in this. We "country people" are not only devotees of musical harp, but often of superior teachers,—thus we cannot judge even of our own progress. Could not one's attainments in music be divided into several classes of which some one or more should be typical. Thus at an early stage one might play a particular march well, at night in a more advanced state, Rossini's *March de Pologne* might be the type, and soon to a certain standard of finished performance, beyond which, of course, there might be culture of *inflection*. I am quite well aware there may be a variety of skill in the performance of the same piece,—but it will be some assistance to know one can play at all a high class of productions. Can you mind in this way give hints in your paper? (2.)

[1. All the *andante* movements in the sonatas of Beethoven, Mozart and Haydn, are effective with the *Ellen* attachment—and there is no more beautiful music in the world than this.

2. Such a progressive arrangement of compositions would be admirable, and we think that our friend Charles Grobe is just the man to undertake it. It would take too much of our own scanty editorial time.]

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

C. B. B., Greenville, Conn.—We have just now a superabundance of the contributions you speak of.

L. F., Bytown, C. W. We must also respectfully decline as above.

J. H. B., Dover, N. H.—The money was duly received. W. B., Rochester, N. Y.—Your remittance came to hand. Z. F. B., North Plympton, Mass.—The money was received.

R. S. of A. N. H.—All right.

Miss G. T., Moscow, O.—The error concerning Prof. E. G. D.'s subscription is corrected.

L. D. J., Kew-Forest, P. M.—The money was received.

A. C. G.—Thanks for the compliment as to the portrait.

S. H. M., N. Y.—You might become an effective *Bartone*, perhaps, but not to fear if you only sing to F, 4th line.

You can get to Italy in a merchantman for \$200.00. You could live and take lessons there on \$300.00, a year.

C. M. B., Lansingburg, N. Y.—Subscription duly received.

Erratum.—Our esteemed contributor of "Rockets from the organ loft" of the New Year's song in the last number, must excuse the typographical blunder upon her name: which should have read, as it does this week, Augusta Browne.

J. H. S., Calais, Me. You are a droll fellow, and a capital one: sensible withal. Your idea about the "Ames" singing book is not bad.

F. G. W.—The cost of single copies of the engravings is \$1.00 and 50 cents, according to the quality of paper. Hereafter, however, all the paper is to be of the best quality.

A. R. H., Marietta, O.—We employ no agents for the *Musical World*.

L. D., New Windsor.—We were under the impression we had published all of the *Musical World* writers.

P. B., Charleston.—Have sent the three copies of Foster's vocal orchestra.

H. M. C., Tallmadge, Ohio.—Firth, Ford & Co. publish "The Brass Band Journal," a series of 24 beautiful and easy pieces, tastefully arranged.

Miss A. J. D., Raymond, Miss.—We have sent copy of Muller's method for pianoforte. Beethoven's "Spirit Waltz" is arranged for piano in no other manner. "Dark eyed one" we have never seen arranged as a piece. The song was always a favorite of ours, and we have often played it as a waltz. Will not Miss A. J. D. try to arrange it?

W. H., Harrisburg.—Two books of the description you mean are the Academy volume, and the *Musical Echo* published in Boston. Prices from \$5 to \$6 per dozen.

The interesting article published a few weeks since on titled the "Prairie in America," was written originally in English by Mr. Louis Ernest (who also contributed to our journal last week the biography of Drout) : we translated it, however, from the German, into which it had been previously translated for Mr. Meyer's interesting *Monographs*, published in this city. It came to us in a roundabout way, certainly.

G. B. F., Baldwinville, Mass.—You are entitled to one portrait. The price of single copies you will see above.

D. W., Harrisburg.—The circular was sent you by mistake. You are entitled to a portrait of Wallace if you have not received one. Please send address.

W. F. B., Eufaula, Alabama.—The book was sent by mail. I. W. H., Lanesburg, Va.—For five subscribers, at \$10.00, you shall have the *Musical World* gratis for one year, and two portraits. The music you speak of, has, we fear, been mislaid.

H. C., Helena, Ark.—The obituary you send shows a correct feeling for harmony and careful study. A more decided and pleasing melody would improve it.

W. W., Digston, Mass.—We recommend to you Foster's Vocal Orchestra, published by Firth, Ford & Co.

A. R., Baldwinville, Ohio.—Please let us know what kind of instruction book you wish: for pianoforte or voice?

J. O. C., Columbia, Tenn.—Your bot any will be sent as an advertisement of such a teacher as you would like.

## INNER-EDITORIAL BUDGET.

KATHARINE ASHTON;

By the author of "Amy Herbert," "Margaret Percival," "The Earl's Daughter," &c., &c. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

Another of Sewall's excellent stories. Katharine Ashton is a heroine of the true stamp; one of those seemingly every day personages, whose character is developed under trials, a domestic heroine, unknown beyond a small circle, but whose high principles and noble self-sacrifices render her more deserving of fame than many a heroine of history and romance. We extract as a specimen of the style an account of a visit to a poor cottager.

Jemmy Dawes was left in the cottage alone, sitting on a stool almost touching the dusty bars of the little fire-place, a happy circumstance for Mrs. Ashton's sympathies. She had a great dread of fire, and an idea that parents who allowed their children to be in a room without a guard, were quite unworthy for murder. The first questions which she had put to the child were, what had become of his aunt, and his grandmother, and his uncle, and in fact all of his relations, and why they had gone away from him, and what he would do if a coal happened out; questions which, if not tedious much to the child's ultimate safety, had the effect of bringing out a good deal of the history of his family, poverty, sickness, and sorrow, dragged forth, as it were, to light, from his simplicity. Mrs. Ashton was much excited. "It was a shame," she said, "a downright shame, to leave a child of that age; not to let any one to watch him; not to put a guard; even to beg a neighbor to look

in upon him! But the poor were always so thoughtless; really it seemed as if they hadn't the same feelings as other folks. A fortunate thing it was for the child that they had happened to come; he might have been burnt to death ten times over, for anything his aunt or his grandmother seemed to care; and so easily too!" "There, my man! you will like this, shan't you?" she said, uncovering the basket. The little fellow raised his watery eyes to her with a smile, but he did not say anything. "Don't you think now, Kitty, he might as well eat it whilst we are here, and then there will be no fear of his tumbling into the fire at the same time!" Katherine did not precisely perceive the connection of the two actions, but she was very willing to see that the poor child had what they had brought for him, and that it was not shared with a set of hungry cousins. Mrs. Ashton peeped into a cupboard, and took out a knife, and as no fork was to be found, she managed to cut off the meat from the bone by the help of a knife and tea-spoon, praising herself as she did so for having such a clever thought, and looking at the boy from time to time with evident satisfaction, as with hungry eyes he watched the progress of his dinner preparations. Then she made a table of a wooden chair, and moving the child far enough away, as she said, from any hopping coils, told him to begin and eat fast, let any one else should come in and want it. "I've to say grace first," said the boy, raising himself with difficulty from his little seat. He stood up, and joined his hands together, and repeated something quite unintelligible. "Well! that is odd," whispered Mrs. Ashton to Kate, "who would have thought it!" "Did your aunt teach you to say grace, Jemmy?" asked Katharine. "No, it wasn't aunt, it was the lady," said Jemmy, speaking with his mouth so full that Katharine was obliged to make him repeat the words. "Miss Sinclair, I suppose," said Mrs. Ashton, in an under tone, "these district ladies are always rather given to Methodism." "You know it is quite right mother," said Katharine, "and but how careful you always were to make John and me say grace when we were children." "Oh! yes quite right, only odd; I should have thought a lady like Miss Sinclair, going to be married too, as they say, would have had something else to think of than teaching a little urchin like that to say grace." Katharine made no answer; her eyes at that moment caught a streak of blue sky gleaming through the dusky window pane, and something crossed her mind—a feeling more truly than a thought, which, if she had put it into words, might have been a question whether the nearest and dearest of earthly interests, even marrying and giving in marriage, could really be placed in importance above the work of training even in the slightest degree, an immortal soul for heaven.

The *Boston Traveller* makes the following just remarks in relation to "Ditson's Edition of Standard Operas," and their enterprising publisher.

Oliver Ditson, whose name is constantly before the public as publisher of the great mass of musical compositions with which we are favored, has issued *La Sonnambula*, as the fifth volume of his elegant and serviceable edition of standard operas. The publication of these volumes cannot fail to be an encouraging fact to the lovers of Art, and highly suggestive of the rapid increase of musical taste of the highest and most desirable order among our people. It is but a few years since the publishing of a single operatic song was deemed a risky investment, because so few had the talent or inclination to sing it. But now entire operas, 180 pages, are issued in elegant style, and furnished at a price that not long ago was charged for ten or a dozen pages. And there is a fair demand for them, too—not "immense." To be sure, the publisher cannot hide his advertisements of these works in great, staring capitals, announcing "Newly thousand copies sold in ten days!" but yet the sale is great, compared with the sale of the same class of works ten or twenty years ago. And this sale shows

an advanced condition in the musical taste and refinement of the American people. Music is a great ministrant of ennobling thought, lofty conceptions of the beautiful, and that sweet accord of feeling and sentiment that makes our real life grow, and as that grows our happiness increases.

We owe much, as a people, to that man whose inclinations lead to, and whose enterprise carries into operation, a plan, the result of which is the publication, in so elegant a style, at so low a price, of the classic compositions of Mozart, Bellini, Donizetti, Verdi and others of the same class. This, known as "Ditson's Edition of Standard Operas" is before the public as the result of such an enterprise, and, as such we heartily commend it to the patronage of every lover of the musical art.

## A MUSICAL REVOLUTION.

We record this week one of the most extraordinary revolutions in the music trade that has yet taken place—a glance at the advertisement of Wm. Hall & Son, on our last page will explain all.

The change is so great that we are scarcely prepared to give an opinion on its merits or demerits; although some points strike us at once as being highly creditable to the designer of this musical coup d'état. The arrangement of prices to the decimal currency is a matter to be highly commended. Why we should not do business according to our national currency, which is the most convenient in the world, has been long a matter of surprise to all thinking men.

It appears to us, that the great reduction proposed in the price of music is more than the trade will warrant; although we suppose it will of necessity, greatly increase the musical demand, and tend indirectly to cultivate a musical taste. It is a bold movement, and we are much interested in watching the effect of this entirely new phase of the music trade.

## A BOHEMIAN LEGEND.

Once upon a time there was a maiden named Swanhilda, who was the only child of a proud father, and he was dead. Her mother had died at her birth, and she lived, therefore, alone in her castle. To this lady many suitors came, all of whom she scornfully and repeatedly rejected. Her delight was in manly sports; she was perpetually thundering through the forest on a great black Barbary courser, spear in hand, in search of game. Nevertheless she was very beautiful; and her many suitors driven to distraction, at last met together and agreed to summon her to yield herself to one of them, or else submit to be besieged by them all; for they would combine and march against her castle. She sent back their messenger with scornful words, and went to bed.

In the night a little hall of light came up out of her bedroom floor, and jumped about with a slight crackling noise that awakened her and worried her. "Be quiet!" she cried out at it. "What fool's trick is this? I want to go to sleep." The little hall instantly vanished; but directly afterwards, the boards of the floor were broken through, and a table rose into the room covered with wine and dainty food. Then Swanhilda felt alarmed. But the fear gave way to curiosity when she saw sitting round the table the figures of all her suitors, eating and drinking merrily. One lady was sitting with them who had nothing to eat, and that was the image of herself. Little errands took to each of the young knights as many plates of food as he had received rejections at her hands; and, whenever a knight was served in this way, there was laid down before the image of herself an empty sack, so that as many sacks (the Oberlandt's say baskets), as she had given she received back for her supper. I believe that an old custom of asking a lady's hand by making her a present in a bag (sack) or basket, and taking it as an acceptance of the implied offer if she kept whatever contained the present, and a rejection if she sent the sack or basket back, gave rise to our vulgar English expression, give the sack, and to the corresponding German expression, give the basket. Swanhilda saw

her image gradually buried behind piles of her own breakfasts, while the knights ate or drank, and the good wine and rich viands came up through the floor at an amazing pace, disappearing again from the table in a way that was quite supernatural. Swanhilda, being very angry, was about to scold, when she found to her dismay her voice was gone.

There was a whispering and giggling at the bedside. To see what that meant, Swanhilda moved aside the silken curtains and peeped over on two little creatures in blue and green clothing, with yellow hats, who talked and laughed together. She could just hear what they said. She picked up from their discourse that she was being punished by the fairies generally for having turned her girlhood into manhood; but particularly for one act that had brought her roystering ways painfully under the notice of the fairy queen. On a certain festival occasion, a grand fairy assembly had been held, a monster orchestra was established in the wood, the queen with her whole court was present, and the entire fairy world was there collected, crowding every flower with so much eagerness that the more adventures had even climbed to the top of the highest fountains to look down on the imposing spectacle. In the midst of the music the ground shook, and there was heard a distant thunder; directly afterwards the Amazon on her great Barbary horse dashed through the bushes. One hoof came down into the middle of the orchestra, and the other three came down among the people, killing, crushing, overthrowing, breaking heads and arms, and legs, so that the festival ground looked afterwards as ghastly as a field of battle. The queen vowed that she would tame Swanhilda. Already the fairies were at work, setting her out of house and home. Swanhilda, hearing all this, turned round in the bed with a little creature. "Did you feel that?" said one of the great creatures. "Was not that an earthquake?" The other was the cellarer who went occasionally to and fro to fetch up wine. "No," he said, "that beast of a girl must be awake and kicking about in her bed with anger." "But then," said the other one, "I think she would get up and scold at us readily." "No," said the cellarer, "our queen has taken thought of that. If she awoke she was to be tongue-tied, and to lie awake till cockcrow looking at us." "Fine amusement that would be," Swanhilda grumbled to herself. "I was right," said the cellarer, laughing tremendously, "the beast is awake." "Pretty manners," thought Swanhilda. "I am a beast, my! Oh I wish I could speak."

"Ah, my young lady," said the cellarer, answering her thoughts, "It is well for our ears that you cannot. You see," he added to his friend, "the immense destruction of property she has occasioned is not to be made good to us, the queen says until this creature has married one of her rejected suitors, and made handsome presents to all the others. Before she can do that she must catch fish for her living."

A little before cockcrow the feasting ended, and the tables being broken up the fairies disappeared. At cockcrow Swanhilda fell asleep, and slept till noon. Then she got up and went to her wash-stand. There was no water in the basin; and falling at once into a great rage, she called her maid. "How is this?" she said to her. "No water!" The maid was sure that she had put water, but she went for more. Presently she returned, looking much frightened. "There is no water," she said, "In the tub, none in the pump, none in the cistern." Swanhilda thought directly of the fairies, and said, "Never mind. Get me my breakfast. I will take a sausage and two breasts of Pomeranian goose." "Oh Miss," the servant answered, "there's no sausage, and no goose, and no food of any kind, and every eel in the cellar is empty, and the eels are rotten, and the furniture's gone out of the house, and the cattle out of the stalls, and your Barbary courier's gone, and the hay is all gone in the manger, and the litter's rotten, and all the fruit's gone off the trees and the roses are dead, and the grass and every bit of the country round is withered up—only look out of the window, miss—and

the servants have all gone, and oh if you please, miss, I am going." Swanhilda went out and found that all was true; the fairies had really consumed all her substance. "I won't be forced into marrying," she said, "and I won't fish. I don't care. I know what I'll do. I'll starve myself." She kept to this resolution for three days but then starvation became so uncomfortable, that she went out to look for food.

Everything was dry and barren, but there was the castle lake; and when she came to that it was a surprise to see how full of fish it was, and how they leaped and swam together at the surface. There was a fishing-rod close by her, with a hook at the end of the line, and a worm already fixed upon it. She dipped it into the lake, and a fish bit instantly. She threw the line down and was carrying home the fish for dinner, when it began suddenly to swell so detestably that she was forced to throw it away.

"Ha ha," chuckled the little cellarer, who was lounging upon a moss rose close by, and drinking the maddest draughts out of a small cup borrowed from heaven blossom. "We know how to tame you. Now fish."

Swanhilda picked up the fishing-rod, and struck at the impertinent elf with all her might. "Infamous imp!" she cried. She knocked the rose to pieces, but the fairy had leapt off and fixed himself upon her nose. "You have a remarkably soft nose, you vexen," he observed. "Now fish! Do my dear Swanhilda, take the rod, and while you are fishing I will play you the most charming music." Swanhilda dashed at him with her fingers, but he hit them. It was of no use to be obstinate; she was obliged to fish, and while she fished he sat astride upon her nose, and beating time upon it with his heels, played half-dozen instruments, and sang a song at the same time. In his song he bade her to put the fish she caught into a basket that lay at her feet wreathed about with flowers. It was noon full, and then she was forced to carry it to market.

But if she was to go to town and sell fish before all the world, she determined that she would at least disguise herself. So she went first into the castle to look for some common clothes. But the cupboards and presses were all empty. No garment was left her but the one she wore, the grand velvet riding habit in which she had been used to go a hunting. She was obliged, therefore, to set out in that, and was promised a hot sop for supper upon her return. The fairies made her labour light for her. She sold her fish; and, when she came home, found a little water running from the spring, a fire alight in the court-yard, and a piece of bread beside it. She made some water hot, crumbled the bread into it, ate her hot sop and fell asleep.

Next morning she awoke very thirsty, but there was no water. The little cellarer was at her elbow to remind her that she must go fishing and marketing before she had breakfasted. She fell at once into a great rage. "I wish," she thought to herself, "I wish you were—where the pepper grows." At once she felt the elf upon her nose, where he began to punish her with a thick bristle, beating her cheeks and tickling her nostrils so that she had killed herself with sneezing.

"Wait a bit, madam," he cried. "I'll teach you politeness. Where the pepper grows, indeed! I'll pepper you."

Swanhilda fished and went to market, where two of her rejected suitors saw her, and came up at once, to buy some of her fish and to mock her. So the year and the next year passed; the suitors came one after another, jeering at Swanhilda. She took every day to market a basketful of the finest fish, and in exchange carried home every day, so much money, that she was after all a little comforted. But she was compelled to put the money by, and live on the spare diet that the cellarer provided. And while she was thus humbled, Swanhilda saw that among all the old suitors who mocked at her in her day of disgrace there came one who approached her always as of old, with lightning reverence, and honored her as much as

ever, though she was reduced to the condition of a fish-wife. Her heart was inflamed, and she understood the worth of love. Therefore, at the end of three years, she consented to marry this young knight. The produce of her marketing, in which the fairies had always helped her to success, amounted by that time to a vast sum, so that she had no difficulty in obeying the rest of the directions of the little cellarer, who had been made her major-domo by the fairy queen. To every one of her old suitors, rude as they had been and lately scornful, she had paid out a sum, which she kept faithfully. It was never to ride any more Barbary horses, but to amble on a palfrey as a gentle lady should.

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Be watchful and beware.	By the end we were.
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Gems, oh come with me.	Child's wish.
Charity.	Cold beside the hill.
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Highland minstrel boy.	Hero's serenade.
Hearts and homes.	Heather bell.
Home and my youth.	Happy days.
Hour of love.	Had I met thee in thy beauty.

Ida May.	I'd rather lose this hand of mine.
It is better to laugh.	I would I were a key again.
In this old chair. I've been reading.	I am dreaming of thee.

Johnny Hands.	Joe Hardy.	Jamie's on the stormy sea.
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Katy Darling.	Katy did and Katy didn't.
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Lain in our darling.	Lilly dear: rave with me.
Lilly Dale.	Lost greeting.

Last serenade.	Light sparks.	Lords of creation.
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Make me no gaudy chapelet.	My dream of love is over.
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Mary of Argyle.	My father's coming home mother.
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My sighs shall on the balmy breeze.	Mountain larks farwell.

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No'er can you thine be mine.	
On the banks of the Guadalquivir.	Oh! charming May.
O! would I were a girl again.	Oh! she was good as she was fair.
On! to the field of glory.	Oh! a merry old day.
Onward serenade.	Oh! home of my childhood.
Once I knew a maiden fair.	Oh! home of my childhood.
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Remo thou art no more.	

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Soft glides the sea.	She's only gone before.
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Thou came from far away.	Thou hast a trill.
The rithm.	Tell me it is my native home.
'Twas in the glad season.	Through meadows green.

Val of Waters.	Willow song.
We met by chance.	When the swallows home- ward fly.
We miss thee at home.	Where the warbling waters.
Where are the friends of my youth.	
We are almost there.	Why do you weep for me.
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# Musical World.

A Journal for "Heavenly Music's Earthly Friends."

Richard Storrs Willis, Editor and Proprietor.

3-of Volume XL]

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(Office 257 Broadway.)

## MUSIC IN THIS NUMBER.

ELISE. A MUSIC-STORY.

By the editor of the Musical World.

## THE PORTRAITS.

We must remind our friends of the article published a week or two since relative to our Portrait Gallery of musical celebrities. We are entirely exhausted of some of them at present (the worthies Beethoven, Weber and Mendelssohn, for instance—a good sign!) such has been the demand. But the choice of every person is registered as the subscriptions come in and each will be cured of receiving his portraits with the least practicable delay.

## NOCTES AMBROSIAE.

Written for the Musical World.

BY JOHN G. FISHER.

He comes to-night—The moments strangely linger,  
The sun yet lags above the distant hill,  
The clock seems scarce to move its laggard finger,  
The shadow on the dial plate stands still,—  
He comes to-night.

He comes to-night—At last the sun is sinking,  
His shadows lengthen o'er the level plain,  
I grow impatient, gazing thus and thinking,  
And waiting for his coming step in vain,—  
He comes to-night.

He comes to-night—The evening star is shining,  
How can he tarry thus along the way?  
He knows that for his presence I am pining,  
And chide the lazy hours of tagging day,—  
He comes to-night.

He comes to-night—And yet he is delaying;  
My lips are burning for his glowing kiss,  
If I were he I would not thus be staying,  
And loosing time so dear to love as this,—  
He comes to-night.

He comes to-night—I'll dream that he is present,  
And closely hiding me in mute career;  
Oh! thus to nestle in his arms he pleases,  
And lip to lip in murmuring transport press,—  
He comes to-night.

He comes to-night—I feel his dear hand playing  
Among the flowing tresses of my hair;  
While o'er my brow caressingly his straying,  
Smoothing the locks that cluster thickly there,  
He comes to-night.

He comes to-night—His gentle whisper, telling  
How dear he holds me in his inmost breast,  
Falls thrillingly upon my ear, compelling  
The joyous tear drops from my eyes to start,  
He comes to-night.

He comes to-night—How sweet to thus be dreaming,  
Imagining the bliss that he will bring;  
Hark! "The hisle no more my joy is sounding,  
Now will the hours their course like lightning wing  
He comes to-night.

[Our readers will need no finger to point out the beauty of this charming song.—Ed.]

## OMISSIONS.

We are obliged to omit this week 1st. a notice of Ole Bull's new enterprise, to the advertisement of which we call particular attention: 2d. numerous letters from correspondents, among others an interesting one from Troy, and one from Boston. Our spicy Boston friend who is making such a stir, will please send his letter a little sooner: Wednesday is our last day. 3d. We omit, because we could positively not attend, Elsie's fascinating soliloquy of Tuesday evening. Our correspondents shall have place next week.

## A WINTER VISIT TO IDLEWILD.

THE ASCENT—WITHIN DOORS—FAMILY PORTRAITS—REFLECTIONS—THE RETURN.

(CONCLUDED.)

On entering the river-gate at Idlewild the road bends upward a trifle through a grove of hemlocks and then descends to the level of the meadow again. You reach a bridge and directly over your head, crowning the wooded steep, stands the house, while on the right and from that level, there commences a ravine, which leads the eye gradually upward, narrowing in receding vista and shelving from its sloping lap the bright stream which flows beneath us into the river: and here opens upon us a veritable Napoleonic road—for audacity—a kind of Idlewild Simplon; devised by the imaginative road-master of the place; which makes a sudden dash at the steep and then, like a ship with a head wind, falls off and yields a trifle; but presently makes another dash, and thus by successive attacks nears and attains the Sebastopolian summit. One rather gets the impression from the success of so clamorous (and yet, one must admit, admirably-constructed) a road, that, in the gradual advancement of things, we shall be able one of these days, to drive coach-and-four up the side of our national capital or any other large edifice, if such a thing be at all desirable.

Imogen and Nellie had jumped out of the wagon at the bridge to carry the height by running ascent, thus throwing off the chill of the drive. Lady Jane showed her usual indignation at the ascent, and treated it in the most defiant manner—her disposition uniformly being to plunge up the steeper portions, by successive leaps: a movement repressed only by the admonitory ribbons and the graver action of the more sedate Archy.

As we arose to the summit, the ravine far below us with its dark and dense wood brought vividly to mind the wild German Odenwald, near Heidelberg; [Odenwald and Idlewild, by the way, seem to be first cousins in the quality of their rhapsody]. The stream we more heard than saw: for, at that height, it was a narrow satin ribbon, slightly frayed by the rocks it was rustling over.

The road led us out at a grove in the rear of the house, the evergreen hue of which, as we drove through it, made us pleasantly forgetful of the winter of the year. We were soon by the blazing library fire: Hatty brought down the baby (Edith) a bouncing specimen of babyhood, which perfectly astonished every eye in their wonted measurement of city babies.

All literary men have, we presume, very much the same habit of daily industry—they are lost to the world during the early part of the day. At all events, so is it with the industrious man at Idlewild. Brotherly considerations might naturally repress any trumpet-sounding (harmonious or dissonant) of the quality of things written,—although this is a theme whereon we often feel stirred to execute many pleasant variations: but, in the matter of laborious and systematic and persistent industry, we feel that we must concede to the dear boy—a reward of merit. Idlewild may be idle to every body else but to him: and if there is anything that induces a little tenderness about the heart sometimes, it is to see, and to have seen, through all those latter years of interrupted and declining health, the same rigorous habits of daily, conscientious, and one may say, pitiless industry, resolutely pursued and persisted in. And thus we occasionally find, in this world, the apparently most careless and wayward nature, to conceal, after all, a substratum of hard, resolute purpose and system of action, which puts to flight all our fine sophistry as to the superiority of genius to downright industry and hard work.

And so it happens, that at Idlewild the idle guest in the morning is left very much to himself, or given over to such playfellow as he can find in the children. For ourselves, we had recourse to all the resources that offered, both household and juvenile; which were in no sense few though, to a certain extent, small. We found ourselves involuntarily lingering in the broad hall of the house which partly serves as a gallery for family portraits. There, the beloved invisible ones smile sweetly down upon us again from canvases: while some that hang there, have still, God be thanked! their living counterpart, and yet walk the earth with us. A rather difficult mastery of ourselves shortened our gaze at the dead and tormented look and thought upon the living.

One parent, we reflected, is still left to us. How little the old man thought some five and thirty years ago when he wearily remarked one day, "I shall never live to see the dawn upon that boy's cheek," that a son at that time unborn would long

have gained maturity and yet his honored life still be spared to us! By a natural association in our mind we then thought of this same subject of *industry*—whether such a quality might not be transmissible in the blood, as a kind of constitutional habit! Like most legacies it would very likely dwindle, to be sure, with the younger generations, and the oldest son unfairly get the largest share—a view which, however depressing to ourselves, in the present instance, also induced a secret withdrawal of the fraternal “reward of merit” just bestowed, for a quality which, after all, was perhaps a mere inheritance; the merit thereof attaching entirely to the original possessor of it. And *he*, certainly, though in naught else, has been rich in *industry*. Had *journalism* ever, thought we, a more untiring and, his children may proudly say, *successful* representative than in him! For, the accumulated result at the life-close of any man, tells the story of his ability and his industry. *Three* journals, of entirely dissimilar nature, permanently established and living at this very day: the *Eastern Argus*, (political); the *Boston Recorder*, (religious); and the *Youth's Companion*, (juvenile). Of these three journals the last two were the *pioneers* of their kind—the type of that species of periodical; and since that time, what hosts of similar and imitated journals have arisen and fallen in this country!

Now—we could not but reflect—does a man willingly do the hard work of life to such an extent as this?—particularly where any one of these journals had a success adequate to furnish him *alone* and the dear partner of his life, with no handsome support to their life's close? Not so—but the necessities of many and much-loved children may urge him necessarily and energetically on to it. And what, in this case, through evil report and good report, through hard times and happy times, must these journals perform accomplish!—

Our imagination dilated upon the impressive fact of *nine children*—each of whom was sustained and reared from infancy up to full maturity!—Ye divinities of household expenses! what illimitable bread-and-butter!—what interminable roast-beef!—what exhausted establishments of summer and winter “suits”!—what Oms-upon-Pelion heights of small shoes and stockings!—Really, one's respect for the productive capacity of *journalism* somewhat increases by such a view. For, sustaining in a city, from infancy up to mature age, nine children; affording them, successively the very best education which New England facilities, near home and far from home, collegiate and academic, could furnish; with the various collaterals of incidental extravagance natural to city-bred children—implies positively a *small fortune spent upon each*: a fortune in each case almost adequate to support the parents themselves. Any man of figures could reckon this out!—at least any parent, who has ever reared to maturity and liberally educated a child.

Therefore, in our thought we honored *journalism*—or rather the old man in whose energetic hand it had proved thus productive. And the more so, that this was *journalism*, not of our present rampant and luxuriant growth, when large fortunes are suddenly made (and sunk) in them, but the modest, pioneer *journalism* of this country: launched upon the public wave and sustained and forced onward without *prestige*—without secret, moneyed patronage of men or parties—utterly without capital, except industry, and the indomitable energy of an enterprising, self-educated and self-reliant mind.

God bless the heroic old man!—for the man is a

social hero, who with *such* materials to work with, and under such circumstances, can accomplish thus much as a family-father and as a citizen in the community where he lives! Ah! brother!—tho't we—if the children of such a man, have any self-won laurels, they ought, and must, by right, to rest upon his honest oak-leaf chieft; from which was transmitted and imparted the virtue, and the educated power, that produced them. And when the aged hands, from very habit partly, and from necessity partly, (alas for those child-spent fortunes!) still falteringly insist upon their daily labor, let us sing, at least, one heartfelt song in praise of industry, to cheer and re-animate them! and devote one strophe of the filial psalm to a grateful celebration of the sturdy virtues, and the life-long, earnest devotion of a true man and loving father to his children:—children, who, even in the vicissitudes of their maturer years, always found him ready to fill the breach, to the very extent of his loving capacity!

Indeed, time would fail us to tell of all the varied reflections into which we were suddenly plunged by that family portrait-gallery:—and before we had half finished herewith, and with tossing the children up to the ceiling, and rushing out with them up and down the rugged steps of the ravine, the fraternal imagination had wreaked itself upon paper, and the dear hostess also announced dinner. Post-prandial music in the library followed, wherein the periodically-resuscitated *Glen-Mary* waltzes were not forgotten, and the indescribable delights of a refined and cultivated home, illumined by the converse of at least two cultivated minds and warm and true hearts, whiled away the hours at Idelwild.

A gathering storm in the Highlands minded us of responsibilities, materially to be interfered with by a possible block-up of snow at that distance from them. So *miled* Jane was again put in requisition and, amid a driving storm of sleet, Mr. Bell, the indispensable factotum of Idelwild, put us over to Newburgh at a famous pace. Arrived here, the ferry-bat monopoly played, we believe the not unusual, trick of refusing to cross while snow-flakes obstructed the river, and we consigned ourselves to the tender mercies of our host at the hotel next the ferry: in whose warm gathering-room while the storm was raging without, during that long winter evening we heard a popular discussion of people, and books withal, which it would have been exceedingly edifying to the subjects thereof to have heard, and which silently amused us with its unsuspected interest to at least one of the guests present. We slipped off finally to our cold little bed with a pleasant impression of the good sense and perspicacity of the popular mind in its literary and critical capacity.

The next morning we returned, like a delinquent, to our editorial plod-dery and slipped into harness again, just as though there were no pleasant things than that to do in this world.

#### THE MUSIC WAR.

SEBASTOPOL NOT YET TAKEN

The point of musical controversy, our *Musical World* readers will doubtless have observed, has of late changed. It is now, not *twixt* *treedidum* and *treedle dee*, but, *twixt* *dollar-dum* and *dollar-dee*. We doubt, however, if the latter element of strife *can*, after all (sensitive as the nervous-organization of dollars is) prove as rife of mischief and sharp antagonism as the former.

when once active among the *animis celestibus* of the well-known race of irritables.

How stands the controversy at this present!—let us see. The Czar James the 1st. is locked up in Sebastopol (he asserts that he has plenty of back country to fall back upon); the allies surround him (nearly) in his fortress and have cut off to a great extent his supplies. The battle of Alma and Inkerman have been fought in trade-convention and each claims the victory. Mountman, the Emperor of Austria (Horace Waters) and the King of Prussia (Sobubert) have rejected the propositions of the allies, and joined issue with the Czar. Now, then, comes the tug of war.

While, therefore, the sharp misis rifle of non-exchange is competing with the internal artillery of the Czar, let us lie down under a rampart that overlooks the scene and consider the causes of their strife.

We presume that the main points of the controversy might be set plainly down by the *per* and *contra* of a merchant's ledger, and we should suppose a balance might be struck and the affair adjusted by the parties themselves, without further bloodshed. At all events let us look at the *per* and *contra* effects of selling non-copyright music at half-price—that *coup d'etat* of the Czar, of which his French cousin, or cousins, had already (though rather on the sly it is said) set him the example:—

PER.

1. The public pocket will be essentially benefited thereby, saving half its annual musical expenditure.

CONTRA.

It will be impossible to re-print music at so un-remunerative a rate, and the supply of cheap music will be stopped, forcing the public upon the dearer copyright music.

PER.

2. It being made for the interest of publishers to secure good copyright music (this being the most remunerative) the plan will materially encourage and protect native art as opposed to foreign.

CONTRA.

A Know-Nothing movement—not approved. Art acknowledges no nationality. Encouragement of native Art is an encouragement of too much Negro Minstrelsy and a dis-couragement of Mendelssohn, Abt, Mozart and the rest of them.

PER.

3. Teachers, who sell 3 4ths of all the sheet music, will find it more for their interest to recommend copyrights, on which they get the large commission, to non-copyrights, whereon they get less.

CONTRA.

Teacher's do not sell 3 4ths of the music: Young ladies select it. Teachers do not select music according to the commission they get. They will lose all their commission by the sale of half-price foreign music—so long as it lasts.

PER.

4. The public taste will be materially advanced by this great dissemination of musical works.

CONTRA.

The dissemination of good musical works—like re-prints—would improve musical taste. This would be the natural effect of the movement.

But the publisher cannot afford them at half-price; and thus they will not be disseminated.

And so it goes—there seems to be no *per* in this world to which there is not a *contra*. Which will carry the day, the *per* or the *contra*, only actual test, in our own judgment, can eventually decide.

But why force it to this test? Why should the *Car* positively capitulate, or the *Allies* positively be driven out of the Crimea?

The United States government, offers to mediate in the Crimea, and so does herewith, musically, the *Musical World*.

Get up another trade convention: send your plenipotentiaries; or, much better, gentlemen,—go yourselves. Let there be a little preliminary concession first. We will suppose the *Car's* introductory movement, rather a high-handed one in thus suddenly springing a trap upon his old friends of the trade. But this is his despotic way of doing things!—besides, just herein consisted the *coup d'état*: such is the fashion of doing things now-a-days. But the consequence is, that a number of young publishers, who yesterday stocked their shelves with full-price sheet music (procured even of him) to-day find all their profit vanished and the stock worthless, by this half-price tariff. Again, in one instance, and perhaps several, old establishments had just got out, at an expense of \$1,500 or so, a comprehensive catalogue of music with the old tariff of trade prices. The result to both of these is an infallible loss.

Well—the *Car* might concede all this, and be sorry for it (as we have no doubt he really is); and be willing to meet the *Allies* half way, with a flag of truce, before the walls of Sebastopol, and then and there amicably determine upon some lower tariff of prices for sheet music; which the *Allies* themselves concede has been too high—a tariff which will prove mutually remunerative. But before the *Car* was willing to talk much about it, he might well insist also upon the small preliminary concession that he was rather cavalierly "read out of meeting" and sent to Coventry by the trade-*Allies* in session, just when he thought they were coming to an understanding with him.

Whereupon, the *Allies* might acknowledge that circumstances to have been a kind of *charge à Bah-lah-lah*—that there was a mistake in the order; or something. However, if it would ameliorate the feelings of the *Car*, they would stop the publication of Tennyson's famous song about the charge and spare the expense, at all events, of the re-print.

As proof of the personal good feeling still existing between the antagonistic forces, we have been informed that on the general break-up of the encave in New York, one of the allied generals out asunder with his sword, (*literature* Jack-knife), a two shilling piece, and handing one-half of it to the *Car*, remarked:

"Here, old fellow, we will damage ourselves to that extent on an oyster supper when it is all right again between us."

Now, will the *Car* accept the mediation of our musical United States?—that is the question: or will the mediator himself gain only a boxed ear for his trouble?—that is another, and quite a different question. Which shall it be?

Q. E. D.

#### PARISIAN GOSSIP.

Translated from the French for the *Musical World*.

Paris has the influenza. The most worried and unfortunate man in the city at present is Monsieur Perrin, overwhelmed as he is with the cares and responsibilities of the direction of a great musical theater. The operas announced in the morning, countermanded at noon, are often changed again in the evening. The *grippe* seizes his singers by the throat, stifles their notes, and sets them coughing. The audience cough every body cough—it is frightful—the other evening, in the midst of her part, one of the singers was seized with a paroxysm, and executed variations of which the composer never dreamed. Half a dozen boxes immediately took up the measure—it was a veritable chorn—quite unexpected and very disagreeable.

The variations of the weather are still more lawless, never was anything like it. Barometers and thermometers are at fault. Nothing is certain but the influenza. In the morning, the day rises long after the sun. A fog of *enante cordiale* comes across the channel, and unites the atmospheres of the two countries as their armies are now united in the East. You quake—you shiver. But, at noon, lo! the curtain of the celestial theater rises, the fog rolls off towards London, some patches of hazy sky appear, the clouds are rent by the wind and a few pale rays of a December sun profit by the interstices to shine upon the damp pavement. Ah, ha! you cry—we can go out. You go out—and rat-a-tat-tat, a discharge of hail descends from heights where there are no Russians, and the light umbrellas, which you have taken with you by excess of precaution, is a feeble shield against such blows, you hasten home and creep shivering to bed. The next morning the *grippe* has in its clutches, and you are booked for eight days of beef tea and a night-cap over your ears.

The month of December has its influence upon society. The balls have not yet commenced, but the saloons are in preparation, the upholsterers are busy, the orchestras are tuning. The fête is not yet, but the low murmur announces and precedes it.

Cards are already in circulation, giving notice that Monsieur and Madame ——— will be at home every Thursday after the 16th of December, or every Tuesday after the 24th of January. The dining houses are opened first. Invitations are flying in all directions, some formal, others cordial and without ceremony. It is well occasionally to distrust the last, when given with much protestation and compliment.

Vivier, the celebrated and witty artist, passed recently some time at Paris, on his return from his summer travels. He had hardly arrived when he was invited to dine with Monsieur X—, the musical amateur and rich capitalist. After the repast, the master and mistress of the house said to their agreeable guest, "We hope that we shall have you often to dine with us; your plate will always be ready."

"Always," said Vivier, "that is in the fashionable sense of the word."

"By no means. We are not persons of such hollow politeness. You know how much we love artists, and you in particular. Our home is yours. Come and dine with us whenever you please. We should be glad if it were every day."

"In earnest?"

"Certainly, we should be delighted."

"Ah well! since you are so cordial, I promise you I will do my best to be agreeable."

"We shall depend upon seeing you."

The next day at 6 o'clock, Vivier presented himself.

"You see," said he, "that I have taken your invitation literally. I have come to dine."

"Ah! it is very kind of you!—it is very charming," said his hosts, to whom his arrival appeared very *piquant* and quite original.

The dinner was very gay, and the artist, on taking leave received many compliments.

The next day, as they were about to sit down to the table, Vivier again appeared.

"Here I am, exact, punctual, and faithful to my promise."

"But, it is singular," he continued, fixing a penetrating and quizzical look upon the faces of his hosts,—"it is singular!—you appear surprised!—Did you not expect me?"

"Oh! certainly, you give us much pleasure," the Amphitryon and his wife replied with a forced smile.

"So much the better."

Vivier sat down, was in his happiest vein, played the agreeable to all the family, and seemed quite unconscious that he had all the hurthen of the entertaining, and that, except a few monosyllables, the conversation was reduced to a mere monologue.

On the fourth day, at six o'clock, precisely, the obstinate guest once more presented himself. This time coldness and constraint were very perceptible, and Vivier spoke of it.

The mistress of the house replied stiffly, "It is only because we feared you would not fare well, we have so poor a dinner to-day."

"I thought you expected me, but it is of no consequence. I am not difficult. I wish only the pleasure of your society."

He seated himself with perfect composure, ate heartily, then turning to madame with a complimentary air, he said:

"What could you mean? This dinner is quite as good as the others. Excellent fare! upon my word. I should desire nothing better."

The next day—it was the fifth—Vivier arrived as usual. The porter met him at the door—"Monsieur X— is not at home. He dines down town to-day."

"Ah! very well! But I forgot my great coat yesterday, I must ask the servant for it," and darting across the threshold and up the staircase, he knocked. The door was opened unexpectantly, and Monsieur and Madame stood confounded at the unexpected apparition.

"Your porter is a simpleton," said Vivier gaily. "He pretended that you had gone out. I knew he was mistaken. But what is the matter? What long faces? What a sombre and melancholy air! Has anything happened? Any accident, any misfortune? Tell me, that I may offer my sympathies."

All dinner-time, the witty artist continued and redoubled his entreaties that the supposed misfortune might be confided to him. He complained of their reserve, and indulged himself in all sorts of conjectures and questions.

"Have you lost money in speculations? missed an inheritance? heard bad music? received a visit from some troublesome bore? Have you

been wounded in your affections? in your fortune? in your hopes? in your ambition?

Then, at the desert, bursting into a fit of laughter:

"I know what is the matter, and what troubles you. It is your invitation, so cordially made, and so literally accepted. I thought that I would make the trial, suspecting that you would not endure me long. To-day, you shut the door against me, and to-morrow, if I should return, you would throw me out the window. But you will not catch me here. I wish you good evening."

#### SHEET MUSIC, CAREFULLY SELECTED. OLIVER DITSON, BOSTON.

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Twenty-four short and easy preludes for organ, composed by Wendi, revised and adapted by Vincent Novati. 50 cents.

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The celebrated studies of Cramer, with new Sargens and explanatory notes by Knorr. Part 2d \$2.00.

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*I will sing no more of sorrow*: Song by J. L. Hatten. 30 cents.

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Brilliant variations on the Star-spangled banner, by Chas. Grobe, dedicated to J. S. Black (Formosa feels most commendable est). 50 cents.

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*Beds and Blossoms*: second series: popular sacred melodies varied by Chas. Grobe. No 32, *Anticilia*. 35 cents.  
HORACE WATERS, N. Y.

*They tell me that thy heart is changed*: ballad by Thomas Baker. 25 cents.

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*Odeles*: a new Varioria, by Robert Meyer. 25 cents.  
*Mazurka* introducing Prima Donna waltz, by Theo. La Hasche. 25 cents.

#### INNER-EDITORIAL BUDGET.

AFRAFA, A NORWEGIAN AND LAPLAND TALE; *Or Life and Love in Norway*. Translated from the German of Theodore Hügge, by Edward Jay Morris. Third Edition. London: Sampson Low & Co., 57 Leinster Hill.

A tale of great interest in itself, but chiefly valuable as introducing us to new scenes and new modes of life; yet the scenes are so well sketched, and the characters so well delineated, that we almost feel on closing the book that we must at some time have lived there, and that Niels Helgrested, the trader, the old sorcerer, Afrafje, the good pastor, Klaus Horneman, Björnarme, Iida, were all old acquaintances. We quote a passage in which Marstrand, a Danish nobleman, is first introduced to Norwegian life, and to the heroine of the story; but, heroine though she is, we fancy that the little Lapland maiden, Gula, will excite more interest in most readers.

During the interchanges of these confidential conversations, the vessel had crossed the Ford, and rapidly approached Ostvagen and the fishing grounds. The small black points flitting on the sea gradually enlarged, until finally they came clearly into view, as heavy six-oared boats, in which an incessant activity prevailed. The figures of the fishermen, as they raised their nets and rods, the tremble of the sun's rays upon their leather caps and sea-soaked jackets, the yavls moving about in all directions, and

the thousand-voiced tumult, rising above the roar of the waves, united to form an animated picture which yet higher excited the feelings of Marstrand. He felt a longing to mingle in this motley throng; in his enthusiasm he forgot that, in spite of the sunshine, ice-cold gusts, plunging down from the Salten and the Tinden, sweep the sea; and that here, in the Polar zone, within a few minutes, the wildest winter-storm bursts, and with its terrors envelopes land and ocean. At present he thought only of the marvellous fishing spear, which mocked these horrors. He saw only the fluttering flags on the vessels, and the houses and huts on the rocks and strand, and it seemed to him as if a festival of spring was being celebrated, as he heard the trumpeting and fiddling on the peaks of the gray head of Vaagbon. He shouted for joy, as he saw a genuine Nerdlander draw his net, with a ringed end in every mesh. He waved his hat, as he did, as the vessel urged her way among the fishing smacks, and, surrounded by an hundred boats, whose crews shouted a hearty welcome, steered around the rocks, and to the harbor of the bay, where a number of large and small craft lay at anchor. Some time elapsed before a suitable position could be found in the line of vessels; but at last the cable rolled through the hawser-holes, and the "fair Iida of Ornesnes" was secured by the long cables, and warily echoed off the drops which hung upon her bows and bulwarks.

Björnarme had his hands full, and it was some time before he could trouble himself about his passenger, who, from the quarter-deck, was attentively regarding the taking of fish, which in all its details, was passing before his eyes. At the entrance of the bay, around an island of bare rock, called Skraaven, it was pursued with the most activity. Five or six hundred boats, with three or four thousand fishermen, were there engaged in fishing. The nets were incessantly cast and drawn, with song and shout; for they were overlaid with fish, and great care was observed in extricating them from the meshes, to prevent the laceration of the threads. At many other spots there were immense cables, to which more than a thousand angling rods were fastened; for the angle was more in use then than at present. The fishermen next buried within their full boats into the bay, where, upon the rocks, scaffolds of poles, and tables for the disembowelling of the fish, and butts for shelter and rest were erected.

Marstrand soon felt a disgust for this monotonous slaughter. He turned away, saying to himself, "It is a cruel, cowardly torture—I will see no more of it. For this, twenty thousand men are attracted to these naked rocks; for this, they shunt and yell like persons possessed, despite the storms of the polar sea. What a rude, coarse people—what an absence of humane sensations! No," continued he, "most of them would remain at home, were they not driven by necessity to these latitudes. And does not want also drive me into this land of ice and mountain?" said he, musingly. "But fish I cannot catch—accursed be this filthy, bloody business! A pestilential smell is wafted either from the fishing-banks; and these heaps of entrails, these tubs of train-oil and livers, these bloody heads, these wild, screaming flocks of birds, seeking their share of the prey, those dirty, oil-creaking men there; the one is as disgusting and horrible as the other—"

Björnarme clapped him on the shoulder, and exclaimed in his loud tones, "You must not meditate so much, friend John; you must be brisk and gay, for here every one is in good humor. The whole year through, young and old, rejoice for the fishing at Lofodden; and no man in all Nordland hires himself out, without making it a condition that he shall join the expedition to the islands. How do you like it?"

"Better at distance, than near at hand," replied Marstrand, with a smile.

"You are no Norwime," said Björnarme, "otherwise you would not speak so; but wait, you will soon change your opinion. I am as glad as if all the fish

in Westford belonged to me. My sister has come with my father. See you yonder boat. There they are." He drew Marstrand away with him, and at that moment the boat touched the vessel, from which a rope ladder was thrown over, which the sea swayed about as it rose and fell. A robust man, in a blue fisherman's coat with a leather cape thrown over his shoulders, lifted up a young girl on the seat before him, whose dark blonde hair escaped in flowing tresses from beneath a gaily striped fishing-hat.

"Take firm hold of the ladder, Iida," said the old man.

In the next moment the young girl stood upon the steps, and carefully climbing upward, as soon as she set foot on the deck, grasped her brother with both hands.

"Are you not surprised to see me, Björnarme?" said she, in friendly tone.

"God's joy be with you, Iida!" he tenderly replied. "Have you had a good voyage?"

"A fortunate voyage, Björnarme; I hope yours has been as happy!"

"Percey so; and how goes the fishing?"

"Wonderfully well, Björnarme. All the scaffolds are full. Yesterday was such a day as rarely happens, old people say. Fat, huge fish that tore the nets. It is a rare pleasure, Björnarme; I am never tired of seeing and hearing. Father's vessels are filled, all the casks are full of liver oil, and the fish are extraordinarily fat! It will be a good year, Björnarme; a good voyage to Bergen; full vessels."

Here she looked around, and her laughing face suddenly assumed a graver aspect, as her glance lighted on the stranger. She was a tall, stout damsel, firmly set, of the true Norman stock, with a strong resemblance to her brother. The same strongly-marked features, the same broad brow, and clear, beaming eyes; but all was so firmly stamped, and so fully formed, that the absence of soft, feminine traits could easily offend a spoiled eye. So it was with John Marstrand. He could hardly suppress a laugh of derision, as he looked upon her, and remembered with what eloquent boasting Björnarme had praised this sister, in honor of whose charms the yacht had been christened with the name of "the fair Iida of Ornesnes."

"A beauty born under the sixty-ninth degree of north latitude, among whales, cod fish, and reindeer, can indeed vary a little from our standard," said he, in an undertone, "but this one here, in her neat leather shoes, her green, red trimmed frieze gown, her fur-jacket, and leather apron, with white woollen gloves upon her coarse hands, appears too beer-like, and polar-proportioned."

While he made this observation to himself, Björnarme whispered something to his sister, and then said aloud: "I have brought a friend with me, Iida, who will dwell with us. John Marstrand is his name, and this is he. Give him your hand, sister."

The young girl mistrustfully examined the stranger with her bright eyes, and then, in obedience to the request of her brother, extended him her hand; in her strong-toned voice, saying, "You are welcome, sir, to the country. God's peace be with you!"

#### WEBSTER AND HIS MASTER-PIECES.

By Rev. B. F. Telt, D. D., L. D., Author of "Hungary and Kowsh." In two volumes. Auburn and Buffalo: Miller, Orton and Mulligan.

These two volumes comprise, the one a memoir of Webster, the other, a collection of his speeches at the Bar, in Congress, on anniversary occasions, at public dinners, before literary Associations, etc. It was a good thought of Mr. Telt thus to fill the gap between the extracts from Webster in Readers and works on Eloquence, and the large and expensive volumes which comprise the labors of his life. We could have wished, however, that Webster alone had been allowed to speak to us in both volumes. The principal facts of his life are generally known, while it is too soon for an impartial

ography to be written. This apparently "seems to be impartial." It is sufficiently eulogistic to satisfy his blindest admirers.

#### A FORTUNATE KISS.

The following little story by Miss Bremer is taken from *Sirin's Magazine*. For its truth and reality she says she will be responsible:

"In the University of Upsala, in Sweden, lived a young student, a lonely youth, with a great love for studies, but without means for pursuing them. He was poor and without connections. Still he studied, living in great poverty, but keeping a cheerful heart, and trying not to look at the future, which looked so grimly at him. His good humor and good qualities made him beloved by his young comrades. Once he was standing with some of them in the great square of Upsala, chatting away an hour of leisure, when the attention of the young man became arrested by a very young, elegant lady who was at the side of an elderly one, walking slowly over the place. It was the daughter of the Governor of Upland, living in the city, and the lady with her was the governess. She was generally known for her goodness and gentleness of character, and looked upon with admiration by the students. As the young man now stood gazing at her as she passed on like a graceful vision, one of them exclaimed:

"Well it would be worth something to have a kiss from such a mouth."

The poor student, the hero of our story, who was looking listlessly on that pure and angelic face, exclaimed as if by inspiration, "Well, I think I could have it."

"What?" cried his friends in a chorus, "are you crazy? Do you know her?"

"Not at all," he answered; "but I think she would kiss me now, if I asked her."

"What, in this place before all our eyes?"

"In this place, before your eyes."

"Freely?"

"Freely."

"Well, if she will give you a kiss in that manner I will give you a thousand dollars," exclaimed one of the party.

"And I?" "And I?" cried three or four others; for it so happened that several rich young men were in the group, and bets ran high on so improbable an event; and the challenge was made and received in less time than we take to relate it.

Our hero (my authority tells me whether he was handsome or plain; I have my peculiar ideas for believing that he was rather plain but singularly good-looking at the same time)—our hero immediately walked off to the young lady, and said:—" (min fröken,)" my fortune is in your hand." She looked at him in astonishment had arrested her steps. He proceeded to state his name and condition, his aspiration, and related simply and truly what had just passed between him and his companions. The young lady listened attentively, and when he ceased to speak, she said, blushing, but with great sweetness:—"If by so little a thing so much good can be effected, it would be foolish for me to refuse your request;" and she kissed the young man publicly in the open square.

Next day the student was sent for by the Governor. He wanted to see the man who had dared to seek a kiss from his daughter in that way, and whom she had consented to kiss so. He received him with a scrutinizing brow, but after an hour's conversation was so pleased with him that he offered him to dine at his table during his studies at Upsala.

Our young friend now pursued his studies in the manner which soon made him regarded as the most promising scholar at the University. Three years were not passed after the day of the first kiss, when the young man was allowed to give a second one to the daughter of the Governor, as his intended bride.

He became later one of the greatest scholars in Sweden, as much respected for his learning as for his

character. His works will endure forever among the works of Science; and from this happy union sprang a family well known in Sweden at the present day, and whose wealth of fortune and high position in society are regarded as small things, compared with its wealth of goodness and love.

#### THE REVENGE:

A TALE.

"You are to marry a nobleman," preached Miss Hedwig, of the ancient house of Faltenwackel, daily to the young Amelia Willmuth.—"You are to marry a nobleman, that is your destiny, and ought to be your aim, intention, wish, and prayer. For what purpose has your papa traded so largely? Only that his beautiful daughter might share a noble pedigree."

So ever talked Miss Hedwig. She was the best, the most honest creature that ever wore a coat of arms; strictly moral were her principles, feeling was her heart, spotless her conduct; ridiculous pride in her ancient descent was her only fault; it was a constitutional disease, of which the herself was therefore guiltless, like a man who is born with a horny tumor, because his father had one; she also, in the education of Amelia, mingled this seed of a weed with her grains of wheat. And really, as it usually is the case, weaknesses are not only allowed in a beloved person, but we sometimes even catch them ourselves. I have been acquainted with people who could not bear snuff, but who, out of complaisance, would now and then take a pinch from the box of a friend, and before the end of a year, become properly used to it. Where is the wonder, then, that Amelia Willmuth, who for twelve years had daily heard, *You are to marry no other than a nobleman!* She might well say it, for she would bring her husband a yearly income of six thousand dollars. Her mother had been long since dead, but with her father she had a bottle, a severe battle to maintain, for he was a plain citizen, who had begun business with only forty dollars, and had gained tons of gold by the sweat of his brow, and would most willingly have seen an honest and worthy son-in-law take upon himself the care of his manufactory and warehouses, and continue his much-famed firm. But as a father has seldom any will against an only beloved daughter, so the old Willmuth contented himself now with frowning upon, then jerking, at his daughter's noble whim, but in fact, he left it to his daughter's free choice.

But really the passion to become a titled lady had only shot up like a flower of ice in a frosty night on a looking-glass, and so would it in spite of all the admonitions of the good Miss Faltenwackel, have easily hence come to pass, that the roguish Cupid with a soft light might imperceptibly melt away the ice-flower, and then view himself in the clear glass; but chance would have it so, that the first citizen that courted her hand was an exquisite after the newest fashion; and therefore a most amiable creature. He clothed himself in a sack, but without showing his head with ashes; he hid his withered heart under five or six waistcoats, and his hand in the place which was the seat of his soul; he had studied so to say, and learnt from the new philosophy, that the whole world consisted of perfect blockheads, and he therefore composed sonnets and quibbles, and despatched Wieland. We shall say no further than that his name was Flügwid, and that he was almost as rich as Amelia, and consequently resolved never to humble himself to common courtship. The pretty maiden of seventeen excited his vanity; and as he conceived it impossible to be refused he made his proposals with a noble boldness, at a public hall, whilst he was her partner in an English country dance, and that even so loud, that all her companions in the dance could hear them.

The timid, modest maid certainly had the image of a future husband in her heart, but not exactly resembling Flügwid. Even had he been a nobleman, she would have as indignantly flown from him, as she fled from the citizen of the end of the dance; the latter was, however, satisfied with having covered

her cheeks with deep blushes for the whole evening, conceiving it to be a certain sign that she would absolutely resign herself to him, and he went boldly to her father in the morning to fix the wedding for the following week.

Old Willmuth was astonished to hear that his daughter was so near her nuptials, when she had never confided to him one word about it. However, as Flügwid most confidently asserted, that he was inexorably beloved, the plain old man could not do less than believe it. But as it did not absolutely please him to see his future son-in-law keep putting his neckcloth over his chin he answered him very politely, "that he himself had nothing to say against him, but that he left his daughter a free choice, and would therefore talk with her about it." Upon which Flügwid shook the old man very heartily by the hand, called him father, and went out to invite his friends to the wedding.

But the affair really had a melancholy conclusion; for old Willmuth, after he had spoken with his daughter, wrote a peltic note to "Mr. Flügwid, Junior," in which he, in the most friendly manner, informed him, "that his daughter by no means thought at present of changing her state, but acknowledged his well-meaning intentions with grateful thanks, and wished him all Christian happiness."

Those who are well acquainted how deeply the philosophical exquisite of the present day are impressed with their own excellences (and who is there that does not know it?)—can well conceive the monstrous rage that seized on the mortified Flügwid. Instantly, he endeavored to breathe forth his sonnets and philippics; but old Willmuth and his daughter belonged to that race of common people who never read such works of art, so with them he did not gain his point. His exasperation increased as he learnt by accident that Amelia Willmuth would only give her hand to a nobleman. Now he for the first time learnt how it had been possible for her to refuse his hand, for he was inwardly convinced that he was in possession of every excellent quality, the single one of birth alone excepted, and for which he had already long labored the most arduous contest. Therefore he built on this circumstance a most excellent plan of revenge.

Whilst Flügwid studied at Jena he met with a sprightly active youth, possessing a clear head and open heart, whose name was Diesel. He was the son of a rich mechanic in a country town, whose father was, like many in the same situation of life, affected with the folly of making his son a scholar, and the summit of his wishes was to hear his little Christopher preach from the pulpit of his parish church.

"Then would his fellow citizens, as gill as the steward, pull off their hats to the good man, from whose lips issued the light of the church." This was his blessed dream every Sunday after divine service, when he smoked his pipe in the chimney corner. Christopher must therefore be sent to his studies, to which the youth most willingly consented, for his father's trade of a shoemaker did not suit his aspiring genius. He passed, as thousands like him, from one college to the other, but yet he scraped up more than many others, and all was tolerably clear in his well-organized head. But at the same time he lived merrily and loosely, and finished in three years what his father had been forty in raking together; run in, doubt, was expelled, reformed, seduced, some home, found his worthy old father dead, and his life-fame spread among his townsmen.

Now, it is true, applied to pass his examination, but he was not allowed, as he had been expelled the university.

Thus he beheld every way of getting a livelihood closed against him; but the excellent animal spirits with which he had been born preserved him from despair. He was about to enlist as a soldier, but, just in time, a young nobleman, who had been his fellow student at Jena, and for whom he had once suffered punishment, offered him a situation as a village schoolmaster, which he even accepted, without further consideration.



The degrading idea of burying himself in his twenty-fifth year as teacher of a village school, he drove away as well as he was able, by various lively and humorous sallies; one of which was his formally announcing to all his friends at the university, his elevation to the office of village schoolmaster, and promising them his future protection.

Such a letter was also transmitted to Flügward, with whom Distel had been in the commercial class at Jena. Flügward received it just at the time when he was reflecting on his revenge against Amelia. Suddenly, like as a flash of lightning striking upon a pond spouts about the mire, so the idea struck him of making this village schoolmaster the instrument of his revenge. He also recollected that Distel united with a handsome manly person an active mind; nothing more was wanting for his plan, the rest could be effected by his money. He therefore immediately wrote to Distel a very kind letter; flattered him that his talents should be confined to so poor a circle of operations; exhorted him that he had not placed greater confidence in his rich friend; declared that it must be impossible for him to rusticate himself as a village schoolmaster; entreated him to take his leave of the office immediately, and to come to Hamburg on a certain day, where he would be met by Flügward; and that he could not fail to be satisfied with the step taken for his future establishment.

Christopher fell from the clouds, but not roughly; he lay very pleasantly on the green turf of hope. To resign his situation did not cost him a single shilling; his loose knapsack was soon buckled across his shoulders, and on the appointed day he walked through the gates of the more honest than free city of Hamburg, and proceeded immediately to the hotel of Petersberg, where admittance was refused to the dirty and mean-looking guest, until Flügward, looking down from the window, recognised him, and procured him entrance.

Distel was all on fire to know what views his old companion at Jena had to propose to him. Scarce, therefore, were some sweet moments passed in old recollections, than he broke out with the inquisitive question:

"Now, brother chum, what is your business with me?"

"You shall marry a very rich and handsome girl."

"With all my heart."

"But she is a fool."

"That does not signify."

"She has refused me."

"That was not quite so foolish."

"Because I was not a nobleman."

"Noraam I."

"But you shall be one."

"How?"

Flügward now disclosed his scheme; that Distel should pass for the Baron of Distelberg, a Bohemian nobleman that he should be abundantly supplied with money; still remain a quarter of a year at Hamburg, to perfect himself in dancing, riding, and other noble accomplishments; then would Flügward procure him noble letters of credit from rich houses at Vienna and Prague on rich houses in Hamburg, which he should desire to be exchanged for other payable in the towns where Amelia resided. Flügward made no doubt that these new letters of credit would be as old Wilmoth, as his house was the first in the place (as he had most truly reckoned). Distel then should present himself with a most splendid equipage and prodigious bills; old Wilmoth would, no doubt, as was the custom, invite him to dinner; there he would become acquainted with Amelia, pay his visit to her, demand her hand, and marry her.

The affair was concluded according to form; Distel's knapsack was changed into a full offer, and heavy parading purse; the Baron of Distelberg occupied himself some months in Hamburg, in perfecting himself in knightly exercises, equipped himself very elegantly, hired coachman, huntsman, and servants, proved at Hamburg through his letters of credit from Vienna, that he was a rich Bohemian no-

bleman, and received when he was about to depart, without the least hesitation, letters of credit on Peter Wilmoth, at D—

In a splendid English carriage, surmounted with servants, he entered the stage on which he was to perform the principal character. On the next day after his arrival, he presented himself to Peter Wilmoth, delivered his letters, was politely received, gave out that he was unacquainted with any individual in the town, and naturally received an invitation to dinner. He made his appearance at the proper time; old Wilmoth entertained him with the wind and weather until dinner was brought in.

"Call my daughter," said the old man to his servants, and the heart of the village schoolmaster beat high in his bosom. Two minutes after, a most beautiful girl entered, accompanied by a venerable old lady. Distel blushed, which had not happened to him before for many years; and Amelia became red, which happened to her daily.

"The Baron of Distelberg," said the old Wilmoth, whilst he presented him to the ladies. Amelia bowed modestly; Miss Faltenwackel became amiable and kind, as soon as the magic word *baron* reached her ears. They seated themselves at table. Distel never took his eyes off Amelia. What a melancholy pity it is, he thought, that this girl is a fool. He had determined to eat much and talk a great deal; but he ate little and scarcely said anything. His eyes were more eloquent. Amelia had made a conquest; she herself thought it, and Miss Hedwig said it; and even more sensuously, as her amiable pupil, to hear the point contested, denied it.

"He is a young man of condition; that," said she, "is to be seen on the first look. The citizen can become learned, even polite, but he can never obtain that elegant, peculiar, turn of manners, such as, for example, adorn the Baron of Distelberg."

In what respected the example, the good Hedwig was perfectly right; for the shoemaker's son, it was not denied, had the air and manners of a great lord. When at table the knives and forks were changed after every dish; or when he negligently, with bent back and neck, gave his orders to the servants, picked his white teeth, any one would have sworn he had been well and highly born. He had very soon discovered the weak side of the government, and spoke with her as often as he had the misfortune to meet her alone, not only of the nobility in general, but more particularly of the house of Faltenwackel, with exalted veneration; he even decried bright tears from the good soul, when he impudently assured her that he had read in a secret memoir of the Portuguese history, that a Faltenwackel had been instrumental in placing the house of Braganzas on the throne. After this discovery, Miss Hedwig became his faithful ally; according to ancient custom she received his signs, and carried them to her to whom they belonged; he on the other hand, out of gratitude, abused the French revolution.

He stood very well with the father. He had, when at the university, attained some knowledge of the theory of commerce, manufactures, and the like, and now read, every morning, for a couple of hours, in technical books and manuals. Thus armed, he appeared before Peter Wilmoth, and he knew how most admirably to make his superficial knowledge pass current, to express himself without constraint, and with such judgment, that he frequently threw the old experienced manufacturer into the greatest astonishment. It was not long before he conducted him round all his manufactories, an honor which he had never before done to a stranger; and Distel knew so scientifically how to praise them, that the old man, in the evening, before going to bed, set Miss Hedwig in a flame by the remark, "that for a nobleman, this baron was a very well-informed man."

Though Distel knew how, by means of a little art, to insinuate himself into the good graces of the father and government, yet, on the contrary, with Amelia he acted, against his will, quite artlessly. When at

home, he well studied both his looks and words; but when he stood before her, those words and looks refused to be in his power. A well-projected ardent look became a languishing one; and when he had resolved to look firmly in her blue eyes, he could save his brown ones. But this did him not the least injury with Amelia. She was already highly delighted with the pseudo-baron, inwardly rejoiced when his father praised him, and was not angry when Miss Hedwig felt little of certain possibilities.

It was in the month of May, the usual time when Amelia was accustomed to go to a beautifully situated country-house on the banks of the Elbe. The Baron of Distelberg was therefore informed, that he desired answer could as yet be given him; but they should conceive themselves happy if he would pass a month at Amelia's cottage. This invitation certainly led him to presume that they were more than half determined to crown his wishes, and he followed her with joy.

What happy days and weeks did he pass by the side of Amelia! Ever more familiar did her lovely heart cling to him; he well perceived that she was so free, and that the whim of nobility, if it really clung here like a parasite plant to the tender shrub, had only been planted and nursed by Miss Faltenwackel. Daily he discovered new beauties, talents, and amiable qualities; and what really appeared as magic before his eyes, he was daily the more convinced that Amelia loved him. But what should really have made him more bold, affected timidity in him. The veil that youthful carelessness and light-mindedness had formed over his heart was burst asunder by the rays of love, that exerted its ancient rights of ennobling whatever it touched. He repented the part he had undertaken; he became dull and melancholy, and no longer ventured to express his sentiments aloud.

Amelia soon observed the change; but she explained it—as maidens are accustomed to do—to her own advantage. She supposed the baron was disheartened on account of the decisive answer being so long delayed, and Miss Hedwig confirmed her in this belief.

One evening, as they were seated on the green turf, and Amelia jestingly threw her *Josamine* flowers at her dreaming lover, without being able to effect more than a melancholy smile, behold a messenger made his appearance through the green garden door, and brought a letter from her father. The good old man wrote, "that it was with the greatest pleasure he informed her that the accounts he had already received from Hamburg respecting the Baron of Distelberg sounded very favorably."

The eyes of Amelia shone brightly while she read, and the slight motion of the paper betrayed a slight motion of the hand. When she had finished, she fixed her looks most tenderly upon her lover, appeared suddenly to come to a resolution, rose up, stood before him as he lay extended on the grass, gave him her hand with a smiling earnestness, and said with a firm voice:

"Distelberg, you love me, and I am sincerely glad of it. My father leaves me to my own free choice: here is my hand."

Crushed down, lay the youth at the feet of the lovely maid, in whose heavenly eyes swam a tear, whose full bosom heaved perceptibly, who tremblingly extended her swan-like hand towards him, and at last stammered the kind words from her sweet lips—all, all seized upon his intoxicated senses! He fell down upon his knees before her, pressed her hand violently to his mouth, his eyes and heart; bursting into tears, he leaped up, would have embraced Amelia, to which she appeared willingly to consent, then suddenly, started suddenly back, pushed her almost violently from him, sighed sobbed and hurried away from her. Amelia looked after him, and anxiously turned interestingly inquisitive towards Miss Hedwig.

"It is the first intoxication of joy," said the latter; "for a nobleman, certainly a little violent; but he will recover himself; only allow him an hour's time."

Amelia shook her head. She was very doubtful, and slowly with drooping head, she stole into the house. The cloth was laid for supper, it was brought in, the baron did not make his appearance. A servant went to call him, he sent his excuses. Amelia now fell into an agonized emotion, and Miss Faltenwackel was of opinion that it was not manners. Amelia did not touch a bit, but as soon as possible flew to her bed chamber whose appellation for this night was but an empty title. With the rising sun she stole into the park, and mingled tears, pressed off by fearful forebodings, with the mild dew of heaven. "What is this! what does it mean!" she asked herself a hundred times, and always remained in doubt for the answer. With eager, yet melancholy longing she waited for the hour of breakfast, which was generally taken in company.

"Where can the baron be?" she exclaimed at last, with some bitterness; "he never used to be the last. Christian go and call him." The servant obeyed her order.

Amelia spoke not a word, but her bosom heaved violently. That she might not betray the tempest in her bosom, she hastily poured out a cup of tea, and raised—as the heard footsteps approaching—with trembling hand the cup to her mouth.

But it was only Christian, who, in great amazement, came in with a letter in his hand.

"The baron is gone," said he, "and has left this letter behind for my young lady."

Amelia turned pale. Miss Faltenwackel nodded to the servant to leave the room.

Amelia had not sufficient power to break open the letter; she gave it to her governess, with a silent prayer, to open. Miss Hedwig did so and read:

"Longer I cannot remain silent. I have deceived you. Fliegeld has abused my hair-braided folly as an instrument of his revenge. I am no baron, I am a shoemaker's son."

Here Miss Hedwig, half fainting, fell the letter from her hands. Amelia, who had become pale and lifeless with astonishment at the first line, now appeared suddenly to recover her powers, hastily took up the letter and herself read on:

"A union with me was to have turned you into ridicule. He described you as a fool, and his deception deserves chastisement. I, wretch, gave my consent to it. In the place of a fool I found an angel! I love you—Amelia—I love you inexhaustibly. Ours be not; I am not a bad man. I knew not what an act of villainy I was beginning; I cannot go through with it—Ours be not. I am sufficiently punished, for I love you to madness. Never more hear a word from  
"THE UNFORTUNATE DISTEL."

The good Faltenwackel trembled through every limb. "This I can never survive!" she repeated continually."

Amelia appeared, on the contrary, as if she would outlive it. It is true she let her hand with the letter fall in her lap, and her fixed eyes became riveted on her knees; but her bosom did not heave so violently; now and then even a thought appeared to steal in a smile over her pale cheeks; in short she seemed to have expected a greater misfortune. But as she continued sitting for more than half an hour immovable, and Miss Hedwig's "This I shall never survive!" uttered no sound in reply, so the letter at last became alarmed for the deserted bride, waddling away, returned with a smelling-bottle, and wished to send for a physician.

"Not now," whispered Amelia, while she gently pushed away the smelling bottle. "I'm not ill; but order the horses to be put to the light post-chaise; I must go immediately to town."

"How? What and wherefore?" The apprehensive governess remained unanswered. Amelia persisted in her determination without explaining herself further. While haste was making to obey her orders, she herself went to Distel's chamber, and found there to her great astonishment, his butler busy packing up.

"How, Philipp?" she exclaimed, "are you still here?"

"Ah, yes!" replied the honest fellow, with tears in his eyes, "I have lost my good master."

"Why did you not accompany him?"

"His express commands."

"Where is your master gone?"

"Ah! that I know not."

"Has he taken nothing with him?"

"Nothing at all. All his things I am to take to town, and deliver to Mr. Fliegeld, together with this letter which you may read, for he has not taken the trouble to seal it."

Amelia read,—

"You would have led me to the act of a villain, but you know me. What I have of yours I send you back. Pardon them when I came to you, do I go into the world. Seek not after me, and if accident should ever lead us together, then beware of me: notwithstanding I despise thee, at the sight of the anger might cause me to trace the name of Amelia in blood on your shameful forehead."

With tears in her eyes Amelia gave back the letter.

"Fulfill your master's orders," said she with lovely sorrow, "and then return home; I will endeavor to repair your loss."

"Ah, madam," sighed the butlerman, "he was so good a master! and if you knew what he suffered this last night, and had seen him steal out of the house before daybreak more dead than alive—"

"Enough," replied Amelia, and slipped hastily out of the door, to conceal her emotion. The horses were put to, she threw herself into the carriage, accompanied by Miss Hedwig, and in less than three hours reached town. On the way the old woman made a hundred attempts to bring Amelia to her speech; she supposed it to be dumb despair, began to console her, by christening against the abominable man, who knew so well how to ape the manners of nobility; and the end of the strain was, "I shall never survive it!" Poor Faltenwackel! still more vexatious things awaited thee, for scarce had Amelia leaped out of the carriage, than she threw herself at the feet of her father, discovered to him everything, showed him Distel's letter, and exclaimed, with the ardent enthusiasm of restrained feelings, "He loves me really, for he could not deceive me! It was in his power to gain possession of me! He loves me, but he could not be indebted to desert for the attainment of me—he had the courage to renounce me! I now love him more than ever; and never, never will I give my hand to another!"

Peter Willmuth was a good, worthy old man, who had now, for the first time, to learn the art of refusing his only daughter. Yet the caprice for a union with nobility was not his caprice; it was equal to him—yes, to him it would be, for before mentioned reason, much more agreeable—if his daughter gave her hand to a simple citizen. Distel had, moreover, greatly pleased him; the young man had great knowledge, and might in a year become a most excellent merchant.

"I do not know, dear Amelia," said he, very much embarrassed, "but tell me, wherefore is it you are upon your knees! Stand up, and marry him, but yet not before—you find him. Amelia rose up and hung upon the neck of her father.

"He is a shoemaker's son!" exclaimed Miss Faltenwackel.

"My grandfather was a honest tailor," said Peter Willmuth, and went into his counting-house, convinced that Amelia would take care of the rest. In which he was not deceived. She sent the faithful Philipp after her lover, who had fortuitously observed the road that Distel had taken. Philipp found him about forty miles from Amelia's cottage in B—, in which was a garriçon, where he was on the point of enlisting. Like one intoxicated, like a dreamer, he conducted him back to the feet of Amelia. In a few days they became a happy couple, and have remained so these many years. Fliegeld received an invitation to the wedding, which he bore to pieces with his teeth. Miss Faltenwackel was a witness of their domestic happiness for half twenty years, and sighed every evening, "This I shall never survive!"

## MISCELLANIES.

CURIOUS INSCRIPTION.—In one of our exchanges, we find the following Vandois inscription, which is cut on the stone of an old house in Grosse Pierre, Commune de Molines, in Quarrays, High Alps:

Pecco viv gener crim morie  
stor ess avit ine m  
Salv mori reserz sangu via

The middle line is the termination of the corresponding words of the first and third lines. Example: Peccator—salvator—viv—ess—morie—etc. The following translations into English has been made:

liv sinz transgre procor damn  
a ing er's sion ed alon  
dy Redeem pa purcha salv

NOT EXACTLY THE THING.—The *Courrier des Etats Unis* relates the following amusing anecdote: "Felician David, the celebrated French musician is travelling in the East, during the vacation of the company to which he is attached. The fame of his talent follows him every where. At Cairo he was asked if he would consent to give music lessons to the wives of the Pacha, Mehemet Ali. David who saw the harem, filled with Georgians, Circassians almost Houries, opening before his eyes, accepted the proposal with a warmth almost too thinly disguised. He was led into the inaccessible gynæceum, and there, in a porcelain saloon, under the murmurs of a fragrant fountain he was presented to—five abominable concubines! These fellows were to take the lessons from the artist and transmit them to the wives of his Highness! Felician David is running yet."

BEECHER ON THE KNOW-NOTHINGS.—REV. H. W. Beecher recently lectured in Hartford on "Palestine." He opposed the Know-Nothing, and said that the idea of danger to American institutions from the influx of foreigners was as absurd as would be the belief that the waters of the Atlantic ocean could be turned to milk by emptying into them all the milk-pans of the country. "When I eat chicken," said Mr. Beecher, I don't become chicken. *Chicken becomes me*! So it is, he continued, with the Irishmen and the Germans who pour into this country—they come to the vigorous digestion of a young Republic, which "swallows them as foreigners, but turns them into Americans."

BAD COPY FOR PRINTERS.—The worst case on record of bad copy for compositors will be found in the following paragraph, which we take from the *Oxford Herald*: "The late Sharon Turner, author of the *History of the Anglo Saxons*; who received three hundred a year as a literary pension, wrote a third volume of his 'Sacred History of the World' upon paper which did not cost him a farthing. The copy consisted of torn and angular fragments of letters and notes, of covers of periodicals, grey, drab, or green, written in thick round hand over a small print; shreds of curling paper, nutritious with pomatum or bear's grease, and of the white wrappers in which his proofs were sent from the printers. The paper, sometimes as thin as a bank-note, was written on both sides, and was so sodden with ink, plastered on with a pen worn to a stump, that hours were frequently wasted in discovering on which side of it certain sentences were written. Men condemned to work on it saw their dinner vanishing in illimitable perspective, and first-rate hands groined over it a whole day for ten times."





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Annie Laurie.	A nut beside a hill.
Are we almost there.	Arah shod.
Ah for wings; or, Prima donna song.	Ave Maria.
Bowdler boy.	Bine Junia.
Burial of Mrs. Jackson.	Bonnie Mary Gray.
Be watchful and beware.	By the sea and waves.
Blanche Alpin.	Bliss like a rose.
Come, oh! come with me.	Child's wish.
Charity.	Cot beside the hill.
Come, with thee down.	Charming May.
Call me put names.	Chink of gold.

Do they miss me at home.	Desert, I will love thee more.
Fleeting Drum.	Dreams.

Eight dollars a day.	Ever be happy.	Echo of the mountain.
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Fannie dear.	Free country.	Fond wishes.
--------------	---------------	--------------

Grave of Washington.	Grave of Benarope.
God of the fathersland.	Go to the grave.

Highland minstrel boy.	Her's a rumble.
Hearts and homes.	Heather bell.
Home of my youth.	Happy Bayader.
Honor of love.	Had I met thee in thy beauty.

I do May.	I'd offer thee this hand of mine.
It is better to laugh.	I would I were a boy again.
In this old chair, I've been roaming.	I am dreaming of thee.

Johnny Sands.	Joe Hardy.	Jamie's on the stormy sea.
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Katy Darling.	Katy did and Katy didn't.
---------------	---------------------------

Lulu is our darling.	Lilly dear! rove with me.
Lilly Dale.	Last greeting.
Lead crusade.	Lightsparks.

Make me no gaudy chaplet.	My dream of love is over.
Milly's Maid.	Mountain Song.
My father's coming home mother.	Mountain made invitation.
My sighs shall on the balmy breeze.	Mountainsteers farwell.

Not for gold or precious stones.	No more.
No ne'er can thy home be mine.	

On the banks of the Guadalquivir.	Oh! charming May.
O! would I were a girl again.	O! she was good as she was
On! to the field of glory.	fair.

Ocean's wondrous.	Oh! the merry old days.
Owe I knew a maiden fair.	Oh! home of my childhood.
Panper's Festival.	Pretty little warbler.
Peatal.	Pretty little mocking bird.
Prima Donna Song.	Pinch and Cough O'Leary.

Reveries then art no more.	The sweetly asleep.
Song of Blanche Alpin.	Song of blunder time.
Silver moon.	Sycamore old and grey.
Songs of other days.	Serenade of Don Pasquale.
Soft glides the sea.	She's only gone for tea.
Silence! silence!	Songs of love.

Thy name was once a magic	Thou hast learned to love ac-
True as a Sunday morning.	quately.
True art gone from my gaze.	There's a sigh in the heart.
The return.	Three o' the hills.
'Twas to the glad seasons.	Take me to my native home.
Val of Waters.	Through meadows green.

We met by chance.	Willow song.
We miss thee at home.	When the swallows home-
We are the friends of my	ward fly.
youth.	When the warbling waters

We are almost there.	Why do you weep for me.
When the moon on the lake	Will you love me then as now
is beaming.	Yes, 'tis true that Katy
Yes, the die is cast.	now is sleeping.
Yes! I have loved before.	

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With English and German Text. Translated from the German, by G. A. Schmitt.

Read what is said of this book by teachers of music.

From S. LABAR, Organist and Director of Music at the Fourteenth St. Presbyterian Church, New York.

I hail the appearance of this method with a peculiar satisfaction. It has decided preference over those of Hutton and the like, even Bertini. It is a practical and useful book. Anything in the way of instruction that has Julius Knorr's name attached can be relied upon as good.

From B. F. BAKER, Teacher of Music, Boston.

It is a most excellent manual of instruction. I shall recommend it to my pupils, and to all who may inquire of me as to what I consider the most useful work of the kind.

From HENRY SCHWING, Music Teacher at the Odd Fellows' Female College, Rogersville, Tenn.

Having been acquainted for some time past with the German edition of A. E. Muller's method, and being by experience convinced of its superior merits, I most heartily welcome this beautiful and very correct English and German edition. The objects of a method of piano instruction are met in this work in a most admirable manner.

From S. TRENKLE, teacher of music, Boston.

I regard Muller's Pianoforte Method as a most valuable work for pupils, and recommend it with pleasure to those who would know my opinion. Having witnessed its universal success in Europe, I am confident that its merits will be equally appreciated in this country.

From HENRY W. EVERT, Professor of Music, Boston.

I consider it a very complete and systematic work, of great value to every pianoforte student.

From CHARLES ANSGORGE, Professor of Music, Dorchester, Mass.

I have carefully revised Muller's Method as revised by Knorr and translated by Schmitt, and feel that you have done good service to both teachers and learners of music in America by publishing it here. The thorough teacher of music aims to make his instruction the means of mental culture and discipline; of refinement of feeling, and of elevation of taste, and a source of high enjoyment. Such a teacher will understand, value, and own this work of Muller, and recommend it to those who come under his care. I recommend Muller's Method before any other.

From AUG. KREISMAN, Professor of Music, Boston.

I thank you, in the name of all teachers of music, for presenting in so substantial a form Muller's Piano Method. It is far superior to any similar work with which I am acquainted: and I am conversant with nearly, if not quite, all the methods, schools, systems and instructors, that have been made public.

From CHAS. F. HEUBNER, Professor of Music, Boston.

Without hesitation I pronounce it a superior work for pupils who would obtain a thorough and systematic knowledge of the art.

From ADOLPH KIRKLOCK, Professor of Music, Boston.

It comprises not only all that is required by the scholar, who would be a good player, but at the same time, contains much valuable instruction for the teacher. It is, indeed, a most useful book, and one that I sincerely recommend to all who have an interest in piano music.

From A. T. THORUP, Professor of Music, Boston.

I recommend it as one of the best and most systematic books of instruction for the piano. Its clear and thorough explanations of the rudiments must be valuable both to teachers and scholars.

From T. BAICHEN, Teacher of Music, Boston.

I am particularly pleased to observe the equality with which both hands are exercised in the pieces that occupy a portion of the first part of the work. No one can study this work through properly, without acquiring a first rate execution.

From HENRY DOUGLAS, Teacher of Music, Louisville, Ky.

I am now using Muller's Piano Method, revised by Knorr, in classes in which I have heretofore employed Hutton and Bertini, and consider it superior to those methods combined.

Many other testimonials might be presented, but the above will suffice to show the unanimous opinion of Teachers of Music in our own country, while thousands in Europe, where the work has long been before the public, have but one mind respecting Muller's Method, as revised by Knorr, and that is expressive of the greatest approval. So far, in fact, is this book appreciated, that the sales have far exceeded those of any similar work in the same space of time. Price, Complete, \$3. In two parts, each, \$2.

Sold by all Music Dealers.

From L. O. EMERSON, Teacher of Music, Boston.

I have already commenced using it in my teaching, and can confidently recommend it as the best method for the pianoforte which has ever been published in this country. It needs only to be known to be universally adopted.

From EDWIN BRUCE, Teacher of Music, Boston.

I have examined A. E. Muller's Method for the Pianoforte, revised by Knorr, and find all that has been said in its praise fully sustained by the work itself. It is truly a method of unusual excellence, and one that cannot fail to receive the approval of every teacher.

From L. W. MAON, Teacher of Music in the Public Schools of Louisville, Ky.

I heartily recommend Muller's Piano Method as worthy of general adoption. To seminaries, in particular, it will be found the most useful work of piano instruction extant, as it is arranged in a manner that greatly relieves the teacher and facilitates the advances of the pupil. I would especially call the attention of those who have finished their education to it, and suggest that they sit down with this book every day and give themselves a lesson from its pages. It is, in fact, a book from which our most advanced professors can learn much.

From J. H. KAPPE, Georgetown Female Seminary.

Having carefully examined A. E. Muller's Method for the Pianoforte, I take great pleasure in expressing my opinion of its peculiar excellence. It seems to me admirably progressive and better adapted to the purpose of thorough, practical instruction than any other work of the kind with which I am acquainted.

From Professors of Music, Cincinnati, Ohio.

The undersigned, teachers of music, having having examined A. E. Muller's Method of Instruction for the Pianoforte, revised by Julius Knorr, and translated by G. A. Schmitt, are of the opinion that it is unsurpassed as a system of instruction by any other, and cordially recommend it to teachers, scholars and the musical profession generally, as a work of great merit and worthy of their adoption.

FR. WERNER STEINBECKER. J. QUINCY WETTERBERG.  
LUDWIG LOWENBERG. HENRY D. SOLFGE. FELIX SIMON.

From D. S. PENNEL, Teacher of Music.

Muller's Method must become popular for it possesses those inherent qualities that always lead to such a result. I advise every teacher and scholar to use it. One beauty of this work is its originality. Instead of the oft-repeated 'elements,' 'examples and 'exercises,' I find in it something new in the arrangement of its studies—exceedingly attractive and useful.

From P. K. WEIZEL, Brooklyn, N. Y.

The pianoforte Method by A. E. Muller has always taken high rank with teachers in Europe, as a solid and elegant treatise in this department of music. This edition as revised, extended and improved by Knorr, is a work of unsurpassed merit, and contains more valuable information on comparatively few pages than any other method published in this country. It is a most interesting and thought awakening work, that confers a boon on the diligent student, and must remain in use long after other popular methods have outlived their reputation.

Urtheil über A. Müller's Klavierschule, Ausgabe von J. Knorr.

Die unterzeichneten Klavierlehrer bezeugen hiemit auch gemäß Darreichung Dr. A. E. Müller's hohen Klavierschule, herausgegeben von Julius Knorr und überreicht von G. A. Schmitt, das dieses Unterrichtsbuch ihnen die beste Lehrmethode unter allen vorhandenen zu sein scheint. Sie glauben deshalb berechtigt zu sein, es Lehrern und Lernenden als beste zu empfehlen. Die Übersetzung ist vollkommen richtig und gut nach dem deutschen Original.

FR. WERNER STEINBECKER. HENRY SCHWING. ADOLPH KIRKLOCK.  
LUDWIG LOWENBERG. CHAS. ANSGORGE. J. H. KAPPE.  
HENRY D. SOLFGE. S. TRENKLE. C. F. HEUBNER.  
AUG. KREISMAN. A. T. THORUP. HENRY W. EVERT.  
FELIX SIMON. P. K. WEIZEL. S. LABAR.

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# Musical World.

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Richard Storrs Willis, Editor and Proprietor.

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## MUSIC IN THIS NUMBER.

CO-CA-CHE LUNE.   
 An American Student-Song as sung at Yale College, arranged by the editor of the Musical World.

## THE MUSIC WAR.

Two weeks later from the seat of war.

STAGNANT HOT YET TALK.

THE CASE, James the 1st, defines his position—Does not wish to dictate terms to the allies—Will not suffer dictation in his own Kingdom.—A Free Fight, Francis counted in—Remember the far West supports the Csar.

220 Broadway, 25th Jan., 1855.

MY DEAR WILLIS:—[His Royal Highness is graciously pleased to be thus familiar with us—Ho] The points of objection to your article are:—

1. The name of Wm Hall & Son is not mentioned, and your readers are left in entire ignorance, except those directly in the trade, who are supposed to be posted, as to whom the Csar, James the 1st, might happen to be. [His Royal Highness forgets that Royal allies have but one name. When we say *His Royal Highness* knows whom we mean; not vice versa mistaking it for *Old Nick*—mine when he is fighting. Suppose Prince Albert with another name: is Albert Brown, B-q, for instance. Dreadful. And thus to his royal Highness James the 1st, we could never be so wanting in proper respect as to attribute a second name—No.]

2. The King of Prussia, Beinherr, is fighting on his own hook and makes occasional shy dips at both parties and calls us all a parcel of robbers, &c., &c.

3. The first "Contra" is false on its position. The first principle of which we will supply the public at the lowest rates consistent with a remunerative profit to the publisher and dealer or teacher."

4. Second Contra, compare and men of genius are driven away from us, and the materials we have with us are not d-torped for want of encouragement. If the inducements we now offer is a "Know Nothing" move, then we are, mutually, the strongest kind of "Know Nothings." Our plan has no discouragement of *Mos* or *Mendelschohn*, &c., on the contrary, we dictate no positive terms on which music shall be sold, except to give to the public at the lowest price, consistent with a remunerative

profit to publisher and dealer." Our copyright music is also greatly reduced as well as our non-copyright, and according to the tariff of prices which we have made to govern ourselves, we can well afford to publish non-copyright, and sell them to the trade at prices that will remunerate them. Whatever difference in price there is between the copyright and the non-copyright, it is too small to make the public object if they want the former. The difference is intended to cover a fair commission to the composer.

5. Contra No 3. We do believe that three-fourths of the music is sold directly or indirectly through the influence of teachers, and if they can find works of American authors to answer their purpose equal as well as foreign, a majority will be good musical "Know Nothings" and so it thus encourage the art in their own country. We say nothing about their being governed by their commissions and settling that on which they make the large commission and we have no thought that they will be governed by this motive; at least as a general rule. They do not lose all commission on non-copyright, but get the same as heretofore, and under some circumstances even larger.

Other publishers will publish at any price they choose; we shall stick to the first principle, as before stated, and we will not to other publishers at prices to make it their interest to buy from us when we are the first publishers of a non-copyright and not to leave their capital in the same place; and we will in return pay from them, if they will be governed by the same good, honest, and safe rule.

The Csar is a man of peace, he abhors strife, and though of a warlike family, has long since beat his sword into a fire shovel, and would much prefer to fight the battle of Aims at his old round table with some of his good friends now allied against him, over a glass of the far famed mountain dew, *Lick me, ger*. If ever another convocation is called, we hope the members will not be called on "to get blid," and oblige themselves to be governed by the law the Board may at any time provide before they know what they may be. The Csar would, and safe rule.   
 JAMES,   
 Etc., etc., etc.

Business men understand business detail so much better than writers, simply, about art, that it would be foolish for such outsiders confidently to interject their own arguments in the controversy now going on. We therefore content ourselves with presenting the antagonistic points involved, in our last number—the *per* and the *contra* of the new principles of trade. But, to our every *contra* the Csar here thrusts another *per*—and so it goes. As we remarked last week, there seems to be no *per* in this world to which there is not a corresponding *contra*—and now we must add, there is no corresponding *contra* to which cannot be trotted out still another *per*.

Our columns are open to negotiations. The ambassadors of the allies and the Csar may meet on common ground in the Vienna of our sanctum: and, unlike the late conference at Vienna, where the imprisoned Csar was up stairs in another

room while the allies were on the first floor, they shall both meet *par terra*; if not face to face at least type to type.

## MUSIC OF THE WEEK.

That tower of Danish strength, Ole Bull, who, when he takes you by the hand in friendly grip, reminds you that there are still live men in the world, has thrown his physical and artistic energy into a new enterprise. He has slid his broad shoulder under the New York Academy, and offers an inspiring inducement to the latest, or already developed, opera talent in this country. Our friends will read all about it in the advertisement. Now this is a fine thing. Rather humiliating to some American who did not do it; but still a bold and brave thing in Ole Bull; who, by the way, is an American after all—by naturalization. We think that in Bull, Maretzek and Strakosch, we have a combination of more positive, practical talent and managerial experience, than in any other three men of the stamp we have had in this country. Ole Bull and Strakosch have been uniformly successful in their concert-giving in the United States; at all events where any body could succeed, they have succeeded: and where most have failed (for most traveling concert enterprises have failed) they have succeeded. At the time the lamented Madame Sontag with her accompanying troupe were on travel through the United States, Ole Bull and Strakosch went over the same route, and actually made more money, it is confidently believed, than the other enterprise. The truth is, our champion friend Strakosch, is a shrewd business man, as well as clever artist; while Mr. Maretzek has had more operative experience than any other manager in the country. The combination of three such men is a favorable augury for the future Academy, and if there is success to be attained in the enterprise they will secure it.

A numerous audience assembled in the Tabernacle, on Monday evening, at the concert of the *Saengerlande*, a band of German performers, selected from our music-loving German population, and led by Mr. J. Scheder. We were carried back to the Vaterland, as we listened to their full chorus of forty voices, in some of the sweetest selections from the repertory of German music. The songs by the fall band were interspersed with quartets, solos on the flute, &c., which were exceedingly well executed. The *Saengerlande* are fully deserving of the success which attended their concert on Monday evening, both for their intrinsic merit and the happy influence which such associa-



tions exert in the cultivation and diffusion of music among all classes of society.

And speaking of diffusion, a peculiar feature of the evening was the *diffusion* of cake among the audience between the parts, of course on the principle of adding "sweet to the sweet"—the latter "sweet" referring either to the ladies or the music. The *Lager Beer* did not follow. Our readers will recollect that we sometime since described a performance at the St. Charles, where both these luxuries were served between-acts. We also pronounced them very good. Albeit they are better in separation than combination. The simplicity and truth to nature of our honest German brethren in this country is certainly a refreshing character. Success to the *Saengerunde*, and the Germans generally. May their simplicity, their music and their excellent *Lager Beer* never give out.

In June next a festival of mass Germans is to come off in New York, when the *Saengerunde* is bound to furnish free hotel to kindred societies from various cities of the Union. The German hospitality, as well as love of music, never flags, even in the hardest times, from which (the times) they are now severely suffering. We think it might be as well between this and June to give a series of concerts like that just afforded the public, by way of raising extra funds to meet this emergency. If got up in genuine German style, in every respect, the novelty of the thing, well brought before the public, we think would take.

The Philharmonic performance was a very surprising and tight testimony to the attractiveness of classic music: the house was packed to its utmost capacity; the house was Niblo's spacious drawing room: not his music-saloon, which was also too full to hold, and running over with people, at Paul Julian's charity concert. Two such successful performances within the same roof and in such close proximity was certainly a novelty. Neither, however, disturbed the other.

The Philharmonics performed Mendelssohn's symphony in A, No. 4;—the overture to *Preisiana*; and the overture to *Martina*. The efficient Mr. Einsfeld conducted with his usual ability. The novel features of the evening were the solo performances of Mr. L. Schreiber, and Signorina Camilla Urso, (Mademoiselle Caroline Lehmann, though no longer novel to the Philharmonic audience was none the less heartily welcome.) Mr. Schreiber has just arrived in this country and is a player on the *Cornet à Piston* of the most distinguished ability. With closed eyes one could not detect the difference between M. Schreiber and König of Julian's orchestra—except, perhaps to the advantage of the former. If Mr. Schreiber had the erect, confident manner of presenting himself, peculiar to König, and which always so impresses an audience—if he had, that is, a little more *brass* (besides that of his instrument) and less quiet modesty, he would make a still greater personal impression. As it was, he did make a profound musical impression upon the Philharmonic audience. His tone is remarkably voluminous and rich, and his style of execution unexceptionable. We hope we may retain so clever an artist among us.

The little Urso elicited strong approval from the audience. She and her violin played very charmingly together—like a child with a toy. Her performance of the usually tedious *Carnival of Venice*, which she substituted on her recital, had a great

deal of unexpected humor in it, and made the audience once or twice laugh outright.

Mad. Lehmann, the handsome and noble Germanian, was applauded as usual. We are glad to hear that this lady is engaged for the coming opera at the Academy. We predict that she will become a favorite—or rather that she will remain what she already is.

The present condition of the Philharmonic Society is unparalleled in its history, and we rejoice at it greatly. As the success of any society depends much upon its leader, so we attribute a good share of this to the admirable and pains-taking conducting of Mr. Einsfeld; to whom we herewith present a musical world vote of thanks.

Julien's concert for the benefit of the poor last Saturday evening was as successful as it deserved to be, both from the benevolence of the object, and the merit of the performances. Niblo's saloon was crowded to its utmost extent, not only every seat, but every standing place was occupied.

The performance of Julien himself was of course the chief attraction. The breathless silence with which every note of his violin was listened to, the unfortunate standees apparently not daring to change their weight from one leg to another till the end of a strain, was a better testimony of his skill than even the thundering applause at the conclusion. Julien was assisted by Signorina Patti, Middle, Dormy, Roscoe, Gockel and others. We are glad to hear that the concert is to be repeated.

Among those whose artistic presence has gladdened many friends in this city the past few weeks has been that of Miss Ellen Brennan, the southern sky-lark, who sings and soars so charmingly, and whose very successful concerts at the south we have noticed from time to time. Miss Brennan has been for some time under the interrupted, yet still continued tuition, of the accomplished and high-bred Sig. Badinelli—his only pupil. It is significant of her success, both present and prospective, that Sig. Badinelli thus interests himself for our fair young countrywoman. She could not have a more careful, accomplished and experienced teacher. Sig. Badinelli, taken all in all, is as fine a singer, and certainly as great a public favorite, as we have ever had in this country. His spirited performance at the late charity concert in the Academy was perhaps the redeeming feature of that otherwise very mediocre musical event—though rich in pecuniary success. Miss Ellen Brennan sails in the *Spring* for Italy where she intends to perfect herself in her art, with a view to a career in opera.

From the *South Carolinian* of Columbia, we clip the following paragraph:—

Our readers may remember that our fair townsman, Miss Ellen Brennan, some time ago appropriated the proceeds of one of her concerts to the adornment of Sidney Park. This act of munificence was a touching tribute from the sweet congress to the memory of one whose purity of life, tenderness of heart and nobility of nature, had endeared him in a singular degree to all who knew him. All things beautiful in nature or art found a responsive chord in Johnston's soul, and to his exquisite taste and high appreciation of the beautiful do the citizens of Columbia owe the charming promenade which bears his name. The town council have, we perceive, with a most happy spontaneity, expended the amount placed at their disposal by Miss Brennan upon the chief attraction of the Park—the special object of Johnston's pride and admiration—the fountain he erected. Indeed, upon nothing else in the Park could the fair donor's generous gift be so happily and judiciously bestowed. For this fountain will be, we trust, like the memory of its

creator, perpetual, recalling, by the unceasing play of its bright waters, the brilliant sparkle of its kindly wit, whilst its graceful beauty always reminds us of her who has thus placed a votive offering upon poor Johnston's tomb.

Mad. Rose de Vries is singing with great success in Rochester. *Norma* and *Lucresia* are the favorite operas there with the public. Morino, a baritone, Luzzari, a pianist, and Farneselli, a violinist, assist her in her concert performances.

We must acknowledge complimentary tickets to a concert to Astoria by Jacobs & Nello's N. Y. Band. Among other things in the programme we observe a performance by Mr. Nello on the smallest guitar in the world. We wonder if that guitar will suit the diminutiveness of our baby. She needs some slight accompaniment to an exceedingly musical *crum* of her own, sung to a delighted audience in the nursery every morning.

#### CHRISTMAS GIFTS.

The Christmas plum-puddings sent from England to the army before Sebastopol seem to have excited the emulation of their friends across the Channel. When were the French ever outdone in delicate attentions? A letter from a lady to the Editor of *L'Illustration* first suggested a novel Christmas gift. We translate for the *Musical World* a portion of it from the *Courrier des Etats-Unis*.

MONSIEUR:—Everyone in France is occupied with our brave army in the East. We admire them—we are distressed by their sufferings—we grieve at their privations—we endure cold with them—we no longer live in Paris or the Provinces, we live in the Crimea. Now, in my opinion, if there is a vain thing among the rarities of this world, it is barren sympathy, when a man has sighed over the woes of his neighbor, he fancies him if generous, feels that he has done his duty, and smokes his cigar in peace. But it is precisely of cigars and smoke that I wish to speak. I have an idea, very simple and eminently practical. It is this, to send Christmas gifts to the two armies in the East, English and French, of cigars, pipes, and tobacco.

"Cigars! pipes! tobacco! What next! Of what use will that be?"

Of what use is the song of the nightingale! Of what use is the perfume of the rose! Of what use are the brilliant colors on the wings of the butterfly! and of what use, permit me to ask, gentlemen, are the innumerable cigars which you are in the habit of smoking, with your feet upon the androns, conversing learnedly meanwhile, about the marvellous exploits of our Zouaves in the East.

"Yes, yes, it is all very well. But, after all, that which you wish to send is a mere superfluity, and we have so many other duties to fulfil with regard to our soldiers, their widows to support, their children to educate.

God forbid that we should ever forget them, or fail in the least our duty towards them, but let me tell you what I think. It is, that those whether rich or poor, who care for the pleasures of the fathers and husbands, will be the first to protect the widows and orphans. Just imagine for a moment our soldiers in the rain, snow or mud, under tents dripping with moisture during those long days, (they do not fight every day), which the hard labors of the siege, the cold, and inconsequence of all kinds render most difficult to endure. Our poor soldier is seated early before a few smouldering embers—he is dreaming perhaps, of his country, his mother, his wife. Approach—hand him a bundle of cigars or a roll of tobacco—see him smile—his eyes shine—he fills his pipe—delicious operation which already diffuses through the frame indescribable sensations of pleasure—he lights the pipe—he is warmed, contented—sweet remembrances cluster around the curling smoke—a sunbeam strikes upon

the paternal mansion—his little sisters sport before the door—his betrothed longs for his return—to-morrow the victory—it is glorious—it is charming—*vive la guerre—vive la gloire*—and all this in the smoke of a cigar! And we, who have our hands full, shall we not open them?

We have not room to give the whole of this peculiarly French epistle. The writer winds up with lofty anticipations of the results which will follow. Of course, the Crimea will be conquered, Sebastopol will be taken, and the allied armies will march into the city with lighted cigars. The author signs herself "a lady who does not smoke," but, as to that, *Credat Judæus!* she knows a little too much about the "delicious sensations."

Laughable as this letter seems to us, it has excited great enthusiasm in France. In a few days 8,500 francs were received for the object at the office of *L'Illustration*, a subscription has been opened at Bordeaux, which already amounts to 20,000 francs, and the enthusiasm has even found an echo beyond the frontier, as the following letter will show, addressed from the theater at Hamburg, by the tenor singer, Roger, to the editor of *L'Illustration*.

MONSIEUR LE DIRECTEUR:—What a touching and adorable idea this is of the charming "lady who does not smoke." Be pleased to thank her in my name for the tears she has made me shed on the road from Bremen to Hamburg. Tell her that an artist, who no longer smokes but sings, is happy to aid in this good work. Music and cigars, are they not of the same family? The effect of both is alike intoxicating and transitory. I subscribe therefore, to furnish tobacco to our Eastern army. I shall apply the profits of one of my representations at Hamburg to my package of cigars. I shall choose *la Dame Blanche*. May our brave brothers in arms, amid wind, snow and cannon-balls recall our old French airs, and sing joyfully when they find themselves thus followed by the tenderness and pride of their country. Be pleased to accept, &c. G. ROSEN.

One thing we like about these gifts. They are for the French and English armies. If we remember right the English Christmas puddings were for the English army in the East.

#### MUSICAL WORLD CORRESPONDENCE.

Tor., Jan. 6, 1855.

DEAR MUS. WORLD:—Much enthusiasm has pervaded the truly musical minds of this place, by reason of the recent formation of the Troy Musical Institute. You are too well acquainted with the combustible stuff wherewith musicians are made, to need any special evidence that this has not been done without incredible effort. The musical reputation of one, the sensitiveness of another, and the interest of all required caution in the premises; and I am happy to state that thus far, an unusual sagacity has characterized the meetings. The constitution was adopted, and the following officers unanimously elected for the coming year: *President*, Mr. George B. Warren, Jr.; *Vice Presidents*, Messrs. Gardner, Longdon, Jr., and Harrison Conkey; *Secretary*, Mr. Geo. S. Rockwood; *Treasurer*, Mr. H. J. Conant; *Librarian*, Mr. Wm. E. King; *Conductor*, Mr. George Henry Curtis. The Society now numbers about seventy of the most talented young vocalists of this city, and its formation is in great part due to the friendly and active co-operation of the leaders of choirs among the Protestant and Roman Catholic denominations. Vis: Messrs. D. B. Bell, J. W. Kimball, Jas. W. Andrews, T. J. Wallace, H. J. Conant, T. J. Gay, G. Longdon, Jr., and Charles Conkey. The Troy Musical Institute have now in active rehearsal Joseph Haydn's grand cantata the *Season*, which they hope to present for public favor, some time in February next. It is their intention also, to foster such resident talent in the performance of solo parts, as shall be carefully considered by the efforts of the society best qualified and available. The performance of G. H. Curtis's cantata, *Elishe*, opened the eyes of certain

musical-loving people here to the rich musical resources surrounding them, and the performance of the *Season* is now looked forward to for an additional confirmation of the permanent hold, which it is fondly hoped, this beautiful art has upon us.

Among musical items, I may mention a concert given here, last Wednesday evening (Jan. 14), by Mrs. S. H. Anderson, formerly prima donna of the choir at St. Paul's in this city, but at present engaged in Ontario Female Seminary, Canandaigua. Mrs. Anderson was assisted by Messrs. G. H. Curtis, D. B. Bell, T. J. Wallace, (her former teacher), J. W. Andrews and T. J. Gay. Truth compels me to state that Mrs. A., though in the possession of a brilliant *physique*, captivating manners, and a telling soprano voice, was yet improve in developing her lower and medium tones, and in attuning her ear and heart to all the harmonies of the different keys. Difficult indeed, is the ascent to true excellence in art;—but, with one so adorned as the fair artist now under consideration, there need be small doubt of ample and satisfactory returns.

PHILEAS.

Beverly, Ct. 1855.

EDITOR MUSICAL WORLD:—A concert of sacred music was given in Christ Church (Episcopal) in this city on Wednesday evening of last week, for the benefit of the Parish. On account of its high standard character and complete success, (being the best ever given here,) together with the fact that Miss Brainerd, Mrs. Day, Mr. Ciero W. Beams and Mr. J. W. Alden from your city were engaged for the occasion, we desire to see it noticed in your valuable paper and send you some of the particulars. The above names, in addition to the Great Trinitarian, included an efficient chorus from the Bridgport Musical Association, brought together and delighted the largest and most discriminating audience we have ever seen upon any similar occasion here. The whole was under the direction of Mr. W. H. Hayes, the popular conductor of the choir of the church, which by the way seems to have among its numbers some very fine performers; all of whom took prominent parts and sustained them well. Miss M. has a very fine voice and is quite popular with us; her style is perfectly natural and unaffected, which you know is great charm in a vocalist. Mr. B., and Miss B. sang exceedingly well in their duet "Far from the world." Mr. S. gives evidence of fine cultivation and severe discipline; we might say more of these ladies, also of the gentlemen from Bridgport, who sang with great credit, but we know they do not desire public notice. Of Miss Brainerd much was expected from her high reputation and the recollections of her previous visit to Bridgport. Yet our expectations were more than realized. She has a beautiful voice; sings perfectly in tune and, what is of the first importance, every word she enunciates can be distinctly heard; while her style is remarkably good. She sang *I know that my redeemer liveth, Rejoice greatly, from the Messiah, With verdure clad, Land of promise and Sweet Home*. The latter piece not having been arranged and being sweetly sung was received by the audience with unmistakable signs of delight though it was in a church. Mrs. Day's sang in the trio *On this sacred evening, and ev'ning*, and was golden opinions. Mr. Alden, owing to severe indisposition did not appear. Mr. Beams organ and piano accompaniments were played in a most perfect manner. How much does this add to a performance and how few there are capable of its proper execution! the choruses *And the Glory of the Lord, The Heavens are telling and the Hal- lelujahs* were given in a style reflecting great credit upon the musical Association.

The voluntary of Mr. Beams and the playing of Mr. J. A. Spinning, a young man of music promise, who also accompanied the choruses, were received with marked attention;—and the organ; we must say something of that beautiful instrument, though it make my long letter longer. The builder of that fine organ in the church of the Holy Trinity Brooklyn, Mr. Henry Crabb's *Flute-bank*, has fully sustained his well earned reputation on the organ in Christ Church. It numbers 32 stops, nearly all of which are full and has a swell the most effective we have ever heard, being the full compass of the Great Organ. Its locality though not agreeing with a recent suggestion in the *World*, being in an upper gallery about 25 feet above the floor of the church, is thought to add much to the effect of the instrument, many are even enthusiastic upon this point, myself perhaps among the number, but will not dwell upon that subject at this time. We hope entertainments like the above will not end with this one but desire they may be repeated and doubt not our citizens are ready to sustain them. EVERETT.

MORRISVILLE, Jan. 15, 1855.

MR. EDITOR:—The residents of our thriving and pleasant village were favored a few evenings since, with a musical entertainment of a quality seldom enjoyed out of the city.

Miss Maria S. Brainerd, whose rare vocal talent is well known and appreciated by the lovers of good music in your city, kindly volunteered to give a concert for the benefit of the first Congregational Church of this place, under the pastoral charge of Rev. Charles O. Reynolds. In so doing, she has not only conferred on the church a great favor, for which its members feel deeply grateful, but has also given our community an opportunity of listening to some of the choicest selections of music from the old, as well as the more modern compositions. Among the pieces sung by her on that occasion, was that beautiful air from the *Messiah*, "I know that my Redeemer liveth," "Casta Diva," "Sweet Home," and the much admired "Singing Song" written expressly for her by Dr. Beames. Miss Brainerd was assisted by Dr. Clara W. Beames, under whose instructions she has attained such eminence in her profession; also by Mr. Golder, a much esteemed resident of this village, and an admired vocalist; and Messrs. W. H. Carpenter and F. Taylor, of your city. Notwithstanding the unfavorable weather, the hall was filled at an early hour with a select audience, and the pieces were performed in a manner worthy the reputation of the artist engaged. I hope this is but a forerunner of other similar entertainments which we may be permitted to enjoy at no very distant day. B.

FALL RIVER, Jan. 16th, 1855.

EDITOR MUSICAL WORLD:—In July last the "Fall River Musical Institute" was organized, and engaged the services of Prof. Frost of Boston as Director. The Society numbers about one hundred and fifty and have given two concerts this winter, the choruses consisting of selections from Mozart's Twelfth Mass, and the Cantata by B. F. Baker, "The Storm King." Under the direction of Prof. Frost the members are rapidly improving. F. B. H.

FANNY, Munroe Co., N. Y.

A fair correspondent sends us the following:

EDITOR MUSICAL WORLD:—I wish to renew my subscription for the "Musical World," which has been during the past year sent me at Wyoming. Please send, as my choice in portraits, one of Henriette Sontag, Richard Storme Willis, or if impossible to send the latter, come yourself or send Mendelssohn. I enclose three dollars.

[We doubt if "Mendelssohn" would go, under the circumstances, if we should send him;—and, moreover, we would much rather "go ourselves." But, in the meantime, we are constrained to send Sontag and Mendelssohn in portraits instead. We wish them a pleasant journey together, and beg them only to remember us to the fair lady of their destination.]

[A delayed letter.]

WASHINGTON, D. C., Jan. 9th

Last night Grier and Mario for the first and only time appeared upon Washington boards in *Norma*. The unsurpassable impetuosity upon which the messenger in exclaiming 45 admittance to the Dress Circle and Parquet has called down upon them universal admiration. The consequence was, that the parquet was only one fourth filled. The President, with Gen. Scott at his side, surrounded by some of the Cabinet officers occupied seats in the center of the dress circle. Otherwise, with but few exceptions, the seats there were filled with sporting characters and their companions. Very few indeed of our wealthy and fashionable population could be seen, whilst many of our most respected and true lovers of music I saw in the third tier, (81 admittance,) having determined to forego even all such musical impositions. Had they been within reason in their charges on overrating the most fashionable audience would have granted them. Little or no enthusiasm was manifested, and on the whole the artists did not appear to give the satisfaction expected.

The Counts' humming was also attempted to be practiced upon it; but a different audience had been calculated upon, and the promoter of Miss Counts was a too well known character among the sporting gentry present not to be recognized. CONTRABASS.

BOSTON, Jan. 16th, 1855.

Having spoken in general terms of the musical criticism of the Boston Press in my last letter, I am now disposed to offer a few remarks upon those whom I consider the proper subjects of legitimate musical criticism.

This I do the more readily as I find my remarks of less weight have excited conversation and attention in certain quarters: which seems promise of good, and leads me to hope that other need never even meet even in this wintery season full wholly on barren ground.

These subjects I divide into three classes. **AMATEURS**—Those who make music a business or profession, and **AMATEURS**, who demand pay for service. Upon these, fair and impartial criticism is desirable and proper, and who given truthfully and without fear it has a tendency to establish models of excellence, and should be repeated and regarded by those who give occasion for it. Amateurs in the strict sense of the word, and amateur choruses should not, and do not according to the rules of Kalmus come under the influence of analytical criticism. This I submit as both just, and of vital importance to the cause of music and to the public that contains it. The amateur gives his talents for the advancement and exposition of the Art, and is repaid only by the approbation of his audience or by a well-merited newspaper compliment. This is satisfactory to both parties and the enjoyment derived is mutual.

Chorus-bodies, from their very elements as made up with us, can never be so neatly brought together and trained, as to ensure a perfect rendering of their music; even where it is admitted that a single undisciplined voice or an unmediated mistake will mar either the time or the grace of a whole chorus. I think that the estate gratification of the press will acknowledge that in this Republic country, where every singer feels his own importance that it is next to impossible to depend upon. *Young America* for this "contamination devinity to be wished." In opera choruses, where nearly marial law is daily exercised in drill, defects of time, tone and balance are almost always perceptible and yet are overlooked in the general attractions of the scene, and in the situation usually bestowed upon the principals.

Apart from these however, there is with us a class, not apart, but worthy the title *Professional*, but not too reluctant to hold themselves above the third class which I have mentioned. These sing, and teach and pay for hire, and are raising for themselves a high appreciation of their own abilities, demand a sum total of each for their appearance far outreaching the attractions they present to an audience. As vocalists they have a few songs and belauds in their repertoire but neither the ability nor decides to undertake a role in anything, nor the candor to admit of their incapacity to learn one, nor thus shut up behind their ignorance and self-censorship, they indulge their "jealousies and glories" on others, and by a course of "doubtful phrases" as well as "we know it, we could do it if we would" instill their friends into a belief that they, perfect paragons of the art, have been neglected or kept from the public by this and that association or manager.

As teachers, they cultivate music by the acre, teach pupils by the millions, supply church choirs by the dozen, and in one year time convert a country clown into a *Professor of Music*, who, ere he can spell his mother tongue correctly, gives lessons in "cultivation of the voice" "thorough-bass," and "the science of music." Holds convocations, and outrage common sense and education generally, thus verifying the adage, that—

"Where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise."

They have their friends, and writers of short paragraphs who puff and plaster them to such smoothness of conceit and ostentation that they really think they are popular with the public. As an instance of the assured popularity, I attended a concert this season where three sopranos, one principal Tenor and a Bass cantante had such leading songs beside other concerted and chorus music, and the whole receipts of the evening did not produce a sum sufficient to pay the orchestra that accompanied them. Good gracious! they have friends!

If even our most perfect subjects for fair and impartial criticism, they can be supplied, and of the time spent in puffing and enjoying be devoted to a fair and manly digest of the capabilities and abilities of the three classes which I have enumerated in their different musical vocations, they will find enough to employ them, and be amply repaid by the estimate which the public is always willing to award to a proper and just estimation of their merit.

No concert has yet been given during the past week, with the exception of the Sunday evening performance of the *Il-mad and Hilda Society*, which brings nearly a repetition of the programme of their previous Sunday needs no comment at this time. They had a well filled room, an indelicate array of their continued profanity and ennuis.

The advent of Griel and Mario with their troupe in opera last evening at our new Theater drew together a brilliant and imposing audience. Lovers of music went up to hear and be delighted-entirely of fashion in their richest costume to see and be seen—The cosmopolite to be among the crowd—and the men of leisure to boast having heard two of the greatest living artists of the musical world. The wide-spread reputation of the troupe, the proper and consistent advertising, and in a great degree the convenient and admirable manner in which the tickets were disposed of, tended to this result. This, during one night was done away from the *last-hale* office of the Theater, where many feel reluctant to test their patience in waiting single file in a cold strait way until they reach the office, and there be obliged to stoop and conduct their business through a three-foot hole. Why cannot this be improved and the office made sufficiently open to let the seller and purchaser—Bombast-like meet face to face. The change was appreciated by many and a successful season now seems certain to Mr. Hackett and his artists Griel and Mario were enthusiastically received, and with Radial and Sautel received the continued calls and plaudits of the house. The selection of "I Paritenti" was a good one for the opening night here, touching as it does a chord in the early history of New England that still clings to our character. All wote in good voice and spirit, and never before have I witnessed the performance of an opera where every part was so well filled and so successful in its issue; indeed it was a complete success.

The (Griel and Mario) have appeared successfully in *I Porti*, *Lucia*, *Borgia*, *La Favorita*, and on Saturday afternoon in the *Bohème* of Saville. The three evening performances I witnessed. Of Madame Griel, at this late period of her career, it may seem needless to speak, and I only do so to give the impressions which her presentations have made upon my mind. From her appearance upon the stage to the end of her act, she evidently throws aside her personal identity, and appears only as the character with which she is invested; by this, and fully carrying out a just conception of her author, without "overstepping the modesty of nature," she soon captivates the audience, and adding to her actions the rich powers of her vocal attainments. She has won, and I for one, fully accord to her, the position she has held so long.

Commencing life in connection with Madam Pasta, the Queen of Lyric song, she had an ideal furnished her for study and aspiration, which she properly valued and made use of, and for which to the world's esteem she now wears the crown of her model and patron. If then, after twenty years service in her profession, her voice has not retained its freshness and tone, or does not at all times fill its office to our partial ear, it ought not to detract from the plastic she has gained. While some characters grow old, her peculiar tragic powers to the audience, in others of a less material quality she is always natural, artistic and acceptable.

Signor Mario is endowed with a voice of peculiar purity and register, and in his management he is tasteful, careful, and discriminating. Exciting our pleasurable emotions rather than our astonishment, he has, by a finished summing of musical difficulties and grace, attained a position in the musical world which we can respect and applaud, without yielding him the palm *per excellence*. His voice, presence, and splendid costume would naturally make him an especial favorite in particular characters. As *Genaro* and *Franco*, he was a shrewd competition, (barring the liberties he takes to humor his tender organs) and these, from the spirit with which he has given them here, we should call his favorite parts. His action in them, though unequal, was in some scenes unexceptionably great.

Signor Sautel, with his ponderous and telling bass is always greeted with applause. His action lacks impulse and flash, his singing is true, full, and give with a promptness and attention that claims our highest praise. Upon what side the opera have been put upon the stage in the best possible manner, and the audience, I should think, have fully met the expectations of the management. F. E. U.

#### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

T. D. N., New Albany, Ind.—I. Will you recommend to our collection of chorus and anthems, similar to the Boston Academy's? (State the price of a set.)

2. What criteria or criteria would be most useful for our first year's practice that can be obtained with full or partial accompaniment, with organ or piano? (also the price.)

3. "Is case we should want the services of some of your musical professors sometime next spring, to hold a convention of the sort at least, with whom shall we correspond?"

4. "At what price can six numbers of *De Bortoli's* *Viola Concerto* with piano accompaniment be obtained? I want those which are the best in your opinion."

#### REPLY.

1. The Music of the *London Musical Times*, bound in 12 vols. at \$1.75 each, contains large, melodious, choruses and anthems of an easy character: also part song book, 1 vol. 65c, choruses, etc.

2. *Musical Creation*; *Judea Macabean*; *Petting to Drum*; *Faith and adoration*, by Burdett Alexander Pearl, Handel; *Loy of Bell*, Rosenberg; *Tranquil and Eternal*, Rosenberg; *Harmony of Sphere*, Rosenberg; *Oh thou art great*, Spahr; *David*, by N.-Knox; for piano of score and parts, see Novello's catalogue, which we give you by mail.

3. We recommend you to correspond with Prof. T. C. Taylor. Address: Daniel Burgess & Co., New York.

4. First, Third and Sixth are the best. The price about \$2.50 each.

J. B. R., Wilmington, Del.—*Mayday's* *Fishy* *Reds*, op. 40, and *Sounds from home*, by Gungl, can be obtained from Schubert & Co., N. Y. The first for six shillings; the second four.

F. L. R., Charleston.—The missing music of the *Kleinhammer*, was sent a second time to day, by Schubert & Co.

M. C., Erie, Pa.—The music has been sent by Schubert & Co.

J. G. F., Bloomberg, Pa.—Dear Post: yours shall go. Did not receive the "song."

E. D. B., Edinboro, N. Y.—Tilton has no violin list less than \$15.00.

G. D., Winchester, Ky.—We have received your list, but not the music.

J. J. C.—Tilton's improvement on the violin costs \$10 and will be required about a week. No change will be made in any case unless there is an admitted improvement.

D. M., Thornburg, near Halifax.—I know a male-fair to see, take care! It has been charmingly met by one of the gifted Miss Margaret Allen, and published by Ouse Ditton, Boston. We advise you to send for a copy.

M. C., Evansville, Ind.—We have issued for you Hilbert's method.

Will a Boston subscriber who sent us \$5.00 for a subscription last week without his name, please inform us of the same.

G. T. F., Philadelphia.—Publishers have no defects to note for publishing music: it depends upon the quality of the music itself. Generally, however, they give only a small number of copies.

F. F. R., Vernon, Ind.

R. R., Jackson, Tenn.—*Un sentiment mélancolique* as must respectfully decline.

F. G. W., Mt. Morris.—The N. Y. Academy of Music is not so far advanced as tuition on piano, violin and in musical composition. The "Academy" is as yet a mere building—brick and mortar. But see Old Ball's advertisement.

#### INNER-EDITORIAL BUDGET.

##### DEATHS BY LIGHTNING.

We find, in a foreign medical journal (*Gazette des Hôpitaux*) a notice of a new work by M. Roudin entitled, "Statistical Researches on the number of deaths caused by lightning, and upon the phenomena observed on the persons of the victims, either men or animals."

With respect to the number of victims he states, that in France in a period of seventeen years, between 1835 and 1852, the number of persons killed instantly by lightning amounted to 1,308; this he thinks could not be more than a third of the whole number struck. It appears also from his investigations, that the deaths are very unequally divided among the different departments of France: the greater number occurring in the central plateau or in the mountainous departments. A much larger number of men than women are found among the vic-

time, but this is not probably owing to any physiological cause, while some such cause remains yet to be discovered to account for the great disproportion between animals and men, even when both are equally exposed. In many cases, he says, the shepherd, the horseman, and the hunter escapes, while the sheep, the horses, and the dogs are struck by their side.

But the curious part of his work has reference to the pictures said sometimes to be produced upon the bodies of the victims. The newspapers have occasionally given us instances of this, but they have been received with great incredulity. M. Bandin was once a witness of such a case, and is himself a firm believer in them. He cites a number of instances which he says are too well attested to admit of rational doubt.

One, which has been often quoted, is that of a man, who, standing at the door of his house, saw a tree opposite him rent by the lightning. The impression of the tree was left upon his breast.

In another case, a lady was herself struck, when a flower, which was in the path of the electric current, was sketched upon her leg, and the traces remained during the rest of her life.

A sailor was struck on board a vessel, and a number, corresponding to a metal number on the rigging of the ship, was found afterwards on his breast. On the back of another sailor was left the impress of a horse-shoe, which was nailed to the mast.

Two men were struck together near a poplar tree, and on the breasts of both were found impressions of the leaves.

M. Bandin is of opinion that these phenomena are of the same class with photographs, and can be explained by the same laws. We must leave it for the scientific to decide, though reasoning *a priori*, one does not see why electricity should not be an artist as well as light; or, rather as well as the sun, for it is now well understood that the chemical ray which produces the picture is as distinct from light as the ray of heat, and capable of being separated from it. Heliograph not photograph is therefore the true name. *Sol fecit not lux fecit.*

M. Bandin gives also a number of instances of what he calls *mort debout* (death standing) that is of the preservation of the attitude of the victim at the moment of the stroke, for we suppose, the term is not to be taken literally, at least in the case of men, however it may be in that of animals.

These details M. Bandin looks upon not merely as matters of curiosity, but as of importance in legal medicine where the question of the cause of death may be involved.

#### HUMANITY IN THE CITY:

By the Rev. E. H. Chapin. New York: Dr. Whit & Putnam, Publishers, 160 and 162 Nassau st. Boston: Abel Tompkins, 28 and 30 Cornhill.

This series of discourses on subjects almost exclusively ethical, will be welcome to many, whose difference of religious belief, or an unwillingness to leave their own places of worship on the Sabbath, may have prevented from listening to this fine writer and eloquent preacher.

We give a few extracts as specimens of the work.

The street through which you walk every day; with whose sights and sounds you have been familiar, perhaps, all your lives; in it all so common-places that it yields to you no deep lessons, deep and fresh, it

may be, if you would only look around with discerning eyes? Engaged with your own special interests, and busy with multitudinous details, you may not heed it; and yet there is something finer than the grandest poetry, even in the mere spectacle of these multitudinous billows of life, rolling down the broad, broad, avenue. It is an inspiring lyric, this inexhaustible procession, in the misty perspective ever lost, ever renewed, sweeping onward between its architectural banks to the music of innumerable wheels; the rainbow colors, the silks, the velvets, the jewels, the tatters, the faces—no two alike—shooting out from unknown depths, and passing away forever—perpetually sweeping onward to the fresh air of morning, under the glare of noon, under the fading, flickering light, until the shadow climbs the tallest spire, and night comes with revelations and mysteries of its own.

Each man there, like all the rest, finds life to be a discipline. Each has his separate form of discipline; but it bears upon the kindred spirit that is in every one of us, and strikes upon motives, sympathies, faculties, that run through the common humanity. Surely, you will not calculate any essential difference from mere appearances; for the light laughter that bubbles on the lip often mantles over brackish depths of sadness, and the serious look may be the cover veil that covers a divine peace. You know that the boom can echo beneath diamond brooches, and how many little hearts dance under coarse wool. But I do not allude merely to those accidental contrasts. I mean that about equal measures of trial, equal measures of what men call good and evil, are allotted in all; enough, at least, to prove our identity to humanity, and to show that we are all subjects of the same great plan. You say that the poor man who passes yesterday, carrying his burden has a hard lot of it, and it may be so; but the rich man who brushes by him has a hard lot of it too—just as hard for him, just as well fitted to discipline him for the great ends of life. He has his money to take care of; a pleasant occupation you may think; but, after all, so occupation, with all the strain and anxiety of labor, making more hard work for him, day and night, perhaps, than his neighbor has who digs ditches or thumps a lustre. And it is quite likely that he feels poorer than the poor man, and, if he ever becomes self-conscious, has great reason to feel meaner. And then he has his rivalries, his competitions, his trembles of caste and etiquette, so that the merchant, in his sumptuous apartments, comes to the same essential point, "sweats, and bears fatigue," as well as his brother in the garret; toones on his bed with selfish perplexity, while the other is wrapped in peaceful slumber; and if he is one who recognises the moral code of life, finds himself called upon to contend with his own heart, and to fight with peculiar temptations. And thus the rich man and the poor man, who seem so unequal in the street, would find but a little partition between them, could they, as they might, detect one another kneeling on the same platform of spiritual endeavor, and sending up the same prayers to the same Eternal Throne.

And no one doubts that the dispensations of life, the events that make epochs in our fleeting years, cleave through all the strata of outward difference, and lay bare the core of our own humanity. Sickened I do not make Dives look very much like Lazarus, and show our common weakness, and reveal the common mortal of this "harp of thousands strings!" And sorrow! it veils the face, and bows all forms alike, and sends the same shudder through the frame, and casts the same darkness upon the walls, and peals forth in the same dirge of maternal agony by the dead boy's cradle in the sumptuous chamber, and the baby's last sleep on his bed of straw. And Death! how wonderfully it makes garments, and had in the street wore such various garments, and had such distinct aims, and were whirled apart to such different orbits! Ah! our essential humanity comes out in those composite forms and still features. Those divergent currents have carried them out upon the

same placid sea at last; and the same solemn light streams upon the clasped hands and uplifted faces. We don't mind the drapery so much then. It seems a very superficial matter beside the silent and starless mystery that enfolds them all.

It seems an unhappily, as it must often be an unjust method, to attribute any appearance of good conduct to the meanest possible motive. It is a policy that makes a man afraid of his best friends. He feels that every draft he makes upon human honor, or affection, is liable to be cashed with counterfeit bills. If there were no alternative between the cleverest that suspects every body, I think that I had rather be one of the dopes than one of the oracles. For, really, there is less misery in being cheated than in that kind of wisdom which perceives, or thinks it perceives, that all mankind are cheats.

It is not correct to talk about outliving our passions. We may outlive the passion of youth, which love that makes the world a May-time of blossoms and of roses. We may outlive the passion for selfish fame, because some transcendental claim of duty matches us up to a higher level. We may change these earlier forms for the passion of philosophy, the passion for truth, the passion of holy conviction. But as long as we live at all, we do not outlive passion.

#### THE REPLY OF THE FAIRIES.

FROM POETRY, BY D. S. PARKER.

Where do we hide when the year is old,  
When the days are short and the nights are cold?  
Where?

When the flowers have laid them down to die,  
And the winds rush past with a hollow sigh,  
And withes and weeds on their broomsticks ride,  
Where do we delicate fairies hide?

Where?  
Some of us borrow the white mouse skin  
(Our summer dresses are far too thin),  
And get up a bell in a place of low  
With a hup and a skip we are there in a trice;  
And we don't go home from these midnight bets  
Till the sun lights up our diamond heels.

We do not go home till morning.  
The queer old elves of the Northern land  
Welcome our beautiful fairy-band,  
Praise our eyes and our curly hair,  
Our nimble steps and our music rare,  
Our golden crowns and the gems we wear,  
And all our rich adorning.

Sometimes we fly to the noceady isles,  
Where summer forever unfolds smiles,  
And crumble the tropical flowers for beds.  
Where fairies nestle their small red heads;  
But when the stars of the South shins bright,  
We chase the fire-fly through the night;  
When the tigers growl and the lions roar  
We cry over their heads and laugh the more,  
And pinch their ears and tails for spite—  
These are our games on a tropical night.

Sometimes we visit the children of earth,  
And take up our stand at the school bench;  
We hover and sing by the couch of pain,  
Till the frightened dreamer smiles again;  
We polish the lash of a deep-blue eye,  
And hush the troublesome baby's cry,  
And make mushrooms grow on our verdant ring,  
Are not we fairies good little things?

As the dormouse curled in his darkened grave,  
As the merman and maiden in the loosed cave,  
As the poor scurrier breast when it teems for a grub,  
As the naked woods when the birds are dumb,  
As the torrent poured up to its glittering throat,  
We welcome the sight of the first green leaf.

#### MUSIC IN METAL.

To a late number of Chamber's Journal we have an interesting article on this subject. It is rather long but we cannot easily abridge it, and we think the readers of the Musical World will be glad to have the whole of it.

Some people like the sound of bells; some the clang of cymbals; some the clank of a smith's hammer on the anvil; while others find no metallic music

so pleasing as the ring of gold and silver coins on the counter. Every silver-smith knows that a piece of bent sheet silver heated, will hum and sing when played on a block of cold iron, which is a different sort of music to that produced by percussion, and thus it might appear that the subject of music in metal is speedily exhausted. But in this last-mentioned fact a property is involved of a very remarkable nature—namely, that metals under certain circumstances, produce their own music, and sing in such a style as to surprise the listener.

The thing was discovered in a curious way by Mr. Schwartz, an inspector of the smelting works in Saxony. He had melted some silver in a ladle, and being impatient for it to cool, turned out the hemispherical mass as soon as ascertained, on a cold iron anvil, when, to his astonishment, musical tones came from it similar, as he described them, to those of an organ. The strange occurrence got talked about, and a learned German professor having heard of it, visited the smelting works, and had the experiment repeated in his presence. He, too, heard the sounds, but he did not think them equal to those of an organ, and noticed that they were accompanied by vibrations in the lump of silver, and when these ceased, the sounds ceased also. It was a curious fact, and there the matter rested.

Twenty-five years later, the same phenomenon was discovered, but in a different way, near the foot of the Cheviots, by Mr. Arthur Trevelyan, who, to quote an account of the incident, "was engaged in spreading pitch with a hot plastering-iron, and observing in one instance that the iron was too hot, laid it slopingly against a block of lead which happened to be at hand. Shortly afterwards he heard a shrill note, resembling that produced on the chanter of the smaller Northumberland pipes—an instrument played by his father's gamekeeper. Not knowing the cause of the sound, he thought that this person might be practising out of doors; but on going out the sound ceased to be heard, while on his return he heard it as shrill as before. His attention was then attracted to the hot iron, which he found to be in a state of vibration, and thus discovered the origin of this strange music."

Here was something to set an ingenious mind at work; and as nothing happened without a cause, except the breaking of domestic crockery, Mr. Trevelyan, having asked the advice of Dr. Reid of Edinburgh, set himself to discover the cause of the music. He made a number of careful experiments, during which he ascertained that a "rocker," as he called it, brought out the loudest and clearest notes, and he described his proceedings so well, that they were published in the *Transactions of the Royal Society of Edinburgh*. The rocker here mentioned is an instrument bearing some resemblance to the bevelled soldering iron used by tinner. Imagine a piece of brass, four inches long, somewhat similar in shape to the outer half of a broad old-fashioned snuff-bar, with a thin groove passing from end to end of its narrowest edge, and with a slim straight handle of the same metal terminating in a knob, and you have the rocker. The mode of using it will be presently explained.

Professor Paraday next took up the subject, and made it the theme of a lecture which he delivered at the Royal Institution, embodying an explanation of the phenomenon—loud and appreciable, as his explanations always are. He confirmed Mr. Trevelyan's view as to the tone being due to an alternate expansion and contraction caused by the heat. This it is that sets the rocker vibrating; and according to the rapidity or slowness of the vibrations, such is the pitch of the tone. The particular way in which the expansion takes place is, that the groove in the edge of the rocker makes it a double edge, and whenever the heated rocker is placed resting on a mass of lead, a couple of little prominences or hills rise up immediately under the points of contact, being the natural effect of expansion caused by heat. At the same moment the rocker begins to vibrate, and no sooner

is one side raised than the hill on that side suddenly sinks, owing to the rapid absorption of its heat by the surrounding mass of lead. The consequence is, that the rocker descends through a greater distance than it rose, whereby the other edge being raised, the same effect is produced on the opposite side; and thus the vibrations continue as long as there is a sufficient difference of temperature between the two metals. The movement as here described, affords an instance of a curious maintaining power; for "the force which really lifts the rocker is on one side of the center of gravity, while the rising side of the rocker itself is on the other; and the point "under process of heating is always moving towards the other, which is under process of cooling."

Although, as yet, there does not appear to be any way of turning these experiments to a practical use, they are of much importance in a scientific point of view, as shown by the researches of Dr. Tyndall, Professor of Natural Philosophy at the Royal Institution. He has repeated the experiments, and extended them to other substances besides metals, finding in all of them a confirmation of Mr. Paraday's views, and proving, what had been denied—that a tone can be produced by two metals of the same kind in contact; for instance, silver on silver, or copper on copper. In this case, however, the silver or copper rocker is made to rest on a very thin slip of the same metal held in a vice. Agates, and some other gems, rock-crystal, floor-pans, fossil-wood, glass and earthenware, will also give out tones to a heated rocker—the only condition of success appearing to be a clean even edge in the substance under experiment. Among this class of substances, rock-salt exhibits extraordinary effects. Desirous of trying this mineral, Dr. Tyndall, whose remarks we have quoted above, placed a partially cooled rocker on a mass of it, when, as he writes, "to my astonishment a deep musical sound commenced immediately; the temperature of the rocker being at the time far below that of boiling water, and when the singing ended, was scarcely above blood heat." In this case, the want of an edge appears to be of no importance, for when "the heated rocker was laid on a large boulder-shaped mass of the salt it commenced to sing immediately. I scarcely know a substance," adds Dr. Tyndall, "metallic or non-metallic, with which vibrations can be obtained with greater ease and certainty than with this mineral."

Now, here is something to furnish occupation for evening hours during the coming winter, the experiments being such as may be tried by the friends, and even in the drawing-room a commencement may be made in a rough way by heating a poker, and placing it with the knob resting on a table, and the heated end on a block of cold lead. The singing will at once be heard. Rockers of various kinds may be introduced made as above described, and placed so as to rest horizontally during the experiment. With a hand-vice, such as will fasten to the edge of a table, after the manner of a lady's pincushion, the thinnest slips of metal may be securely held while trying their quality. The effect, too, may be tried of pressing slightly with a knitting-needle on the back of the rocker immediately above the groove: it will be found that a whole octave of tones may be produced by varying the pressure; the lowest with least pressure, and shrillest with the highest.

Perhaps, after all, there may be more in the music of the spheres than a dream of poets or philosophers. We have all heard how that the statue of Mameau used to sing in the morning sunbeams, and who shall say that out of the experiments we have suggested, may not come a musical instrument on which heat shall be the only performer! Wind will then have a rival.

NEW STYLE OF OVERCOAT.—The Gazette thus hits off the winter style of coats: "We notice that our young men are adopting habits of economy. We note with pleasure they wear their father's old coats. They are a little long, but it saves money."

## THE JEW.

A TALE FROM THE BUREAU.

I WAS at Vienna a few years ago. After trying several *tables d'hôte*, I established myself at a hotel in the *Judenstrasse*, frequented by a select society. Mr. Müller, master of this establishment, did his honors with thorough German gravity. Perfect order, extreme and conscientious cleanliness, reigned throughout the house. One might pass through the servants' room, and even through the kitchen, without meeting with anything by which the sight was in the least offended. The cellar was as well arranged as a bookcase, and the regulations of the house, as regarded both the service and the hours of meals, were as punctually observed as they could have been in a seminary. If a guest came in late, though it were but ten minutes, he was served apart, in an adjoining room, that the comfort of all might not be sacrificed to the convenience of one.

In the conversation at this *table d'hôte* there prevailed a tone of good society which excluded neither ease nor pleasantness; but a caustic or indelicate expression would have jarred on the ear like a false note in a well-executed concert. The countenance of Mr. Müller, in which dignity was blended with benevolence, was the barometer by which the young men regulated themselves when the influence of Rhine wine or Stettin beer might lead them a little too far. Then Mrs. Müller assumed as she retired; by a few words she adroitly broke up the conversation, and turned it into another channel; and she glanced gravely at her daughter, who, without solicitation or prompting, kept her eyes fixed on her plate until the end of the meal.

Ellen Müller was the type of those beautiful German faces which the French call *coûtes*, because they know not how to read them; she was a happy mixture of the Saxon and Hanoverian characters. A pure and open brow, eyes of inexpressible reserve, lips habitually closed with maidenly reserve, a transparent complexion, whose charming blushes each moment protested against the severity of her features, Auburn hair whose rich and silken curls admirably harmonized with the severity of her features, a graceful and flexible form just expanding into womanhood—such was Ellen Müller.

A councillor of the Court, Freiherr Baron von Noth, who had resigned his functions in consequence of an injustice that had been done him, several students, whose parents had recommended them to the vigilance of Mr. Müller, and a few merchants, composed the majority of the habitual guests. The party was frequently increased by travellers, literary men, and artists. After dinner, philosophy, politics, or literature, were the usual topics of conversation, in which Mr. Müller, a man of extensive acquirements and great good sense, took part, with a choice of expressions and an elevation of views that would have astonished me in a man of his station in any country but Germany.

Sometimes Ellen would sit down to the piano, and sing some of those simple and beautiful melodies in which the tenderness, the gravity, and the piety of the German national character seem to mingle. Then conversation ceased; every countenance expressed profound attention; and each listener, as if he were assisting at a religious service, translated the accents of that universal language according to his sympathies, his associations, and the habitual direction of his ideas.

I was not long in perceiving that Baron von Noth and a young student named Welter were particularly sensible to Ellen's charms and merit. In the baron, a middle-aged man, there was a mixture of dignity and eagerness which betrayed an almost constant struggle between pride and the energy of a strong passion. It is between the age of thirty and forty that the passions have most empire over us. At that period of life the character is completely formed; and as we well know what we desire, so do we strive to attain our end with all the energy of a perfect organization.

Werner was little more than nineteen years old. He was tall, fair, and melancholy. I am persuaded that love had revealed itself to the young student by the intermediation of the music. I had more than once watched him when Ellen sang. A sort of fever agitated him; he isolated himself in a corner of the room, and there, in a mute ecstacy, the poor boy inhaled the poison of love.

The pretensions of Ellen's two admirers manifested themselves by attentions of very different kinds, and in which were displayed their different natures. The baron brought Mrs. Müller tickets for concerts and theaters. Often at the desert, he would send for delicious Hungarian wine, in which he drank the health of the ladies, slightly inclining his head to Ellen, as if he would have said—I how to you alone. Werner would stealthily pass upon the piano a new ballad, or a volume of poetry; and when the young girl took it up, his face flushed and brightened as if the blood were about to burst from it. Ellen smiled modestly at the baron, or gracefully thanked the student; but she seemed not to suspect that which neither of them dared to tell her.

An attentive observer of all that passed, I did my utmost to read Ellen's heart, and to decide as to the future chances of the baron's or the student's loves. She was passionately fond of narrative of adventure, and, thanks to the wandering life I had led, I was able to gratify this taste. I noticed that traits of generosity and noble devotion produced an extraordinary effect upon her. Her eyes sparkled as though she would fain have distinguished, through time and space, the hero of a noble action; then tears moistened her beautiful lashes, as reflection recalled her to the realities of life. I understood that neither the baron nor Werner was the man to win her heart; they were neither of them equal to her. Had I been ten years younger, I think I should have been vain enough to enter the lists. But another person, whom none would at first have taken for a man capable of feeling and inspiring a strong passion was destined to carry off the prize.

One night, that we were assembled in the drawing-room, one of the habitual visitors to the house presented to us a Jew, who had just arrived from Lemberg, and whom business was to detain for some months at Vienna. In a few words, Mr. Müller made the stranger acquainted with the rules and customs of the house. The Jew replied by monosyllables, as if he declined to expend more words and intelligence upon details so entirely material. He bowed politely to the ladies, glanced smilingly at the furniture of the room, round which he twice walked, as if in token of taking possession, and then installed himself in an arm-chair. This pantomime might have been translated thus: "Here I am; look at me once for all, and then heed me no more." Mr. Mathus—that was the Jew's name—had a decided limp in his gait; he was a man of the middle height, and of a decent bearing; his hair was neglected; but a physiognomist would have read a world of things in the magnificent development of his forehead.

The conversation became general. Mr. Mathus spoke little, but as soon as he opened his mouth everybody was silent. This apparent deference proceeded perhaps as much from a desire to discover his weak points as from politeness towards the newcomer.

The Jew had one of those penetrating and sonorous voices whose tones seem to reach the very soul, and which impart to words infectious not less varied than the forms of thought. He summed up the discussion logically and lucidly; but it was easy to see that, out of consideration for his interlocutors, he abstained from putting forth his whole strength.

The conversation was intentionally led to religious prejudices: at the first words spoken on this subject, the Jew's countenance assumed a sublime expression. He rose at once to the most elevated considerations: it was easy to see that his imagination found itself in a familiar sphere. He wound up with so pathetic and powerful a peroration, that Ellen, yielding to a sym-

pathetic impulse, made an abrupt movement towards him. Their two souls had met, and were destined mutually to complete each other.

I said to myself, that Jew will be Ellen's husband. Then I applied myself to observe him more attentively. When Mr. Mathus was not strongly moved and animated, he was but an ordinary man, nevertheless, by the expression of his eyes, which seemed to look within himself, one could discern that he was internally preoccupied with some of those lofty thoughts identified with superior minds. Some celebrated authors were spoken of; he remained silent. Baron von Noth leaned over towards me and said, in a low voice, "It seems that our new acquaintance is not literary."

"I should be surprised at that," I replied; "and, what is more, I would lay a wager that he is musical." The baron drew back, with a movement of vexation, and, as if to test my sagacity, he asked Ellen to sing something. The amiable girl begged him to excuse her, but without putting forward any of those small pretexts which most young ladies would have invented on the instant. Her mother's authority was needed to vanquish her instinctive resistance. Her prelude testified to some unwonted agitation; its first notes roused the Jew from his reverie; soon she recovered herself, and her visible emotion did but add a fresh charm to the habitual expression of her singing.

Suddenly she stopped short, declaring that her memory failed her.

Then to our great astonishment, a rich and harmonious voice was heard, and Ellen continued, accompanied by the finest tenor I ever listened to in my life.

The baron hit his lips; Werner was pale with surprise. The warmest applause followed the conclusion of the beautiful ditty.

Mathus had risen from his chair, and seemed entirely under the spell of harmony. He gave some advice to Ellen, who listened to him with avidity; he even made her repeat a passage, which she afterwards sang with admirable expression. He took her hand, alighted with enthusiasm, and exclaimed, "I thank you."

"Very odd indeed," said the baron. Poor Werner said nothing, but went and sat himself down, very pensive, at the further end of the drawing-room.

Mrs. Müller was radiant at her daughter's success. As to Ellen, she merely said, in a low voice—

"If I had instruction, I should perhaps be able to make something of music."

"With your mother's permission rejoined Mathus, 'I shall have pleasure in sometimes accompanying you.'"

Mrs. Müller cast a scrutinizing glance at the Jew, whose countenance, which had resumed its habitual calmness, showed nothing that could excite her suspicions. She judged that such a man was not at all dangerous, and accepted his offer. Mathus bowed with cold dignity—doubtless appropriating the motive of this confidence—and Ellen struck a few notes, to divert attention from her embarrassment.

The baron, who sought a vent for his ill-humor, said to the young girl, pointing to the Jew's stick—

"If anything should halt in the accompaniment, there is what will restore the measure."

Ellen rose, cast a look at the baron, which meant, "Owe meest people like you everywhere," and left the room. Mathus took up a newspaper, and read until we separated for the night.

The Jew led the regular life of a man who knows the value of time. He worked until noon, paid or received a few visits, went upon "Change about two o'clock, then shut himself up in his apartment and was visible to nobody, and at precisely four o'clock entered Mr. Müller's room, where Ellen awaited him at the piano. It was easy to see that he daily assumed a greater ascendancy over the mind of his pupil, whose progress was rapid.

When Mathus smiled, Ellen's charming countenance assumed an indescribable expression of satis-

faction; but as soon as he relapsed into his habitual thoughtful mood, the poor girl's soul appeared suspended in a sympathetic medium; she saw nothing, answered nobody;—in a word, she instinctively assimilated herself to the mysterious being whose influence governed her. When Mathus leaned on his cane in walking, Ellen seemed to say, "My arm would support him so well!"

The Jew, however, did not limp disagreeably; his left leg was well formed, and his symmetrical figure showed the disturbance in his harmony to have been the result of an accident. He had the appearance of having long become reconciled to his infirmity, like a soldier who considers his wounds a glorious evidence of his devotion to his country.

I had more than once felt tempted to ask Mathus the history of his lameness; but he eluded with so much care every approach to the subject, that I deemed myself obliged to respect his secret.

Two months passed thus, and I had opportunity of appreciating all the right-mindedness, generosity, and enlightenment that dwelt in the accessible part of that extraordinary soul. In presence of this dangerous rival, who triumphed without a struggle, the baron became almost tender. His self-love cruelly suffered to see proffered to him a lame merchant with a fine voice. He sometimes attempted to quiz him; but Mathus confounded him so completely by the aptness of his retorts, that the laughter were never on the side of the baron.

One night that the family party was assembled, Werner approached Mr. Müller with a suppliant air, and delivered to him a letter from his father. The poor young man's agitation made me suspect that the letter contained a proposal. Mr. Müller read it with attention and handed it to his wife, who rapidly glanced over it and cast a scrutinizing glance at her daughter, to make sure whether or no she was forewarned of this step. A mother's pride is always flattered under such circumstances, and the first impulse is generally favorable to the man who has singled out the object of her dearest affections; but the second thought is one of prudence; a separation, the many risks of the future, soon check the instinctive satisfaction of the maternal heart, and a thousand motives concur to arrest the desired consent.

"It were well," she said, "first to know what Ellen thinks."

The words were like a ray of light to the poor girl, whose countenance expressed the utmost surprise.

"Beside, he is very young," added Mrs. Müller, loud enough for the baron to hear.

Werner's position was painful; he stammered a few words, became embarrassed, and abruptly left the room.

"A mere child," said the baron, "who should be sent back to his books."

Mathus, who had observed all that passed, raised his two hands on his stick, like a man disposed to argue the point, and warmly defended the student.

"It cannot be denied," he said in conclusion, "that the young man's choice pleads in his favor; and his embarrassment, which at that age is not unbecoming, proves in my opinion, that, whilst aspiring to so great a happiness, he has sufficient modesty to admit himself unworthy of it."

"If a declaration were a sufficient proof of merit," interrupted the councillor, "I know one man who would not hesitate."

"And who is that?" inquired Mrs. Müller, with ill-concealed curiosity.

"Myself, madam," replied the councillor—"Baron von Noth."

By the way in which this was spoken, the disyllable "myself" appeared lengthened by all the importance of the pronoun.

"At my age men do not change," continued the baron; "and the present is a guarantee for the future."

Ellen was really to be pitied. When Mathus took Werner's part, I saw that she was on the point of fainting. Her countenance, naturally so gentle, was

overshadowed by an expression of vexation and displeasure. She had taken the Jew's benevolent defence of the student for a mark of indifference. Whilst still under the influence of this painful impression, the Baron's declaration came to add to her agitation; she cast a reproachful glance at Malthus, sank back in her chair, and swooned away. The Jew sprang forward, took her in his arms, laid her on a sofa, and knelt down beside her.

"You have not understood me, then?" he exclaimed.

Ellen opened her eyes and beheld at her feet the man whom her heart had selected; and, absorbed in her passion, unconscious of the presence of those who stood around, she murmured, in a feeble voice—

"Yours! Yours alone!—ever yours!"

"Sir," said Malthus to Mr. Müller, "my proposal comes rather late; but I hope you will be so good as to take it into consideration."

In the Jew's manner there was the dignity of a man in a position to dictate conditions. Ellen had recovered herself. As to Mr. Müller, there had not been time for his habitual phlegm to become disturbed; but his wife could not restrain a smile at this dramatic complication, whose *dénouement* remained in suspense.

"Mr. Y.," said she to me, somewhat maliciously, "do you not feel the effect of example?"

"Perhaps I might have been unable to resist," I replied, "had not Mr. Malthus declared himself before me."

Ellen blushed, and the Jew pressed my hand. Just then Werter re-entered the room, pale and downcast, like a man who comes to hear sentence passed upon him. There was profound silence which lasted several minutes, or at least seemed to me to do so. At last Mr. Müller broke it.

"Gentlemen," he said, "I am much flattered by the honor you have done me."

He paused, and seemed to be calling past events to his mind. During this short silence, Werter gazed at us with an air of astonishment, and I doubt not that he included me in the number of his rivals.

"I have something to tell you," continued Mr. Müller, "which will perhaps modify your present intentions. About two years ago I had to visit Berlin, where my father had just died. The winding up of his affairs seemed complicated and troublesome, and I was obliged to place my interests in the hands of a lawyer who had been recommended to me as extremely skilful. The business at last settled, I found myself entitled to about forty thousand florins, which I proposed to embark in trade. I was happily married, and Ellen was seven years old. Our little fortune had been impaired by a succession of losses for which this inheritance would compensate.

"One day I went to my lawyer's to receive the money. He had disappeared taking it with him. Despair took possession of me; I dared not impart the fatal news to my wife, and I comforted it with shame. I determined on suicide. All that day I rambled about the country, and at nightfall I approached the banks of the Spree. Climbing upon the parapet of a high bridge, I gazed with gloomy delight into the dark waters that rolled beneath. On my knees upon the stone, I offered up a short and fervent prayer to Him who wounds and heals; I commended my wife and daughter to His mercy, and precipitated myself from the bridge. I was struggling instinctively against death, when I felt myself seized by a vigorous arm. A man swam near me, and drew me towards the shore, which we both reached."

"It was so dark that I could not distinguish the features of my preserver. But the tones of his voice made an impression upon me which has not yet been effaced, and I have not but one man whose voice has reminded me of that of the generous unknown. He compelled me to go home with him, questioned me as to my motives for so desperate an act, and, to my extreme astonishment handed me a portfolio containing forty thousand florins on the express condition that I should take no steps to find him out. I entreated him

to accept my marriage-ring, at sight of which I promised to repay the loan, as soon as it should be possible for me to do so. He took the ring, and I left him, with heart brim full of gratitude.

"I will not attempt to describe the joy with which I once more embraced my daughter. God alone can repay my benefactor all the good he did us. I arranged my affairs, we set out for Vienna, where I formed this establishment, of which I cannot consider myself more than the temporary possessor. You perceive, gentlemen, that Ellen has no dowry to expect, and that we may at any moment be reduced to a very precarious position.

Ellen's face was hidden by her hands. When Mr. Müller ceased speaking, we still listened. Presently the Jew broke silence.

"I have little," he said, "to add to your narrative: the man who was so fortunate as to render you a service remained a cripple for the rest of his days. When he plunged into the Spree he struck against a stone, and since then he lies as you perceive."

We were all motionless with surprise. Then Malthus drew a ring from his finger and handed it to Mr. Müller. The countenance of the latter, generally so cold in his expression, was suddenly extraordinarily agitated: tears started to his eyes, and he threw himself into his preserver's arms.

"All that I possess belongs to you," he cried, "and I have the happiness to inform you that your capital has doubled."

"Of all that you possess," replied Malthus, "I ask but one thing, to which I have no right."

The worthy German took the hand of his daughter, who trembled with happiness and surprise, and, placing it in that of the Jew—

"Sir," he said addressing himself to me, "you who have seen the world, and who are disinterested in this question, do you think that I could do better?"—*Chambers' Journal*.

#### GOODMAN MISERY.

A singular French poem, of remote date, is entitled, "The History of Goodman Misery." It contains a curious fable which we do not recollect to have met with before, and which is capable of being applied with considerable poetical effect.

In a certain village two travelers, Peter and Paul, are overtaken by a pouring rain. They apply for shelter and a night's lodging at several houses, but in vain. The rich man of the place hides his servants and them from his door, and the poor people have no room. At length they find admission to a cottage. It is that of Goodman Misery, the poorest person in the place, a starving wretch whose hovel contains nothing but a bundle of dirty straw which serves its owner for a bed. The principal subsistence of poor Misery was derived from a pear tree, but at that moment he was in great distress, a robber having despoiled him of a great part of his fruit. Misery's story excited the compassion of his guests. On their intercession, and as a recompense for the wrong he had suffered, Goodman Misery obtained his wish, that no one who mounted the pear tree should be able to descend without his consent. The first one who was thus entrapped was the former robber, who returned for some gleanings of the pears. Misery discovers him in the tree-prison and after many taunts and jests goes away to gather wood. Two neighbors, attracted by the robber's cries, endeavor to assist him to descend, and are themselves caught. On his return Misery releases his neighbors without a word, and sets free the robber on his promise never to offend again. Shortly afterwards Death visits the old man. The King of Terrors is as-

tounded to find himself received without alarm.

"Why should I be afraid of you?" asked Misery: "What pleasure have I in this life? I possess nothing in the world save this hovel and a pear tree. If any thing could be a source of grief to me it would be that I must leave that tree which has for many years been my only subsistence." He asks to be permitted to gather a pear from his tree, and then he will be ready to depart. Death consents. They go out together for the purpose. Misery fixes his longing eye on a pear which hangs upon one of the topmost boughs, and asks for the loan of Death's scythe to hook it down.

"A good soldier never allows himself to be disarmed," answers Death; "climb up and gather it!"

"Alas," said Misery, "do you not see that I am sorely able to stand?"

"Well," replied Death, "I will do it for you." He does so, and is unable to descend. Taunts and threats ensue.

"How dare you trifle with me, who make all mankind tremble?"

"You have the whole world for your dominion, why should you have thought of troubling a poor wretch like me?"

Death declares that he will kill the tree. Misery will not permit him to stir. At length the day is wearing away. Multitudes of miserable beings in all quarters of the earth are waiting for Death's dismissal. He makes a bargain with his detainee; that if he will permit him to descend he will never disturb him again until the day of judgment. Thus Misery became established upon the earth. Death passes his door from time to time without even inquiring after his health, and as long as the world lasts there will still be the wretched hovel, and Goodman Misery its miserable occupant.—*Athenaeum*.

#### MOZART AND THE POPE.

In the year 1770, when Mozart was in his 14th year, he traveled with his father to Rome. It was then that the liberal and amiable Ganganelli filled the pontifical chair, who having heard much of the extraordinary youth whose fame had spread over most parts of Europe, invited him to the Quirinal Palace, where he had the honor of performing privately. This was just before Easter. In the course of the conversation, the performances at the Sistine Chapel were alluded to, particularly the celebrated *Miserere* for two choirs, the master-piece of Gregorio Allegri, which is always sung there in the Holy Week. The youthful Mozart, with all the naïveté of his age, requested a copy from the Pope. Ganganelli kindly replied:

"If the music were mine, I would with all my heart gratify your laudable curiosity; but, being the property of the church, is not at my disposal; and, by an arrangement for which I am not responsible, has been forbidden to be copied, under pain of excommunication."

This unsuccessful attempt strengthened the wish of the youth. He obtained permission to attend the only rehearsal which was given of the music. The attention with which he listened to it was intense; on quitting the chapel he spoke not a single word, but hastened home and wrote down the notes. At the public performance he brought his manuscript, which he kept carefully concealed in his hat, and having filled



up some omissions, and corrected a few errors in the inner parts, he had the satisfaction to know that he possessed a complete copy of the treasure thus jealously guarded. The next time he played before Gangnelli, he had the courage to tell his Holiness what he had achieved, and produced the manuscript. The Pope was all amazement, but replied, with a smile:

"The prohibition does not extend to the memory, and I think that you may escape the pain of excommunication."

This composition, afterwards published, from a copy sent as present from Pope Pius VI. to the Emperor of Germany, was compared with the manuscript of Mozart, and not the difference of a single note between them was discovered. That the solemn and devout harmony, the supplicatory strains, and the awful effect produced by this extraordinary *Miserere*, made a deep and indelible impression on the sensitive mind of Mozart, there can be no doubt; and that to this circumstance we are indebted for many of those heart-moving passages which stood with gems his compositions, is more than probable.

#### MISCELLANEOUS.

**ECONOMICAL SUICIDE.**—M. L., a German pianist retired some years since to a village in Alsace to enjoy a moderate fortune acquired by twenty years labor. His mind was not in a very healthy state. Although he had cultivated his art with enthusiasm, of late, a sort of spleen had taken possession of him, he uttered imprecations against music and musicians and could not hear a singer or performer without breaking out into a violent passion. From Berlin he had fled to Frankfort, then to Mayence, then to Strasburg, but, pursued everywhere by voices and instruments, he finally took refuge in this small village of hardly two hundred inhabitants. From time to time, he had attracted attention there by his eccentricities. For example: one day he heard an organ under his windows. He instantly descended, and taking the poor Italian, whose whole fortune it was, he threw it on the ground, and broke it into a thousand pieces. He was obliged to indemnify the poor fellow, which was a great grievance to him, for his avarice was excessive. But the most curious part of his history is the finale. He went one morning to a shop in the village to purchase a rope ten feet long. The shopkeeper asked for it a franc and a half. Mr. L. thought the price too high, and offered a franc and a quarter. As they were unable to agree, the musician departed, but returned the next day with the same offer. The shopkeeper would make no abatement of price, and Mr. L. again withdrew, to repeat the same visit on the following days. Every day for a month, there was the same offer and refusal, but at the end of this time, the master of the shop being absent one day, an apprentice took his place, and, when the musician opening the door called out, "Once more, will you let me have the rope for a franc and a quarter?" he rolled it up and gave it to him. An hour after, Mr. L. was found suspended under a tree. He had hung himself with the very rope in whose purchase he had economized five cents.

**INDIAN MUSIC.**—By the *Gazette* accounts it appears that the manufacture in Bengal were

formerly incomparably finer than at present; so that they must have fallen off under the Company. There was a sort of muslin called *Abroon*, which was manufactured solely for the use of the emperor's seraglio, a piece of which costing 400 rupees, or £50 sterling, is said to have weighed only five Sicca rupees; and, if spread upon wet grass to have been scarcely visible. They amuse us with two instances of the fineness of this cloth; one that the Emperor Aurengzeb was angry with his daughter for her showing her skin through her clothes; whereupon the young princess remonstrated, in her justification, that she had seven jamahs or suits on; and another, that in the Nabob Alaverdy Khaw's time, a weaver was chastised, and turned out of the city of Dacca, for his neglect, in not preventing his cow from eating up a piece of the same sort of muslin, which he had spread, and carelessly left on the grass—*Lauderdale on the government of India.*

—When Haydn first visited England, a most exalted personage sent Salomon to the world-renowned composer, with the request that he would give him lessons on the piano. Haydn started at his friend: "I? I am no piano player. Give lessons!" "I entreat you," replied Salomon, "who is perfectly familiar with English ways, do not refuse: else it will get out, and then it is all over with our enterprise, in fact with our entire existence here. Ask what compensation you please: put money in your pocket; go at the stated hours, and be quite sure there'll be nothing in it but the name of the thing." Haydn complied. The first time he was introduced into the presence, graciously conversed with for a quarter of an hour, and then dismissed. As for the other hours, he was allowed to pass them in the ante-chamber, where he found himself not ill at ease, since nearly every person present was anxious to entertain him. On his departure he received, besides the stipulated rich remuneration, a fine present for his faithful services as pianoforte master.

—I was once in the library at the academy, conversing with one of the students, who was speaking of his experience, and lamented the hardness of his heart. Robert Hall, as he was taking down a book from the shelf, hearing this, turned toward him, and said, "Well, thy head is soft enough; that's a comfort." I could not laugh at this; it grieved me; for the young man was modest and humble and diffident. A minister, popular too, one day said to me, "I wonder you think so highly of Mr. Hall's talents. I was some time ago traveling with him in Wales, and we had several disputes, and I more than once soon silenced him." I concluded how the truth was; and some weeks after, when his name was mentioned, Mr. Hall asked me if I knew him. "I lately traveled with him," said he, "and it was wonderful, sir how such a baggage of ignorance and confidence could have been squeezed into the vehicle. He dignified and wearied me with his dogmatism and perverseness, till God was good enough to enable me to go to sleep."—*Jay's Memoirs.*

—There has been at Menasha, and is now at Oshkosh, a floating pottery with a lathe turned by bears. They are contented looking animals, and we are told do not seem to dislike the occupation. That is indeed making the wild beasts subservient to man's purposes.

#### NEW YORK ADVERTISEMENTS.

##### SPECIAL NOTICE.

Musical and Musical Instruments of all kinds will be selected and forwarded by the Editor of this journal, on receipt of the money, with statement of the style of instrument, the materials, (if any particular one is preferred, and the address to which the instrument is to be forwarded: insurances and duties added.

**MR. BUTKAL KOSUTH HAS ON HAND FANCIE** Umbrellas and Sun Laces, Manners Caps, Skirts, &c. of all price. Gloves and other articles made to order. 150 North street, near Broadway.

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**A GENTLEMAN AND HIS LADY, AT PRESENT ENGAGED as Professors of Music in a Female Seminary,** would be willing to accept of a more lucrative situation in some large establishment, where the services of a first rate Professor of Music would be required. The lady is also competent to teach the languages. The best of references can be given as to qualifications, &c. No engagement could be taken effect until June and July. A dozen. 157 3m. **MILDER & BRACHAN, Baltimore, Md.**

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**MRS. CLARA M. BRINCKHOFF, No. 26 Prince street,** New York.

**GEORGE W. WARREN, MUSICIAN, ALBANY, N. Y.** n156

**G. H. COBURN, No. 8 ALBANY STREET, TROY, N. Y.**

**TO THE FRIENDS OF ART: THE COSMOPOLITAN** ART ASSOCIATION: What is said of it.

With the object of making the Art Association the other day I followed, what I thought of as a higher and more useful project for the distribution of the products of Literature and Art was very much pleased with the plan and with the new effort in behalf of Art.

I look upon the Association as a public benefaction in distributing through the country works of the higher Literature and Art, and as a higher and more useful project for the distribution of the products of Literature and Art was very much pleased with the plan and with the new effort in behalf of Art.

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These improved Melodeons are attracting the  
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States: every mail brings volunteer testimonials  
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We select from the many received within a few  
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GREENSBORO, Ga., Nov. 1, 1864

GENTLEMEN:—Having had an opportunity  
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casion to test the qualities of like instru-  
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ers, and it is no exaggeration to say that I  
have never before found in any instrument all  
the essential qualities which tend towards the  
formation of a superior instrument, so well  
combined as in those of your manufacture.

NATHAN B. CLAPP,

Principal of the Musical Department of  
the Greensboro Female College.

BOSTON, December 4, 1864.

GENTS:—Having examined your Model Melo-  
deon, I take pleasure in recommending their  
great superiority in many respects, especially  
in their quickness of speaking, euphonious qual-  
ity of tone, elastic touch, excellent tone and  
beautiful finish. Yours, &c.

FRANCIS G. HILL.

Dealers supplied at a liberal discount.  
J. E. GOULD, 164 Chestnut st.

## J. E. GOULD, 164 Chestnut st., Phila.

**JUST PUBLISHED by J. E. GOULD, 164**  
Chestnut street, Philadelphia, the YOUNG  
FOLKS' GLEE BOOK, by CHARLES JARVIS.  
Price, \$1; Usual discount to the Trade by the  
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This work contains nearly one hundred copy-  
right songs: also, many Gems from the Ger-  
man, harmonised in a familiar style for first  
and second Soprano, Tenors and Bass voices.

Away down East, A way now joyful riding,  
Annie Laurie, A not beside a hill,  
Are we almost there, Arab steed,  
Ah for wings; or, Prima donna song. Ave Maria,

Bowled sojer boy, Bina Junia,  
Baird of Mrs. Jackson, Bonnie May Gray,  
Be watchful and beware, By the old sea waves,  
Blanche Alpen, Blot holes all I love,

Come, oh! come with me, Child's wish,  
Charity, Cold beside the hill,  
Come, at this dawn, Charming War,  
Call me pet names, Chink of gold,

Do they miss me at home, Dearest, I will love thee more,  
Elegant Dress, Dream,

Eight dollars a day, Ever be happy, Echo of the mountain,  
Fannie dear, Free country, Fend wisht,

Grave of Washington, Grave of Benagrat,  
God of the featherless, On thee and dream, Gills MacClure,

Highland minstrel boy, Here's serenade,  
Hearts and homes, Heather hill,  
Home of your youth, Happy Bayaderes,  
Hours of love, Had I met thee in thy beauty,

Ida May, I'd offer thee this hand of mine,  
It is better to laugh, I would I were a boy,  
It is this dear, I've been roaming, I am dreaming of you,

Johny Snacks, Joe Hardy, Jamie's on the story map,

Katy Darling, Katy did and Katy didn't,

Lain is our darling, Lilly dear with me,  
Last serenade, Last greeting,

Light sparks, Lords of creation,

Make me no grandy chaplet, My dream of love is over,  
Miller's Maid, Mountain Bugle,

Mary of Araby, My father coming home to-morrow,  
Mountain maid invitation, Nelly Bawn,

My sigh shall on the balmy breeze, Mountainside farewell,  
Not for gold or precious essence, No more,

No air can fly home be mine, On the banks of the Goodenough river, Oh! charming Met,  
Oh! I would I were a girl again, Oh! she was good as she was  
fair,

Onion's serenade, Oh! the merry days,  
Once I knew a maiden fair, Oh! home of my childhood,

Panper's Funeral, Pretty little warbler,  
Pamper, Pretty little warbler,

Prima Donna Song, Rhine and Cough O'Leary,

Remo then are no more, Rhine and Cough O'Leary,

Senses that are brightest, Rhine and Cough O'Leary,

Song of Blanche Alpen, Rhine and Cough O'Leary,

Silver moon, Rhine and Cough O'Leary,

Songs of other days, Rhine and Cough O'Leary,

Still glides the sea, Rhine and Cough O'Leary,

Slither! slither! Rhine and Cough O'Leary,

Thy name was once a magic spell, Rhine and Cough O'Leary,

'Twas on a sunny morning, Rhine and Cough O'Leary,

Then art gone from my gaze, Rhine and Cough O'Leary,

The rain is on my face, Rhine and Cough O'Leary,

'Twas in the glad season, Rhine and Cough O'Leary,

Vale of Waters, Rhine and Cough O'Leary,

We met by chance, Willow song,

We miss thee at home, Where the swallows head-  
ward fly,

Where are the friends of my youth, Where the working water  
flow,

We are almost there, Why do you pass your time  
in dreaming,

When the moon on the lake is beaming, Will you love me then as now

Yes, the die is cast, Yes, 'tis true that they knit  
now in sleep,

Yes! I have loved before, Dealers supplied at a liberal discount.

J. E. GOULD,  
164 Chestnut street.

# Musical World.

A Journal for "Heavenly Music's Earthly Friends."

Richard Storrs Willis, Editor and Proprietor.

5—of Volume XL.]

New York, Saturday, February 3, 1855.

[201—of whole Number.

(Office 257 Broadway.)

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## MUSIC IN THIS NUMBER.

### 1. VOLUNTARY ON THE ORGAN.

By Maria McElroy, a subscriber of ours, when transcribing this work we are positively proud to put late type. The only other lady in this country who can compose music of such a quality is Fanny Hill Hedges. These two ladies are accomplished sisters in Art.

### 2. NIGHT-SONG.

By the editor of the Musical World.

## TRIFLE-BUDGET.

The redoubtable Ole Bull, concerning whom a wicked brother of ours, in a private letter, wonders (considering Bull's general vastness and completeness) that he omits the W to his first name, (Wh) the Bull, opens with opera on the 15th of Feb. By the Africa operatic news is expected of Surakoch. Algrin is busy with new scenery. The house is being remodeled somewhat, in a way to secure great improvements in the seating. The tenor engaged is Signor Borgiotti. The celebrated *Eltero Barilli* is secured for a limited number of nights. Both these artists have sung with great success in foreign capitals. M. Maretzka is energetically occupied with the rehearsal of *Rigoletto* and *William Tell*. The orchestra will prove a very fine one and the chorus the largest yet gathered. A *corps de ballet* is also, it is said, engaged. We learn that the prices of admission are to be the reasonable following:—

Parquet, dress circle and boxes, - \$1.00  
Second circle, - - - - - 50  
Amphitheatre, - - - - - 25

We translate for our *Musical World* readers the following incident from the *Gazette Musicale*, relative to the reception of the artist *Vivier* at Berlin:—

"As our readers are already aware, Vivier has had the honor of an invitation to the marriage festivities of young Prince Charles of Prussia with the Princess of Dresden—a princess and a pretty princess too, which is all the better. The celebrated artist arrived at Berlin a short time before the ceremony, on the 28th of last month, and his arrival was the signal of a concert at the chateau of Charlottenberg before the royal family.

Vivier presents himself. His reception is enthusiastic. He is getting ready to play. Meyerbeer is at the piano. The king rises, presses the hand of the artist and thanks him with charming grace for having been pleased to accept his invitation. After his performance of *l'Eloge des larmes* compliments pour in upon him from all sides. As he did not expect to play but once he has brought with him the accompaniments of no second piece.

But several of the noble guests now ask for *La Serenade*; and soon *La Serenade* is called for in chorus by the entire assembly. Vivier looks at Meyerbeer; and the mute glance of this great maestro replies, *Where is the music?—how can I accompany without music?* This illustrious man, who would have preferred death to a doubtful note (!) was right in hesitating at a risk of this description. The cause of hesitancy is so evident, that the queen asks for *La Serenade* without an accompaniment. Vivier is alarmed in his turn: he also hesitates. Without an accompaniment!—a melody of Schabert! He is about to immolate himself, however, when a tall young man comes up to him and offers to accompany him without the notes, guided only by the instinct of the ear. The young man and the artist exchange a few words, come to a preliminary understanding, set to work and the success is complete. This unexpected accompanist was Prince George of Prussia."

The writer goes off into rapturous expressions as to this musical feat of royalty as also the other festivities of the occasion, which latter were under the special charge of Meyerbeer.

Owing to the lack of public announcement, there are probably but few of our readers aware of the existence in our city of a Musical Society, which has for its object the rehearsal and performance of *Glee* and *Madrigals*. We write this paragraph that no one hereafter may plead ignorance.

This Society, composed chiefly of amateurs, is under the direction of Mr. George Washbourn Morgan, whose abilities as *chef du baton*, the public, (judging from report) will soon have as opportunity of criticising. In company with a score or more of ladies and gentlemen we attended the third soirée

of the season last Monday evening, and feel assured we speak the opinion of those present when we pronounce it a very charming affair. The performers numbered twenty, and as their names did not appear in the programme we shall not take the liberty of mentioning them now, although we recognized several familiar faces. A serenade by Mendelssohn, also another by Benedict, and the *Trump Chorus*, by Bishop, evinced the drilling of the conductor: an unanimous encore of the latter was asked and accorded: rather more attention to the *f's*, *p's* and *pp's* would not have been objected to; as a leading feature in madrigal and glee singing is a very marked observance of the *forte* and *piano* passages.

The glee, with the exception of one or two, were well sung. We would particularly notice the *Fairy Glee* of Bishop: the obligato part of which (admirably sustained by Mrs. Brinkerhoff) we cannot refrain from mentioning. *There is beauty*, by Goos, also a quartet called "*It is summer*," by Mr. Morgan, pleased much, both as a composition and as a performance.

The next *soirée*, we notice, is to be given on Feb. 12th. We advise those who are fond of this style of music to call on Mr. A. B. Lincoln, No. 441 Broadway, and register their names as subscribers, in order to obtain admittance to the *soirée*, as no tickets are sold to other than subscribers.

A FACT FOR THE POOR.—A correspondent of the *New Haven Journal* says, that a large newspaper spread over the body "serves to confine the heat from the body quite as well as blankets or quilts, and by enclosing it between two sheets or a sheet and blanket, it may be preserved without injury for some time." We can corroborate the opinion of the writer.—*New Haven Patriot*.

We can also attest to the efficacy of paper as a non-conductor of heat from a use we saw made of it while abroad. During a very cold winter which we passed in Frankfurt, Germany, we discovered that the sentinals on duty at the gates of the city, and, indeed, the soldiery generally, wore paper soles in their stout shoes, to keep their feet warm: these soles being renewed every few days and cut out by themselves. As an experiment we tried the thing one day, cutting a pair of soles from a sheet of the *Frankfurter Journal*: and we really were surprised at the amount of heat which the paper seemed to yield—but which in fact was retained beneath the foot. This heat could not have been mistaken of course for the revolutionary heat, which at a shortly subsequent period somewhat diffused itself through the public journals—the *Frankfurter Journal*, being at that time, as it still is, one of the coldest of the licensed

public prints.—Another instance of the use of paper as a heat-economizer we discovered under the waist-coat of a German professor—a very learned and scientific man. He explained the unusual rustling produced on buttoning up his coat one day by disclosing to us beneath his shirt-bosom a broad expanse of stout wrapping paper, two thicknesses, which he wore next his flannel and over his entire chest. The slight stiffness of the paper, while it did not prevent his sitting down, altogether, was sufficient to keep the sheet in place, the suspenders which passed over it assisting to this. A homely, but certainly very efficacious way of defending the chest from the piercing winds of winter. We commend this fact to the consideration of the poor, who will find paper useful, as a supplement to, or partial substitute for flannel.

It is well known, that a prize of a thousand dollars has been offered for an American opera, by an American composer, on an American subject, in the American language, to be produced at the Academy of Music. The circular which announces the offer, says, that "the national history of America abounds in themes suited to the poet and musician." Our contemporary of the *Courrier des Etats-Unis* inquires very naturally into the words American and national; whether America means the United States only, and national the period of our independence—if the conquest of Mexico were the theme, for example, might it be by Fernando Cortez, or must it be by General Scott? Supposing the more restricted sense, he makes himself merry at the limited choice left to the poet and musician, as "the evacuation of New York, the evacuation of Boston, the battle of Ticonderoga, or the surrender of Lord Cornwallis, with *Hail Columbia* for air, and *Fanck Doodle* for allegro, and everywhere the traditional uniform of the soldiers of Washington." "Might not," he asks, "the excess of patriotism approach profanity in such a case. Imagine the illustrious Washington, transformed into a barytone, advancing in leather breeches, to the foot lights, at the conclusion of a war of four acts, and singing in his natural of the major key, *O! beautiful land of the free*—*ee—ee—ee!* Home oh sweet home of the brave! *O fellow-citizens!*—*ee—ee—ee!*—*seems!* The tenor belongs by right to the lover, who should be, we think, some brilliant officer of the court of Versailles, singing out a piteous affection at the feet of some young Quakeress soprano: the bass might be Lafayette, while a band of Hurons could form the chorus!"

All fair—neighbor, but, "Happy is that nation whose history is a blank," says somebody, and, Happy is that nation whose history affords no theme for the Opera, say we; and for the prize, though not in the secrets of the managers, we venture to assert that the "largest liberty" of interpretation will be permitted to the word American, both as to place and time. But oh! for an adjective which will express our national existence! Will nobody invent one? Americans are we? so are the Patagonians; Latin Americans? so are the Esquimaux. It can not go on in this way much longer. We are exceedingly afraid that if we do not soon name ourselves we shall be called *Stians!* The Canadians begin already to say "people of the States," "going to the States," "coming from the States," but one step further and we are dubbed forever. Will nobody save us?

## MUSICAL WORLD CORRESPONDENCE.

Boston, Jan. 29th, 1846.

DEAR WORM.—A new Organ built by the Messrs. Simmons of this city for the Rev. Dr. Neal's church was opened Saturday evening 26th inst, with a divertissement of vocal music, and instrumental performance by a number of our best resident organists. Its casing, 36 ft high, 23 ft wide and 11 ft deep, is in the Anglo-Gothic style of architecture, corresponding with the exterior of the building, and the instrument stands on a few feet above the floor or auditorium of the edifice, thus exposing the entire front to the view of the congregation; a position I much approve and consider worthy of imitation in other churches. It has three trunk-chests: fifty one stops, eight of which are coupled. As the vocal part of the entertainment had but little merit, I will speak only of the instrument as it appeared under different hands.

A prelude to the programme by the elder Hayter proved the beauty, smoothness and pianissimo excellence of its upper registers and reed stops, and under his delicate and artistic touch its sounds came sweet and plaint as the breathings of an Italian Harp. Mr. Bancroft followed with some pretty extemporizing, and a few very flatted. Mr. Lang, a good exclamatione player, the first movement of Rink's concerto in F. Under these two gentlemen's hands the diapasons seemed harsh and wanting in melody and fulness; and it was not until Mr. Miller brought the power and beauty of the instrument under his peculiar combinations and furniture stops, that we were willing to acknowledge our first impressions faulty. He played an introduction of his own with *pedal cadences*; followed by a theme and variations by Rink, with *pedal allegro*, and Newman's "Concert on the Lake interrupted by a thunder storm." These pieces gave full scope to his versatile power, and a fair opportunity to have the instrument properly tested. It also afforded an opportunity for appreciating the smooth and masterly pedal playing of the performer and the workmanship of the instrument in this part of its mechanism. The thunder was almost a reality. Upon the whole it is considered a noble Organ, one that will redound to the credit of Boston, and (without the addition of a *super* to its performer and *ad hoc* friends, as was the case lately in another organ opening) will add to the already well deserved reputation of its builders.

The fifth concert of the Quintette Club was given Tuesday night last, at Messrs. Chickering's rooms, Mr. J. Tremble assisting at the Piano. He played, with Mr. Wolf Fries, Beethoven's sonata in A for the Piano and Violoncello, and with the brothers Fries the B flat Trio for Piano, Violin and Violoncello; and with a boldness and taste that has only been exceeded by Jael himself. His accent was determined and clear, and although his light and grating notes were not so liquidly given as we should have liked, he gave his part all its instrumental requirements, and fully satisfied a highly discriminating audience. Quartet and Quintet for strings formed the remaining part of the programme. These were finely rendered by the club, and it has reason to be proud of the success and patronage that the public has awarded it.

"An opera like the pillory may be said  
To nail our ears down, but apiece our head."

The past week has given us *Norma*, *La Favorita* and *Don Pasquale* by the Grisi and Mario troupe. *Norma* on Monday evening drew together the largest and most brilliant audience of the season, and, where doubts still existed among the critics of the superiority of Grisi as a lyric artist, this performance entirely dispelled them; and they now with full columns of adulation expose their heads, and fall prostrate at her feet to do her homage. It was indeed presented in splendid style, worthy the artist's fame, the stage, the audience, and the management. No singer of the country possesses the art, convenience, machinery and scenic splendor that this of the Boston Theater can boast, and while we are glad to award this praise to it, we must lay a little fault to the Architects and Decorators for the lack of thought bestowed upon the Auditorium. This is badly lighted, difficult of ingress and egress, needs greater elevations to many of its outer seats, and different colored walls and reliefs to display an audience to advantage; and as it is known that ladies in full dress have a laudable desire to be seen as well as to see, we feel almost assured that another season will find this wholly corrected, and due respect rendered to that part of the house where "most do congregate" not only the beauty, but the solid patronage that sustains the whole establishment.

F. E. U.

## THE DIAMOND LIGHT.

EDITOR OF THE MUSICAL WORLD.—The great work of the times is, a light which shall be at once economical and safe. Animal oils, that is, sperm, whale and lard oils, are not merely very expensive, but speedily increasing in price. Camphene, phlogene, burning fluid, &c., are not only becoming more and more expensive from year to year, but are, more or less, positively dangerous in the hands of the masses.

In cities and large towns gas is used. This is at once an economical (comparatively) and safe light, and as far as we now know, it bids defiance to anything like a successful competition. Still, there are thousands in both our cities and large towns, who for various reasons, do not use gas. Among these reasons, we may specify, first, the necessary expense of getting ready to use it—that is, bringing the gas from the street into the house. Secondly, the expense of the necessary fixtures within the house. Thirdly, the migratory habits of the class of whom we now speak. They are unwilling to spend from twenty five to fifty dollars on a shop, manufactory or house, either for the benefit of the landlord, or the tenant who may succeed them. From these, and other reasons, thousands will not use gas, even when it is brought to their very doors.

But in villages, and in the country of large, gas cannot be had! Then, the great question is, what shall we burn which is at once economical and safe? Every man, and especially every householder in the land has racked his or her brains to answer this question! but all to no satisfactory result! The kitcher, the parlor, the hall, the factory, the church and the study, have sent up the question to chemists, philosophers, and other wise men, with a loud and clamorous earnestness, what shall we burn in our lamps, that shall be pleasant, satisfactory, economical, and safe!

The writer is happy to inform you, and your numerous readers, that this great question of the present age, this question which appeals to every man's appreciation of comfort and, last, though not least, to every man's purse, is now answered. The great problem is solved! Within a few days past, an oil, a vegetable, vegetable, and fixed oil has been made and tested in this city, which answers every desirable purpose in giving a light for the million: it gives a more economical light than any other now known. Its power is nearly equal to gas, and is used only in a lamp of peculiar construction just patented. I have named it, with what degree of appropriateness the public may judge, THE DIAMOND LIGHT. WADSWORTH.

## THE BEST OF THE NEW SHEET MUSIC.

OLIVER DITSON, BOSTON.

The *Sonatas of Beethoven* for the pianoforte, from the latest German edition. Op. 106, Grand Sonata, \$1.50. In this collection there are thirty-two pieces, varying in price from 25 cents to \$1.50. This effort to bring out the music of Beethoven, we know will be appreciated by musicians of the present generation, and consequently recommending to the enterprising publisher.

*Suites Eclaircies pures de Concert*; pour le piano. Composées par Theodore Gatten. No. 4, *Mazurka de Salon*, No. 7, *Valse brillante*. In this collection there are eight numbers, price of each 50 cents, and wherever purchases them, will want the other six.

*Pour les Météoriques*; fantaisies faciles pour piano, par Henri Oramer. Eight numbers. The eighth is *Le Meteorite*, by Prume, 60 cents. The other numbers may be by Abt, Knapf, Reisinger, Lindpainter, &c.—a sufficient guarantee for their merit.

*La Sylphide Polonoise*, *Morceaux Brillants*; pour piano, par Charles Vogt. 50 cents.

*Mazur*; *Valse Romantique*, pour piano, par Edouard Gruenewald. 50 cents.

*Six Operatic Oratorios*, for three performers on one pianoforte. Arranged by Charles Cherry. No. 4, *Don Giovanni*. 75 cents. Aside from the novelty of three performers on one piano, the music is pleasing.

*Berrie Gray*; Song and Chorus. Sung by the Ambrosian. Poetry by G. W. Lawrence, music by Geo. R. Poulton. Easy and pleasing for the class of voice. 25 cents.

*Polka Fantaisie*, pour le piano, par Alphonse Leduc. Six Nos. No. 1, *L'émancipation*, No. 2, *Le rubin*, No. 3, *L'amblythie*, No. 4, *Le rubin*, No. 5, *Le rubin*, No. 6, *L'opéra*, No. 7, *Le rubin*, No. 8, *Le rubin*, No. 9, *Le rubin*, No. 10, *Le rubin*, No. 11, *Le rubin*, No. 12, *Le rubin*, No. 13, *Le rubin*, No. 14, *Le rubin*, No. 15, *Le rubin*, No. 16, *Le rubin*, No. 17, *Le rubin*, No. 18, *Le rubin*, No. 19, *Le rubin*, No. 20, *Le rubin*, No. 21, *Le rubin*, No. 22, *Le rubin*, No. 23, *Le rubin*, No. 24, *Le rubin*, No. 25, *Le rubin*, No. 26, *Le rubin*, No. 27, *Le rubin*, No. 28, *Le rubin*, No. 29, *Le rubin*, No. 30, *Le rubin*, No. 31, *Le rubin*, No. 32, *Le rubin*, No. 33, *Le rubin*, No. 34, *Le rubin*, No. 35, *Le rubin*, No. 36, *Le rubin*, No. 37, *Le rubin*, No. 38, *Le rubin*, No. 39, *Le rubin*, No. 40, *Le rubin*, No. 41, *Le rubin*, No. 42, *Le rubin*, No. 43, *Le rubin*, No. 44, *Le rubin*, No. 45, *Le rubin*, No. 46, *Le rubin*, No. 47, *Le rubin*, No. 48, *Le rubin*, No. 49, *Le rubin*, No. 50, *Le rubin*, 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## INNER-EDITORIAL BUDGET.

We seldom read an English story the scene of which is laid in this country, without a feeling similar to that excited by the laughable blunders of a foreigner attempting to speak English; an uneasy wonder whether our own own tales of French or English life, can by any possibility be equally ludicrous.

There is an American tale in a late number of Household Words, written with some ability, the incidents of which are so outrageously improbable, and the language so caricatured, (if there can be caricature without resemblance,) that we are tempted to give a portion of it for the amusement of our readers. It is entitled "Colonel Quag's Conversion." The said Colonel Quag is a blacksmith, a "roaring rampaging, coaly, knotty, sooty Volsau," whose smithy is situated on the high road to "Rapparator city," which city is located, not in a new and half-settled territory, but in the ancient and orderly, (when it is a merit to be otherwise,) Commonwealth of Massachusetts. This Colonel Quag has a great hatred for all persons generally of the clerical order, and manifests the same by beating soundly, with a leather strap which he keeps coiled for that purpose, all such gentry who pass by his smithy to administer to the spiritual wants of Rapparator city. The consequence is, that when a meeting is held to decide what ministers shall go the ensuing Spring circuit, not one will volunteer for this region. Brother M'Tear had a bad cold, brother Brownjohn had rather not, Brother Knash had

a powerful call down Weeping Way, Brother Beberlink would next time—perhaps, etc. There was great perplexity, till finally a long, loose-limbed brother, with a face very like a quince more than three parts withered—who sat in the corner of the room during the debate, with his legs curled up very much in the fashion of a dog—a brother, to say the truth, of whose abilities a somewhat mean opinion was entertained, for he was given to stammering, blushing, hemming, hawing, scrupling with his feet, and seemed to possess no peculiar accomplishment save the questionable one of shutting one eye when he expectorated—this brother, Zephaniah Stockdoller, to the great relief of his brethren, offered his services.

We quote the account of the meeting between the parson and the redoubtable Colonel.

Col. Quag was coming towards him a long-legged, yellow faced man in black, with a white neckcloth and a broad-brimmed hat. He bestrode a solemn-looking horse with a long tail. He had but one spur (the rider) but it was a very long and rusty spur. In his hand he carried a little dog's eared book; and as he rode, he sang quite softly, a little h. man that ran something like the following:—

"We are marching through the gracious ground,  
We soon shall hear the trumpet sound;  
And then we shall be in glory reign,  
And never, never part again.  
What, say'st thou, part again?  
No, never part again.  
And never, never, never, no.  
And then we shall, be."

Colonel Quag waited till the verse of the hymn was quite finished, and the horseman had put within a couple of yards of his door, when he called out in a terrible voice,

"Hold hard!"

"Brother," said the man on the horse, "good evening and peace."

"For the matter of that," responded Colonel Quag, "hold hard, and git out of that town."

"Brother!" the other interrogated, as if not quite understanding the command.

"Git out, I tell you," cried the blacksmith.

The long man slid rather than got off his horse. It was, indeed, Brother Zephaniah Stockdoller; for his face was quieter than ever, and, as he descended from his steed, he bent his eyes and expectorated.

"Now," said the blacksmith, seating himself on the horse-block in front of his dwelling, and giving a blow on the ground with his strap that made the pebbles dance. "Where do you hail from?"

"From Punkleton city, brother," answered the reverend Zephaniah.

"And what are you a goin' in?"

"To Rapparator city."

"And what may you be goin' for to do in that location?"

"Goin on circuit."

"Then," returned Colonel Quag, making an ironical bow, "this is the strap with which I am a going to lick you into sense."

"Brother, brother," the other cried, shaking his head, "aset that cruel strap from out thy hand. Close thine hand, if thou wilt, upon the hammer of thy trade, the coultter of thy plough, upon a pen, the rudder of a ship, the handle of a lantern to light men to peace and love, and good-will; but close it not upon sword of iron, or bludgeon of wood, or strap of leathern hide. For, from the uplifting to downfalling of those wicked instruments came ever good; but rather healing tears, and bruises and blood, and misery, and death."

"Now look you here," the blacksmith cried, impatiently. "Talk so long as you like; but talk while I am licking of you. For time is precious, and must not be thrown away, now. Lick you I must, and lick you I will."

"Have you no merciful feelings?" asked Zephaniah, as if sorely troubled.

"Not a cent of 'em! Air you ready? 'Vill you like it fighting or will you take it lying down? Some like it fighting; some like lambing down. Only make haste."

"Gollah Quag," the minister responded, "I am a man of peace, and not one that goes ragling with a sword and hockler, like unto Apollyon, or a corporal of the Hoston Tigers; and I would rather not take it at all!"

"You most!" the colonel roared, fairly infuriated.

His hand was upon the minister's collar; the strap that had done so much execution in his time was swinging high in air, when—

Stay. Can you imagine the rage, astonishment, and despair of a schoolmaster seized by his pupil: of the Emperor of China sentenced to be hanged by a Hlog Keog coolie; or the head of Burlington Arcade expelled therefrom by a boy with a basket; of a hotter kicked by a footpaw; of a Southern planter scolded by one of his own negroes; of a Broadway dandy jostled by a newly landed Irish emigrant; of a policeman ordered to move on by an apple woman; of the Commander-in-Chief of the Army in the Crimea desired to stand at ease by a drummer; of the Pope of Rome blessed with two fingers by a choirboy? If you can imagine anything of this sort,—but only if you can—you may be able to form an idea of how Colonel Quag felt when a storm of blows, hard, well-directed, and incessant, began to fall on his head, on his breast, on his face, on his shoulders on his arms, on his legs—all over his body, so rapidly that he felt as if he was being hit everywhere at once,—when he found his strap wound his nowhere on the body of his opponent, but that he himself was hit everywhere.

He saw more comets than Tycho Brahe or Erna Pater ever dreamed of. He felt that he was all nose, and that a horribly swollen one. Then that he had swallowed all his teeth. Then that he had five hundred eyes, and then none at all. Then that his ribs went in and his blood came out. Then his legs fell under him, and he fell down all of a heap; or perhaps, to speak classically and pugilistically, he hit out wildly, fell groggy, and went down at the ropes. The tall brother went down atop of him, and coiled round pooling away at his body—not perhaps as hard as he could, but decidedly much harder than the colonel liked—singing all the while the little hymn beginning

"We are marching through the gracious ground," quite softly to himself.

"Hold hard!" gasped the colonel at last, faintly. "You don't mean murder da, you! You won't hit a man when he's down, much more, will you, brother?"

"By no means answered Zephaniah, bringing down his fist nevertheless with a tremendous "bash" upon the colonel's nose, as if there were a fly there and he wanted to kill it. "But you've took it fighting, and you may as well now take it like a lamb, lying down."

"But I'm broke, I tell you," groaned the vanquished blacksmith. "I can't do no more. You are so slightly hard, you are."

"Oh! You give in thee?"

"Aye," murmured Colonel Quag.

"Speak louder—I'm hard of hearing."

"Yes!" repeated the colonel, with a groan. "I do give in. For I'm best; and whittled clean away to the small end of nothing—showed up—cornered."

"You must promise me one thing, colonel Gollah Quag," said the reverend Stockdoller, without however, removing his knees from the colonel's chest, you must promise before I leave off the hammering of your body, never for to fill-trait or break down of four people—ministers, elders, deacons or brethren."

"I'll promise," replied the colonel; only let me up. You're choking me."

"Nor to rile, lick, or molest any other peaceable creature as are coming or going past your way upon the Lord's business."

"I promise," muttered the colonel, who was becoming purple in the face.

"Likewise," concluded Zephaniah, playfully knocking away one of his adversary's loose teeth, so as to make his mouth neat and tidy, "you must promise to give up drinking of rum; which is a delusion and a snare, and bad for the innards, besides being on the trunk line to perdition. And finally, you must promise to come to our next camp meeting, clean shaven, and with contrite heart."

"No," cried the almost expiring colonel, "I won't; not for all the tobacco in Virginia! Nor yet for Martin Van Buren, or Dan'l Webster! Nor yet for to be postmaster!"

"You won't brother?" asked Zephaniah persuasively raising his fist.

"No; I'm durned if I do!"

"Then," returned the Grace-Walker meekly, "I must sing another little hymn."

Immediately afterwards Colonel Quag's tortures recommenced. He struggled, he roared, he entreated; but in vain. All he could see were the long man's arms whirling about like the sails of windmills. All he could feel was the deadly pain of the blows on his already bloodstained bruised face and body. All he could hear was the muffled voice of his tormenter singing, with an occasional stammer, a verse of a little hymn commencing:

"I'm goin' home to kiss above—  
Will you go, will you go?  
To live in mercy, peace and love—  
Will you go, will you go?  
My old companion here you well,  
A brighter fate has me befel,  
I mean up to the skies to dwell—  
Will you go, will you go?"

He could stand it no longer. He threw out his arms, and groaned, "Spare my life, and I'll promise anything."

"Happy to hear it colonel," answered brother Stockdollar, helping his adversary to rise, and then coolly settling his own white neckcloth and broad-brimmed hat. "Perhaps you'll be good enough to look after my horse a bit. He oast a shoe just after I left Fankington."

Colonel Quag, quite humiliated and crestfallen, proceeded to shoe the horse, which had been quietly cropping the stunted herbage while the colonel was being flogged. The operation finished as well as the colonel's bruised arms would permit, the Grace-Walker gravely handed him a coin, which the blacksmith as gravely took; then mounted his steed, and rode away.

There is a seat at religious camp meetings in America called the "anxious seat." A camp meeting is not unlike a fair—a very pious one of course; and the anxious seat is one on which sit the neophytes newly-entered—those who have anything to confess, anything to complain of, anything to disclose, or to tell, or to seek.

Upon the anxious seat at the next camp meeting near Rappahannock city of the Grace-Walking Brethren as Colonel Gellish Quag. Amid a breathless silence he frankly avowed his former evil course of life; narrated the events of his conversion by brother Stockdollar; and promised amendment for the future. A brother who had been resting on a bench, with his limbs curled up after the manner of a dog—a long, yellow-faced brother, who had a curious habit of shutting his eyes when he expostulated—rose to speak when the colonel sat down. He expressed how happy he was to have been the instrument of colonel Quag's conversion; and the means he had employed, though somewhat rough, had been efficacious. With much modesty also he alluded to his own conversion. It was not such a long time ago, he said, that he himself had been, but as one of the wicked. He owned it with shame that he had at one time been one of the abandoned men called priestsingers—a pugilist to be backed and belted upon for hire and gain; and that he had beaten Dan Grummles, nicknamed the Brooklyn Pet, in a stand-up fight for two hundred dollars a side.

Colonel Quag kept his promise. He left off rum

and parson-licking. He resigned the command of the Tigers, and is now, as Elder Quag, a shining and a burning light among the Grace-Walking Brethren.

#### BUMBO IN PARIS.

The Paris correspondent of the *Courrier des Etats-Unis* says in a late letter:

While on my way to see the new buildings, Rue des Capucines, I noticed in the Chausée d'Antin, one of the city guards on horseback and one on foot, stationed before a large silk magazine. Upon the store was a placard, announcing an extraordinary sale at a reduction of forty per cent., on account of change of proprietor or location, I cannot remember which. Curious to know why the shop was thus guarded by a municipal force, I stopped to make inquiries, and was informed that it was to keep in order the crowd which the extraordinary sale would attract. I looked around—I saw guards on horseback and on foot—but where was the crowd? I looked within. There was a crowd it is true, of clerks and shopmen, promiscuously with their arms crossed, and with the air of men who expected news from Sebastopol quite as much as purchasers. The passers by began to make themselves merry at this display of military force, solicited and paid for by the proprietor of the shop to restrain the crowd that would not come. It must have become too ridiculous at last, for on my return the guards were no longer there.

Now is this an ingenious but unsuccessful imitation of America which an English contemporary impudently denominates "The land of Barnum," or is Barnum in truth the "representative man" not of this country, but of the age in one of its phases? We incline for self-evident reasons to the latter opinion.

#### MARK HANSEL'S VISITOR.

DEATH was holding high revelry in the good city of London, in the year fifteen hundred and sixty-five. At that time, there dwelt in Chesham, a certain silk-mercer, named Mark Hansel, who was a substantial rich old citizen and always paid his way; and, although he had never read Adam Smith on the Wealth of Nations, for the conclusive reason that that work was not then written nor its author born, he conducted himself as well as if he had; and increased and multiplied.

Nevertheless, he could not prevent the Plague from entering his house; which vexed him a great deal, as he had taken vast pains to keep it out, and he was naturally piqued at the failure of his plans. Mark was a widower, with no children; and his household consisted of himself, one or two of his clerks, and 'prentices, his maid-servant, and a few lodgers in the upper stories. Now, when the Plague first of all threatened the city, Mark did what was very common at that time—he made it a condition with those who dwell there that if they staid all, they must provide themselves with every requisite, and be content to remain without stirring a foot out of doors until the pest should have abated. As they offered no objection to these terms, the house was solemnly closed and barred (as if the Plague were shut out by bolts and bolts!) and the windows were shut close, and business was suspended, and there was a strange, dull, twilight, funeral look in all the rooms, and the cells and wormwood and other distasteful plants, lying about at every turn, were anything but cheerful in their suggestions. It was bad enough in the daytime, but at night old Mark would lie awake in his bed listening to the stagnant silence, and fancying that he heard in it the stealthy, creeping, footstep of the enemy going to and fro upon his errands. And he was not far wrong in his guess for one night the said Enemy passed before Mark's door, and passed through it, bolts and all, and went creeping, creeping up the staircase, with his ghostly, silent steps, so silent that not a soul heard him, though his breath was thick and clammy on the walls—and entered one of the upper rooms, and with a strong gripe upon the

throat, seized him who lay there, and left him dead and livid by the dawn.

Old Mark was greatly astonished at this when he came to find it out in the morning; for he had no idea that the Plague could possibly enter a house that was barricaded. However, he got the body away as quickly as he could, and, as an additional precaution, had all the shutters closed over all the windows, but it was of no use Death soon meets another victim. Then, another and another, until not one soul beside Mark himself was left in the house; and as the body of the last victim was carried forth one evening and thrown into the dead-cart, it felt more solitary than ever he had felt in his life.

I have said that the last body was taken forth one evening. Mark saw it put into the cart; and, after having barred up the door, returned to his room, and sat down, thinking. He was pursuing his brains how to manage for companionship, and had almost made up his mind to ask the only nephew he had to come and live with him (although he knew him to be a young rake and a spendthrift), when it occurred to him that, as shutting up the house had so signally failed—and he could not but admit that it had failed—he might as well run the risk of breathing a little of the open air, and seeing at the same time whether he could light upon a neighbor; so he opened the outer door, and stood gazing up and down the street.

What he saw did not in the least tend to raise his spirits; for, instead of a gay, loud throng, with horses and vehicles, and cavaliers and ladies, there was a silent desert. No lights glimmered in the dull, black casement—no faces looked forth upon the empty road below—no sound of life stirred within the languid air. A thick crop of grass had sprung up between the stones of the road; and the lightest blade scarcely fluttered in the heavy stagnation. Mark began to feel that, after all, he had better remain indoors; and, would have departed instantly, but that his ear caught the low muffled sound of a carriage rattling over the pavement. It came from the direction of Cornhill, and made an ominous rattle in the hub.

It was drawn with surprising quickness by four black horses, which pranced and scattered the foam from their nostrils in a grand and royal manner; and at every step their hoofs beat up such a shower of sparks from the stones that the passage of the vehicle was vividly delineated in a running stream of fire. Mark wondered who the traveller might be: but much time was not allowed him for conjecture, as the swift pace at which the carriage was drawn soon brought it up to his house; and his astonishment was great when he perceived it came suddenly to a dead halt precisely at that spot. He now observed that the vehicle, as well as the horses, was black, and that the coachman and the footmen, were clothed in black robes. "Some family that has lost a relation or two in the Plague," thought Hansel.

The door of the carriage, opened by one of the footmen, and a very handsome, stately gentleman alighted. He too, was clothed in black; and, on his head, wore a hat with a large drooping feather.

"Good evening, Mark Hansel!" he said, making little of mention. "I want to have a word with you."

"At your service," returned Mark, bowing profoundly. "You needn't say, to know something of me; but I have not the honor of recollecting you."

"No?" said the stranger, with a momentary smile. "I have known you, however, by a monetary note."

"I have known you, from your birth up."

"Indeed, sir," exclaimed Mark. "I should have supposed you were a younger man than myself, by a good score of years."

"Older, older," replied the stranger. "But I must admit I bear my years well, considering all I have had to go through; yet there are times when I feel I should like to lie down somewhere and rest."

"Will you walk into my poor house, sir?" inquired Mark. "We shall be quite alone, all there except myself have died of this dreadful sickness."

"No," replied the gentleman; "that is not my object. I want you first to accompany me to a place

where you will see some friends of yours; and then to ask you to do me a favor,—to be paid for, mind, and handsomely. Will you follow me?"

"I shall be proud," said Hansel, to go wherever your worship may command."

Stepping into the carriage, the stranger beckoned Mark to follow him; and the horses immediately set off at full gallop.

Faster and faster went the coach; every instant seeming to add obviously to its speed. Mark looked out of the windows, and saw the houses on each side of the way spinning past in a long, indistinct, dull line, in which all details were blurred and lost, like the painted sides of a humming-top in the intensity of its whirl. Faster and faster yet; until, by the fever of the motion, the stagnant air was wafted into life, and rushed past the carriage windows with a long, walling sigh. Faster and faster still; and darker and darker grew the night; and through the blackness Mark could see nothing but the eyes of his companion gleaming as two small fires at the back of a deep, dusky cavern. And now the town was passed; and Mark basked a wide open country, very bare and grim, which he did not recognize. He began to feel uneasy. Still, faster and faster went the coach; and darker and darker grew the night; till it appeared as if they were being carried on the wind itself into a great black empty gulf. During all this time the stranger did not utter one word. Nor did Mark; for his breath was gone.

At length the carriage came to a dead halt with so much suddenness, that the ground reeled beneath their feet, and a long, dark hedgerow on each side of the road, still appeared to rush giddily past into the wide obscurity. As soon as Hansel could get the use of his eyes, he perceived that they were standing before a vast, dimly-defined building, which rose far up into the air, until it became one with the night. It belonged to an order of architecture which Mark had never seen before; and had a look of great age and melancholy grandeur. Columns of an indescribable fashion—grotesque faces and prodigious sculptures, that seemed each one an awful riddle—made themselves heavily manifest through the darkness; and, though Mark was anything but an imaginative man, he struck even him that the whole edifice was a sort of shadowy symbol, and that it typified an unutterable mournfulness and desolation. He observed all this in a single moment; for the stranger, without a word, drew him through a wide doorway into the interior. A spacious, but dimly lighted hall was then disclosed.

Black velvet curtains fell in massive folds from the walls; and all the rooms were involved in perpetual shadow. After some time, they reached a chamber of greater extent than any of the others—so large, indeed, that the citizen could not see the opposite side; and here his companion paused. The next moment Hansel observed that the place was occupied by eight or nine male figures, dressed in uncouth habiliments, and playing very earnestly at a game resembling skittles: the pins formed by a row of feeble bones, and the projectiles smooth bare skulls. The sport, seemed to Mark rather grim, and the performers had very pale faces; but they kept on chattering vivaciously in an unknown tongue; and, whenever any one made a hit, all chuckled and laughed.

"Draw a little nearer," said the master of the house. "Do you remember these gentlemen?"

Mark advanced a pace or two, and then suddenly started back. The skittle-players were none other than the recent inmates of his house, whom he had supposed were dead of the Plague!

"Good Heavens!" exclaimed the sick-monger, "What is the meaning of this?"

"It means," replied the strange gentleman, "that all your late friends are provided for by me, and without any charge to them. But you must not speak to them. Don't you think they look very happy?"

"The Lord deliver me!" thought Mark; "for I am in a land of phantoms." But, fearing to offend

his companion, he answered, "They must needs be happy under your worship's protection."

"A right courtly speech!" cried the other, with a disagreeable laugh. "Well, since you admit that they look happy, there could be no great harm in sending a few more to the same place—oh!"

"Your worship is the best judge," replied Hansel, who thought it advisable to maintain a respectful demeanor.

"Why, what better could you wish for a man than to come to this quiet spot, and play with the skulls and bones of his enemies? They come thronging in hour after hour; but it is my mood that they should come faster. Yes, I will have every soul in London for my guest. You see that stream of water pouring down the rock in the distance? That water is poisoned; and with it I design to kill every one of your townfolk. Hearken. If you will consent to take with you a portion of this subtle fluid, and so corrupt all the wells and springs of London, I will give you riches uncountable; and you shall be the last to die and the first to taste all the pleasures of my domain. Will you do this?"

During the delivery of this speech, Mark observed a terrible transformation in the whole appearance of his companion. An awful light boiled up out of the black depth of his eyes; his lips became twisted into an expression of mingled fierceness and sarcastic laughter; and Mark saw that he stood in the presence of the Evil One.

"Get thee behind me, Satan—Devil! I defy thee and all thy host, thou Old Mischief! I spit in thy face, and on thy offer, thou Shadow of the Curse of God!"

At this, the fearful thing wavered before his eyes like the shadow of a tree upon the ground when the tree itself is shaken by a high wind; but the Old One steadied himself after awhile, and said:

"You refuse! Then attend to my last words. Nine of the inmates of your house have already died of the Plague. By to-morrow night, a tenth shall be stricken."

And, as he spoke, arose a tempest and an earthquake, with amazing flashes of fire, and a great roaring, seemed to rise up in the place; and instantly everything vanished; and Mark found himself seated in his own room in his own arm-chair, rather frightened, and very much dazed.

It is my own opinion—as a firm disbeliever in all such stories—that the worthy mercer had fallen asleep, and had been dreaming; that he had not been standing at the street-door at all, but had been overtaken by slumber as he sat thinking about his prospects; and that he was awakened by a thunder-storm which was then raging, and which formed the conclusion of his dream. Hansel himself, however, firmly believed in the absolute truth of the vision; and you may safely assume that it made him feel very melancholy. He lay awake during the greater part of the night, preparing himself for his approaching end, and trembling with fear every moment, lest he should be exposed to some new temptation. When, after a troubled sleep, he awoke in the morning, he reflected that the worst was the last time he should behold the light; "for," said he, "I am the only one left in the house, and consequently there cannot be any other addition to the list." And he felt himself overpowered with wretchedness and dread.

The day passed slowly and mournfully. Poor Hansel endeavored as much as possible to force his mind into a state of religious resignation, and, to this end, brought forth the great family Bible, and read more of it at a stretch than he had done since his school-days. But the awful cry of the attendants upon the dead-carts continually broke in upon his studies; and his heart was sick within him. He could not shut out the thought that within a little while, he too would be lying among those festering masses, a thing horrible to look at, perfidious to approach, fit only to be hurried away to the revolting grave-pits. And then he speculated upon how soon it would be before his death would be discovered, and whether the au-

thorities would, after a time, break open the doors and find his rigid body staring with unclosed eyes upon the open air. His thought had against these reflections; but every moment was one of intense watchfulness and agony, for he could not tell when the first symptoms of the disease would attack him. It seemed to him as if he were waiting in a dark room for the mortal shot of an enemy; and he therefore held his nerves in perpetual readiness for the shock.

Not a bit or drop passed his lips during the day, and towards evening he found a faintness coming over him which he believed to be the approach of the fatal malady. The light was rapidly fading; and as it seemed horrible for him to die in the dark, he lit a candle and sat down again in his chair, waiting, and commending himself to God.

At length he was conscious of a sound within the silence. He listened, and heard footstep in the upper rooms of the house, and immediately after he was aware that they were descending the stairs. At this he felt greatly troubled; for he feared either that the devil was about to renew his temptations, or that death was coming upon him in a visible shape. Slowly, and with some unsteadiness, the steps came down the stairs, and paused for a moment before the room in which Mark was sitting. The door was then opened, and a figure entered.

It was a young man, dressed after the manner of a cavalier of that time. His clothes, however, were soiled and discomfited, and his face, though handsome was flushed and haggard. His whole appearance was debauched and utterly abandoned, and he came into the room in a reckless manner, and threw himself into a chair. Hansel stared at him for a moment in silence; then suddenly uttered an exclamation of surprise:

"Merry on me!" he cried; "It is my wretched nephew."

"Yes," said the intruder in a thick voice, "It's your nephew—and you may say your wretched nephew too, for I have no money."

"Ay, that is the only reason why I see you here, I suppose. You want, as you call it, to 'borrow' some of me. But how, in the name of mischief, did you get into my house? I thought all the doors were bolted."

"Why you see, uncle, I heard at the next house that all your companions were dead of the Plague, and so I prevailed upon your neighbor to let me over his roof, to see if there was any little cranny through which I could creep. In order to come and see you. And I found a trap-door unfastened; so here I am, come over the house-top! Now, that's kind and diffid, I think."

"Gilbert, Gilbert! you're a sordid young rake. I don't wish to be harsh with you; but I am now on the point of death, and you disturb my devotions. I desire you to leave my house."

"Listen to me, you grey sinner!" exclaimed Gilbert Hansel, drawing his rapier. "You say that you are at the point of death; and that unless you instantly give me what I want, you never spoke a truer word, for I'll run you through the body. I must have gold, that I may buy me meat and wine, and laugh at death. If once I get sober I shall die. So, the key of the money-chest, my brother, before I draw my sword across your throat!"

As old Hansel had fully made up his mind that he should die, it might have been supposed that this menace would have had very little effect upon him. But there is something exceedingly disagreeable in having one's throat carved in cold blood, and to make use of the evil day, if only for half an hour. So, after some muttering, and shivering, Mark at length—quickness in his movements by the near approach of the rapier—put his hand into his pocket, and produced the required key. His nephew received it with a laugh of triumph.

"Oh, more favor I require of you. I want the key of your wine cellar as well."



"Why trouble me further?" muttered the old miserer. "I am no wine-bibber like yourself, thank Heaven!"

"The very reason why there is plenty for me in your cellar, I know you can produce a good flask upon occasion; and I mean to taste the quality of your wines before I go. Come, give me the key without more ado. Ah, that's it! Thanks! See what a devil fellow I am as long as you behave like a dutiful uncle."

He rushed out of the room as he spoke, and went lumbering down stairs, seeming to make direct for the wine-cellar. Mark heard him enter, and close the door with a loud jar behind him. Then all was again quiet, except at intervals; when fragments of some drunken song from below became faintly distinguishable.

"What a horrible abandoned reprobate he is!" thought Mark. "I wish he had never found his way in. I have lost my money, my wife, and my resignation, all at one blow. How long the dreadful hour is coming!"

At length he fell asleep, quite worn out with watching and mental exertion. When he awoke it was broad daylight. Looking at the clock, and finding that it was six, his heart leaped within him, and he could not help shouting aloud, "Hurra! By the blessing of Heaven, the Old Law's prophecy is defeated. I have lived over the night." And he feily danced about the room.

In a little while, feeling hungry, he set about preparing himself some breakfast, and began eating it with great relish. "I shall laugh at the devil's prophecies in future," he thought. "But I wonder what has become of that rascal nephew of mine. If he is still in the house, I could almost shake his hands with him, I feel so happy. I don't think it was a dream that he was here last night. Stay; I'll go seek him."

Mark went through several of the empty rooms without success, and at last beroughed him of the wine-cellar. Thither he repaired, and saw something lying on the ground like a heap of clothes.

"Here he is," thought Mark, "drunk and sleeping like a log, with an empty wine flask in his hand. Alas! Merciful Heaven! he's dead—plague-struck—wretched and wretched with pain! Horrible!" And Mark rushed out of the cellar.

His nephew was indeed dead. The Pest had overtaken him in the midst of his boasted preservative, and had withered him like a leaf. And so the prophecy was fulfilled, though not in the sense understood.

Mark must have been fated not to die of the plague; for, even this last pestil did not hurt him. After he had seen his nephew buried, he went into the country to some distant relative, and lived many years longer. During this time he frequently related the story of his interview with the Devil—in which he never ceased to believe—and of the death of his wild nephew.

As for me, I confess, to my mind, the devil part of the story was a dream; but this is only my household opinion, and I offer it as nothing more.—*Household Words.*

## PIANOFORTE MAKING.

[From Godey's Lady's Book.]

Perhaps we cannot present our readers a more interesting article on manufacturing, than to give an idea of pianoforte making; pianofortes, in these days, making an almost indispensable article of furniture in every dwelling; adding so much to the pleasures of home, and being so much of a companion in all home hours; contributing so largely to the enjoyments of society, that some little knowledge of the processes of making, and the materials used, must be not only interesting to all, but valuable to those who wish to know how good pianofortes should be made. With this desire, we have selected as our model the large and flourishing manufactory of Messrs. Boardman & Gray, the eminent pianoforte makers of Albany, N. Y., celebrated as the manufacturers of the Delee Campana Attachment Pianofortes.

FACTORY WORKS, ALBANY.

This manufactory is situated at Albany, N. Y., occupying the end of a block, presenting a front on three streets of upwards of 320 feet. Messrs. Boardman & Gray have the most of their lumber sawed out from the logs expressly for them in the forests of Adirondack, Oneida, Herkimer and other choice localities in N. Y., and also Canada, and delivered by contract two and three years after being sawed, when well seasoned. The variety and number of different kinds of wood used in the business is quite surprising. Pine, spruce, maple, oak, chestnut, ash, basswood, walnut, mahogany, cherry, birch, rosewood, ebony, white-holly, apple, pear-tree, and several other varieties, each of which has its peculiar quality, and its place in the piano depends on the nature it has to perform. The inspecting and selecting of the lumber require the strictest attention and long experience; for it must be not only of the right kind, and free from all imperfections, such as knots, shakes, sapwood, &c., but it must also be well seasoned. All the lumber used by Messrs. Boardman & Gray, being cut two or three years in advance, is seasoned before they receive it; then it is piled up and dried another year, at least, in their yard, after which it is cut up by the cross-cut cleaver saw, and piled another season in their sheds, when it is taken down for use, and goes into the machine-shop; and here it is put into the proper forms and sizes and sent out into the drying-rooms for six months or a year more, before it is used in the piano.

The motive power is a beautiful Gothic-pattern horizontal engine of forty horse power. This engine moves with its strong arm the entire machinery used throughout the building, yet so quietly that, without seeing it, you would hardly know it was in motion. In the same room is the boiler, large enough not only to furnish steam for the engine, but also for heating the entire factory, and furnishing heat for all things requisite in the building. Water for supplying the boiler is contained in a large cistern under the centre of the yard, holding some 20,000 gallons, supplied from the roofs of the buildings.

MAKING ROOM.

We passed the next room, where we find the workmen employed in preparing the madre metal (iron) plates used inside the pianos, from the rough steel, as they come from the furnace.

Into each plate for a seven octave piano, there have to be drilled upwards of 450 holes, and about 250 of these have fine rivets into them for the strings, &c.

In the same room with the drilling-machines we find the leg making machines, for cutting from the rough blocks of lumber the beautifully formed "c-caps" and "curved legs," as well as sides of various patterns, ready for being veneered with rosewood or mahogany. The body of the leg is generally made of chestnut, which is found best adapted to the purpose. The leg machine is rather curious in its operation, the cutting knife revolving in a sliding frame, which follows the pattern, the log being firmly held, remaining stationary.

In this machine-room, which is a very large one, the "bottoms" for the cases are made and finished, ready for the case-maker to build his case upon. If we examine them, we shall find they are constructed so as to be of great strength and durability; and, being composed of such perfectly seasoned materials, the changes of different climates do not injure them and they will endure any strain produced by the great tension of the strings of the piano in tuning up to pitch, amounting to several tons.

CASE-MAKING.

But we must pass on to the next room. We step on a raised platform about four feet by eight, and, touching a short lever, find ourselves going up to the next floor. On getting on a level with the floor, we again touch the magic lever, and our steam elevator (or dumb-waiter) stops, and, stepping off we find ourselves surrounded with workmen; this is the "case-making" department. The case-maker makes the rims of the case, and veneers them. He fits and secures these to the bottom. He also makes and veneers the tops. The bottoms are made mostly of pine; the rims of the case are of ash or cherry, or of some hard wood that will hold the rosewood veneers with which they are covered. The tops are made of ash or cherry, sometimes mahogany, and rosewood or mahogany. We will now follow the case to the room where the workmen are employed in putting in the sounding-board and iron frame.

The sounding-board is what, in a great measure, gives tone, and the different qualities of tone to the piano. Messrs. Boardman & Gray use the beautiful white, clear spruce (lumber found in the interior counties of New York,

which they consider in every way as good as the celebrated "Swiss Fir."

Spanning the base strings, and strutting the case, come next in order. To get the requisite flexibility and vibration to strings of the size and weight wanted in the base notes, tempered steel wire is used for the strings, and on this it is wound soft annealed iron wire, plated with silver; each string being of a different size, of course various sizes of body and covering wire are used in their manufacture. The string to be covered is placed in the machine, which turns it very rapidly, while the workman holds the covering wire firmly and tautly, and it is wound round the case wire a certain number of times.

Not a few years since, the making of steel music wire was a thing unknown in the United States; in fact, there were but two factories of note in the world which produced it; but now, as with other things, the Americans are ahead, and the "steel music wire" made by Messrs. Washburn & Co., of Worcester, Mass. is far superior in quality and finish to the foreign wire. The peculiar tension of the wire has a great influence on the piano's keeping in tune, strings breaking, &c., and, as the quality cannot always be ascertained but by actual experiment, much is condemned after trial, and the perfect only used.

The preparation of what is termed the "key-board" is one of peculiar slowness, and the selection of the lumber and its proper treatment, and the fitting of the keys, so that they will not spring or warp, and thus either not work or take the hammers out of place, &c. The frames on which the keys rest is usually made of the best of old dry cherry, closely framed together to the form required for the keys and action. The wood of the keys is usually of soft straight grained white pine, or prepared bass wood. Both kinds have to go through many orders of seasoning, &c. The keys are made as follows: On a piece of lumber the keys are marked out, and the crossbanding and slipping done to secure the ivory; the ivory is applied and secured, and then the keys are sawed apart and the ivory polished and finished. The ebony black keys are then made and put on and polished, and the key-board is complete; the key hammer has finished his part of the piano.

The action is one of the most important things in the pianoforte. On the construction and adjustment depends the whole working part of the instrument.

ACTION, ETC.

Messrs. Boardman & Gray use the principle which is termed the French Grand Action, with many improvements added by themselves. This they have found from long experience to be the best in many ways. It is more powerful than the "Boston or Semi-Grand." It will repeat with much greater readiness and precision than any other; it is far more elastic under the manipulation of the fingers. What is technically called the action consists of the parts that are fastened to the key, and work together to make the hammer strike the strings of the piano when the key is pressed down. Various kinds of slow grained wood are used in their construction, such as white holly, apple or pear tree, mahogany, hard maple, red cedar, &c. Buckskin of a particular finish, and cloth of various kinds and qualities, are used to cover those parts where there is much friction or liability to noise, and every part so perfectly finished and fitted that it will not only work smoothly, and without any sticking or clanging, but without noise, and yet be firm and true, so that every time the key is touched the hammer strikes the string in response. The hammer head is generally made of bass-wood, and then covered with either felt prepared for this purpose, or deer or buckskin dressed expressly for this business. The preparation of buckskin for pianoforte makers is at this time quite as important trade, and the improvements made in its dressing in late years have kept pace with the other improvements of the piano.

After the instrument has been fitted, it goes to the finisher, whose duties consist in taking the keys as they come from the key-maker, the action as prepared, and the hammers from the hammer-maker, and fitting them together and into the case, so that the keys and action work together; adjusting the hammer to strike the strings, and putting the dampers in their proper places to be acted on by the keys and pedals; making or fitting the hazy, or soft stop; adjusting the leading of the keys to make the heavy or light touch, and removing what may be termed the rattling of the machinery together to form the working part of the pianoforte. And when we consider that each key of a pianoforte is composed, with its action, of some sixty-five to seventy pieces, and that there are eighty or more to a seven octave instrument, making a sum total of nearly six thousand pieces to be handled over many times

before they are folded in the plane, one is not a little surprised at the immense amount of work in a perfect piano-forte.

## NEW DAMPERS.

One great improvement made by Messrs Boardman & Gray, and placed in all their pianofortes, we believe, is not used by any other maker. We refer to the metallic over damper and register and cover. This register is usually made in the old way, of wood, and placed under the strings, and, consequently, the weather acting on the wood is liable to warp or spring the register, and thus throw these wires or liffers against the strings, causing a jingling or harsh jarring when the piano is used; and, then, the register being pulled beneath the strings, and the liffers passing through it above the strings to the dampers, of course they are liable to accident, and to be bent and knocked out of place in many ways by anything hitting the dampers, as in dusting out the instrument, &c. But this improvement by Messrs. Boardman & Gray covers all these defects in the old register. Theirs being of iron is not affected by changes of the weather or temperature of different houses and rooms; and, thus being placed above, the strings and dampers are at all times protected from injury.

When the case is thus finished, it can be turned for the first time, although all is yet in the rough and unadjusted state; and from the finisher, after being turned, it passes into the hands of the "regulator."

The Pianoforte Action. Regulator adjusts the action in all its operations. The depth of the touch is regulated, the keys levelled, the drop of the hammer adjusted, &c. And now its tone must be regulated, and the hammer flint takes it in charge, and gives it the last finishing touch; every note from bass to treble must give out a full, rich, even, melodious tone. This is a very important branch of the business; for great care and much experience are required to detect the various qualities and shades of tone, and to know how to enter and adjust the hammer in such a way as to produce the desired result. Some performers prefer a hard or brilliant tone; others a full soft tone; and others, again, a full clear tone of medium quality. It is the hammer-flint's duty to see that each note and the whole instrument shall correspond in brilliancy with the others.

The instrument, after being tuned, is ready for the war-room or parlor. But several smaller operations we have purposely passed by, as it was our wish to give a clear idea of the structure of the pianoforte.

## TUNING.

The "leg bodies," as they come from the machine, are out in shape in a rough state, ready for being veneered (or covered with a thin coating of rosewood or mahogany); and as they are of various carved and crooked forms, it is a trade by itself to bend the veneers and apply them correctly. The veneers are carved and bent to the shape required while hot, or over hot iron, and then applied to the leg-bodies by "calle," or blocks of wood cut out exactly fit the surface to be veneered. These calls are heated in steam ovens. The surface of the leg having been covered with glue, the veneer is put on, and then the hot call is applied and served to it by large hand screws holding the veneer closely and firmly to the surface to be covered. The call, by warming the glue, causes it to adhere to the legs and veneer; and, when cold and dry, holds the veneer firmly to its place, covering the surface of the leg exactly, and giving it the appearance of solid rosewood, or of whatever wood was used for the purpose.

The desks are so framed together as to give strength, then veneered, and after being varnished and polished, are sawed out in beautiful forms and shapes by scroll saws, in the machine-shop. The same can be said of many other parts of the instrument that are made separate, and applied when wanted in the instrument, such as lyres, leg-blocks, or caps, &c.

The putting together the different parts of the pianoforte, such as the top, the legs, the desk, the lyre, &c., to the case, constitutes what is called fly-fitting. The top is finished by the case-maker in one place, and remains so until varnished and polished; then the fly-finisher saws it apart, and applies the butt or blings; hangs the front or "look board" to the top; and completes it.

## TUNING.

Having thus given a passing glance at most of the mechanical parts of the pianoforte, we will now examine the varnishing and polishing departments. The processes of varnishing and polishing are as follows: The case, which are all of rosewood are covered first with a spirit varnish made with shellac gum, which dries almost instantly, becomes hard, and keeps the gum or pitch of the rosewood

from acting on the regular oil varnish. After the case has been "shellacked," it then receives its first coat of varnish and is left to dry; and then a second coat is applied, and again it is left to dry. The varnish used is made of the hardest kind of copal gum, and prepared for this express purpose. It is called scraping varnish; it dries hard and brittle, and is intended to fill in the grain of wood. When it becomes thoroughly dry and hard, these two coats are scraped off with a steel scraper. The case then receives several coats of another kind of varnish; when this is dried it is ready for rubbing, which is effected by means of an article made of cloth fastened on blocks of wood or cork; and the varnish is rubbed on with ground pumice stone and water (a process similar to that of polishing marble). A large machine, driven by the engine, is used for rubbing the tops of pianos and other large surfaces. When the whole surface is perfectly smooth and even, it receives an additional coat of varnish. Each coat having become dry, hard, and firm, the surface receives another rubbing until it is perfectly smooth, when it receives its last forcing coat. After it has been thoroughly dried and hardened it is ready for the polishing process, which consists in first rubbing the surface with fine rotten stone, and then polishing it with the finger and hands until the whole surface is like a mirror wherein we can

"See ourselves as others see us."

## DOLCE CAMPANA.

The peculiar features of Messrs Boardman & Gray's pianoforte is the Dolce Campana Attachment, invented by Mr. Jas. A. Gray, and patented in 1848 not only in this country but in England and throughout the world. It consists of a series of weights held in a frame over the bridge of the pianoforte, which is attached to the sounding-board; for the crooked bridge of the piano, at the left hand, is fast to and part of the sounding-board. The strings pass over, and firmly hold to the bridge, impart vibration to the sounding-board, and thus tone to the piano. These weights, resting in a frame, are connected with a pedal, so that when the pedal is pressed down, they are let down by their own weight, and rest on screws or pins inserted in the bridge, the tops of which are above the pins that hold the strings, and thus control the vibrations of the bridge and sounding-board. By this arrangement, almost any sound in the music scale can be obtained, *ad libitum*, at the option of the pianist. We strike full chords with the pedal down, and holding the key, let the pedal go slowly, and the music swells forth in rich tones which are surprising. Two hundreds of beautiful effects are elicited at the will of the performer.

Messrs. Boardman & Gray have applied upwards of a thousand of these attachments to pianofortes, many of which have been in use four and five years, and they have never found the attachment injure the piano in any way.

And now, dear reader, we have attempted to show you how good pianofortes are made; to give you an idea of the varied materials which are requisite for this purpose; and to describe the numerous processes to which they are subjected, before a really perfect instrument can be produced.

## INSTRUCTIONS.

Have your pianoforte tuned at least four times in the year, by an experienced tuner; if you neglect it too long without tuning it usually becomes flat, and troubles a tuner to get it to play at concert pitch, especially in the country. Never place the instrument against an outside wall, or in a cold, damp room. Close the instrument immediately after you practice; by leaving it open, dust size on the sound-board and corrodes the movements, and, if in a damp room, the strings soon rust.

Should the pianoforte stand near or opposite a window, guard, if possible, against its being opened, especially on a wet or damp day; and when the sun is on the window, draw the blind down. Avoid putting metallic or other articles on or in the pianoforte; such things frequently cause unpleasant vibrations, and sometimes injure the instrument. The more equal the temperature of the room, the better the piano will stand in tune.

## MISCELLANIES.

—AN EYE TO BUSINESS.—The following is a verbatim copy of a proclamation with which a Deputy Sheriff of Colusa county, California, closed a district court while alone:

"Oyez! Oyez!! Oyez!!! The honorable the 9th district court in and for the county of Colusa, is now adjourned to the next regular term—the races will commence over the Colusa

course on the 10th—and any gentleman in this crowd who flatters himself that he has an animal that can beat my horse for a single dash of a mile, may then and there on the day aforesaid, by trotting out the aforesaid animal, have an opportunity to win all and singular the several reads now in my pocket!"

—The following notes have been recently taken from the records of the old church in Andover, Massachusetts:—

"January 17, 1712.—Voted (under protest) yt these persons who have pure wit with their wives."

"Nov. 10th, 1713.—Granted to Richard Barker four shillings, for his extraordinary trouble in sewing our Meeting house for 70 years."

"March 17th, 1766.—Voted, that all the English women in the parish, who marry or associate with negro men, be seated in the Meeting House with the negro women."

"In 1793 it was voted, and much opposition, to procure a bass viol."

—When Raphael was engaged in painting his celebrated frescoes, he was visited by two cardinals, who began to criticise his work, and to find fault, without understanding it. "The Apostle Paul has too red a face," said one. "He blushes to see into whose hands the church has fallen," said the indignant artist.

## NEW YORK ADVERTISEMENTS.

## SPECIAL NOTICE.

Musical and Musical Instruments of all kinds will be selected and forwarded by the Editor of this journal, on receipt of the money, with statement of the style of instrument, the manufacturer, (if any particular one be preferred), and the address to which the instrument is to be forwarded: Insurance effected if desired.

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I pray for the loved ones at home.....	Steinbrecker 25
Jany Gray.....	Barker 25
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Men cannot always joyful be.....	"Come from the German" 25
"Meet me in Heaven." Night funeral of a slave. Converse 25	
My home no more.....	Duke 25
Nellie Gray. Down in a pleasant valley.....	Hove 25
O calm forgetful slumber.....	25
O, whisper what thou feelest. "Crown Diamonds".....	25
Old Mountain tune. Quartet.....	Clark 25
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Extract of a letter received from Wm. Mason.

BUFFALO, Dec. 24, 1854.

Messrs. Hallet, Davis & Co.,—Gentlemen,—Your letter of Nov. 20th is received, making enquiries in regard to the Grand Pianoforte used at my first concert in Boston. I would say that it got somewhat out of tune, owing to the dampness and oppressive heat of the atmosphere. I used the same Pianoforte at my second Concert at Boston, and played my whole programme on it, without in the least throwing it out of tune. I was perfectly satisfied with the instrument. I have since used and am now using one of your Grand Pianofortes, which stands in tune as well as any instrument I have ever seen. Owing to the beautiful elasticity of the action of your Grand Pianoforte, (which

possesses the same qualities as the action that has contributed to give Erard his world-wide reputation,) I think it would be impossible for any pianist, who plays properly to break either a string, or a hammer. I certainly never have broken them. In conclusion, I beg to express to you, my perfect satisfaction, in every respect, with regard to your Grand Pianofortes. Very truly yours. (Signed) Wm. Mason.

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## MUSIC AT THE REDUCED PRICE.

### OUR SEVENTH FAMILIAR CHAT WITH THE READERS OF THE MUSICAL WORLD.

THE COMPOSITIONS OF GEO F. ROOT.

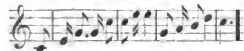
Mr. Root has become widely known throughout the United States, as a successful teacher of vocal music, and composer of several works of widespread popularity. His genuine, untiring perseverance and practical talent, have placed him at the head of his branch of the musical profession, and his compositions have become almost as welcome guests in musical circles throughout the country, as the amiable and talented composer himself. Mr. Root had long noted the want of good easy ballads, suited to popular use, yet such as could not offend the taste of the cultivated musician.

The vast quantity of trash thrust forward by those who had scarce learned the rudiments of the science, was having an effect on the taste of learners. They could not get a good song except its difficulties were beyond their ability, and they were consequently driven back to the worthless trash, which was full of gross grammatical errors, and disgusting to the cultivated ear. With what success he has met, the public are already aware. His music is pleasing in its simplicity, to the most discriminating taste, and forms a link, and tends to raise the standard of taste, to the more elaborate and higher works of art. Mr. Root has been most happy in the selection of his subjects and the words for his songs, and he has displayed great judgment and talent in adapting the music to the subject before him.

In giving a list of his pieces, it will not be necessary to point out the beauties of each particular one: it is sufficient to say, that he has written truly and faithfully to the subjects before him, and tho' some may find fault with their simplicity, yet the most fastidious must acknowledge them as strictly correct with the rules of musical grammar, and in accordance with good taste.

*I had a gentle mother.* (Ballad, words by Mrs. J. R. Wilbur.) Copyright.....20

*Mary of the Glen.* (Words by C. G. Eastman, E-q; arranged for piano or guitar.) Copyright, 25



Has any body spoke for you, Mary of the Glen?

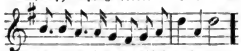
This song is already very popular, and is becoming a great and general favorite.

*The Greenwood Bell.* (Poetry by Miss F. J. Crosby.) Copyright.....30

This song has a beautiful lithograph title, representing the entrance gate and lodge of Greenwood Cemetery. As the funeral procession passes the lodge, the bell is tolled the number of times corresponding with the age of the deceased. The song commences with the bell tolling out—"the infant's knell," next "a youth hath passed away,"—then one in manhood's bright career,—again, "an

aged one hath found a rest from toil and care." The subject, as well as the music, must find an echo in every heart.

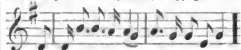
*The reaper on the plain.* (Words by C. G. Eastman, E-q) Copyright.....25



Bending o'er his sickle 'mid the yellow grain.

*Look on the bright side.* (Song.) Copyright....10

*The time of the heart.* (Ballad.) Copyright....30



Oh, merry goes the time when the heart is young.

*The father's coming.* (Words by Mary Howitt.) Copyright.....20

A true and pleasing home song.

*They sleep in the dust.* (Dedicated to Mr. Jacob Abbott.) Copyright.....25

*Early lost, early sored.* (A descriptive song on the exquisite poem by Rev. Dr. Brubaker.) Copyright.....50

The poem opens with the description of a little child in her downy cradle, with a group of hovering angels over her, between whom arose

"A loving, holy strife,  
Which should shed the richest blessing  
O'er the new-born life."

One "breathed upon her features, and the babe in beauty grew;" another gave her "a voice as musical as the spring bird's joyous carol;" another "brought from heaven a clear and gentle mind."

"Thus did she grow in beauty, in melody, and truth, The budding of her childhood just opening into youth."

Another angel, "purer, brighter than the rest," then speaks, "You have made her all too lovely for a child of mortal race." He then crowns her spirit with immortality. "The stronger, brighter angel, who loved her best, was Death." The title is beautifully embellished with a representation of the poem, and the music is most happily conceived and adapted to it.

*The pictures of memory.* (Words by Alice Carey.) Copyright.....40

"Among the beautiful pictures that hang on memory's wall,  
Is one of a dim old forest, that aemeth the best of all.

Dearest brother, we miss thee. (Written by Carrie H. B., with quartet ad lib.) Copyright...20

*The world as it is.* (Song or quartet.) Copyright 25

*A hundred years ago.* (Ballad or quartet) Copyright.....20

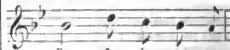
*Gently, gently make the song.* (Quartet—specially for male voices.) Copyright.....10

*Mother, sweet mother, why linger away?* (Dua-

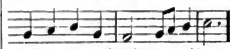
et for Soprano and Alto. Words by Frances J. Crosby).....25

Under the name *de plume* of WURZEL, Mr. Root has composed some of the most popular *Negro Melodies* of the day. It must not, however, be supposed that he has fallen into the track of that senseless negro song writing. The words of his songs are all of good sentiment, and free from niggerisms, and fit to be sung by any lady in the drawing-room.

*Christy's old folks are gone.* (Song and chorus.) Twentieth edition.....35



Far, far, in ma-ny



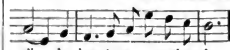
lands I've wander'd sad-ly and lone.

*They sold me down the river.* (The negro father's lament. Song and chorus.) Copyright...20

*Face thee well, Kitty dear.* (Song and chorus, written expressly for, and sung by Wood's Minstrels.) Tenth edition. Copyright.....25

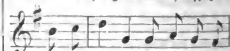


I saw the smile of eve-ning

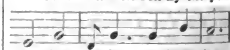


die in beauty on a southern sky.

*The Hazel dell* (Song and chorus.) Copyright 25



In the Ha-zel Dell my Nel-ly's



sleeping. Nel-ly's loved so long.

The fifty-second edition now is *primo*—the most popular song ever published in America, for the time it has been out.

*Poor Robin's growing old.* (Song and chorus, sung by Wood's Minstrels.) Copyright.....25

*On old Pateman's shore.* (Song and chorus, sung by Wood's Minstrels.) Copyright.....20

*Annie Lowe.* (Song and chorus, sung by Wood's Minstrels.) Copyright.....20

*Old Jockey.* (Banjo song and chorus.) Copyright 25

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A Journal for "Heavenly Music's Earthly Friends."

Richard Storrs Willis, Editor and Proprietor.

6—of Volume XI.]

New York, Saturday, February 10, 1855.

[202—of whole Number.

(Office 257 Broadway.)

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## MUSIC IN THIS NUMBER.

### THE SHEPHERD:

An American Student-Song: as sung at Yale College: arranged by the editor of the Musical World [Class of '61].

## TO THE HEADACHE.

[The following *Impromptu*, written by a young lady pupil of the celebrated Rutgers' Institute of New York, indicates, we think, decided poetic talent. The author was one day in writing a composition but complained of headache as unending her for the task. Her teacher proposed to her to write a composition upon the headache. Whereupon she commenced at once, and really completed the first part of the following poem as an *impromptu*. If Miss Ida Crosby's head always aches to such good purpose also will, we fear, gain less sympathy from her friends than she really deserves. Ed. Musical World.]

Unwelcome one! the scholar's dread!  
Thou worst of ills,—an aching head!  
Why com'st thou to torment me now?  
To dim mine eye, and burn my brow;  
To make this day of mist and wet,  
Duller, more dreary, darker yet.  
Go, dreary one, I pray begone,  
And leave this poor, weak head alone.

I've known thee well for many a day,  
Too long I've writhed beneath thy sway,  
And felt with vain impatience too,  
The mischief that thy hand can do.  
When e'er my daily tasks I bend,  
Thy poisonous darts thou'lt quickly send,  
To chase my thoughts away,  
Thou Rhetoric, and Algebra,  
Thou confounded, heated brain,  
Seem like a great enlarged skin,  
At which I pull and tug in vain,  
In hope to set it right again.

## Anticipation points away

To pleasure on some future day;  
A walk, a ride, a pleasant sail;  
A picnic in a verdant vale.  
The day is bright, and calm, and fair;  
But thou, dread visitant, art there.  
All mirth and gladness dying out,  
With long and free I moan about;  
Each remedy I vainly try  
And wish thee safe in Halifax.

O despot! thou obey'st no laws!  
Thou hast the power at once to cause  
Our sweetest joys and hopes to fall,  
And make misanthropes of us all.  
Go! I have borne thee long enough.  
I'll drive thee off with Doctor stuff;  
And fright thee from this tortured head,  
With Gtting on Graham bread;  
And sit up never after tea.  
Say, wilt thou thus torment me then?  
Well—if thou dost, no more I'll moan,  
But suffer all without a groan!  
Nor let thee, monster, grin and stare,  
To see how little I can bear.  
I'll prove, through powers still to cure,  
At least I can, and will, endure.

January, 1855.

IDA CROSBY.

## THE CHANTICLEER QUESTION.

GREAT EXCITEMENT.

A musical question of unusual nature has just arisen in one of the wealthiest New York churches.

The readers of the *Musical World* will doubtless recollect that, in a late article on the position of church organs, we alluded to the place assigned as organ in the beautiful Dutch-Reformed, marble church in the Fifth Avenue, just completed on the corner of Twenty-ninth street; the organ being perched up near the ceiling, the singers seemingly aspiring to join the heavenly choir. The same old and highly respectable society seem now desirous of carrying their music still higher—to the top of the steeple.

Those who dwell near this picturesque part of Fifth and Madison avenues, (which from the number of churches there collected, and the slightly rising quality of the ground has been called *Mount Zion*) were surprised the other morning to see a golden Shaughal of magnificent proportions on his way up to the top of the steeple; not in triumphant flight, after the manner of that imperial fowl, but rather ignominiously ascending to his perch by means of block and tackle. We were one of those who stood wonderingly gazing at this feathered phenomenon, whose destiny hereafter was to tell us which "way the wind blows."

Lasts the same evening as we came up Fifth avenue by bright moonlight, chanticleer, from star,

illuminated by the bright light of the moon, announced to us his successful attainment of the eminence. He shone like a new dollar in the moonlight, and the derrick which served to pull him up and still supported him, being dark and invisible to the eye, the noble fowl seemed poised in mid-air directly over the steeple.

The next morning chanticleer's claxon did not announce the early dawn to us, but still we presumed all was right. On our way down town, however, great was our surprise to see him descending from his perch again by block and tackle. He disappeared for a short period, and there was seen once more upon his lofty perch—as the neighborhood thought, permanently. And now the boys of parish schools in the vicinity took great delight in chanticleer; but rendered themselves amenable to reproach by speaking of the beautiful edifice as the "Shanghai church." Soon, however, all remark was cut short by the sudden disappearance, again, of chanticleer—nor has he since been seen or heard of.

Of this feathered and weather-y enigma we have received an accidental solution. The old Dutch-Reformed society, who built the new edifice, had, upon the steeple of their down-town church a rooster, as vane. The good old people, we understand, thought this a necessary appendage to the church, and, therefore, unbeknown to the younger Americas of the society, ordered a bran new chanticleer for the new church. At a meeting of the church trustees about this time, one of the younger members arose and with considerable dismay alluded to a chanticleer which he had that morning got a glimpse of on the top of the steeple. Hereupon arose an explanation and discussion; and thereupon broke out a war among the duchies. The good old fathers insisted upon chanticleer—the young men resisted him. The old gentlemen, we understand, finally resolved to pin their action entirely upon that of chanticleer, and unless he went up the steeple they would not go up—to the new church.

Now, a vane would, in many respects, we assure the gentleman be a convenient and useful thing to the neighborhood, (at least of their new edifice: and in connection with the clock, which all impatiently await a completion in the steeple, would afford daily and pleasant knowledge of the passage of both wind and time. And yet for the look of the thing—our ideas of dignity and propriety rather resist such a capping the climax of a superb church and steeple, which is solid marble to its topmost store.

This, according to latest information is the present position of affairs. It will be seen, there-



fore, that the music-war, which commenced among the publishers, has now assumed a different and more feather-y-shaped, the issue being a church vana and the chiaro-violed fawl of dispute.

We trust, before our next issue, Sir Chanticleer will have been consigned to those moderate heights and flights, in essaying which, his wains, assailed by block and tackle, are, in the natural order of things, calculated to assist him.

## GERMAN FANCY BALL.

OPERA EXTRAORDINARY.

We received an invitation last week to attend a fancy ball and operatic performance in the Chinese building, given by the "Arion," a German musical association. Dancing continued until half-past ten in the ball-room, where many grotesque and some pretty costumes were displayed, and where Noll's excellent band put madness into the dancers' heels, and then all descended into the locality usually occupied by Buckley's Ethiopian Minstrels. The farce to be performed, as we learned from the libretto which was provided at the door, was an opera, of which we translate for the readers of the *Musical World* the following initial page:

### THE MURDERGROUNDRAVINE,

NEAR DRESDEN :

OR,

*Love, Desperation, Hate, Revenge, Pleasuremerriment and Indifference.*

Great Good-grief-and-lead-play, in three sorrowful, miserable acts, with entire neglect of Aristotelian unities and colonial, fabulous anachronisms, yet not without occasional obligato choros from the harmony of the spheres and delicate views of pyramidal symmetries.

### PORTENT BY THE SON OF MY FATHER. MUSIC BY THE HUSBAND OF MY MOTHER.

Performed for the first time by the  
Mendensing Association,  
"ARION."

Book privacy of J. Weber, 26 Chatham street.

On the reverse side of the title we found also a preliminary explanation which enlightened us as to the plot of the opera and which we will also try to do into English:—

#### PERSONAE DRAMATIS.

##### Knight Kunibert of Drachenfels,

a goodnatured blundering old fellow, who presents himself to the spectator in a tolerably fair light till he comes into a questionable position which compels him into a species of brutality. He is thoroughly moral and has only two faults, first that he loves to tipple till eleven o'clock and then to turn robber-knight. That he is a widower is perhaps the very best thing that can be said of him.

##### Almagunde his daughter,

of genuine German malice, with blood-red eyes and blue hair. She loves moonlight and Swiss cheese, and drinks in the early morning milk and strong coffee; cannot endure dancing and knits in one quarter of an hour two-and-fifty times around. For the rest, she is distracted, and at equal variance, with herself and her fatherland.

##### Edward, body-page of Kunibert,

still-lower of Almagunde, a harm-and help-less youth of entirely neglected school education, who, being incapable of declining twice-on, determines to devote himself to the occupation of knighthood. Since he has become still-lower to Almagunde, he is compelled to break off smoking and snuffing: whereupon he receives the kisses and carresses of Almagunde, who would fain make him think that there are neither and anarchy—although he does not believe this. His boldest aspiration is to the smallest order of nobility, 4th class, with oak insignia.

##### Samskrass of Owinest,

a dulle robber-knight. This poor man has the misfortune

to be fixed upon by the poet as an intriguer; is therefore by necessity dead in love with Almagunde, whether he will or no, and has, through the entire opera nothing to do to then hold that necessary thread of connection, which runs through every well-constructed drama. That, as intriguer, he is savage and malicious, it is not even necessary to mention. Rightly discontented he is fortunately possessed of: money, thank heaven, he has none.

#### Followers: twain, twice or two.

The only thing to be said of these is that nothing at all is to be said of them.

#### Prologue:

which is firstly given, to make full the unfortunate number seven, and secondly to explain to the spectators what they certainly would not otherwise understand, namely the pompous and magniprobic decorations, which some distinguished person or other in the state of Nargarette, who admirably understood smearing and dabbling in consequence of his many surrounding "pennils" (Anglo-Saxon epistles) condescendingly furnished for this particular occasion.

#### Behind-the-scene-developments:

knights, tom fooleries, green shrubs, trees, deadily insults, followers, the celebrated red thread, a waiting stocking, lovefulness, stonchub, dull thundering, the commands of fate, nightgown, sword-rattling, anachronistic, ancestral pictures, moral consciousness, pocket-knife, parallel anachronisms, white turnips, dramatic moments, Elfwater, sparkling, a knitting-bag, love divinites and a free copy of the "N. Y. Beobachter."

In the original plan of this extraordinary opera the performance opens with a chorus, which is sung behind a curtain. But the "Arion" found this rather stupid and concluded to make holes in the curtain for their heads. This suggested another bright idea of painting upon the curtain grotesque figures, which would fit to their heads: so that when the intervening curtain rolled up, the scene presented baffled description. Figures of every size and shape were visible, to each of which was fitted a living head: while from the open mouth of each there issued an aporismic volume of sonad, in full German chorus. These heads and figures were piled pyramidally above each other and were surmounted by two small flying seraphs to whose diminutive bodies were also fitted two jolly, living faces, expanded in full musical blast. This rich scene, as may be supposed, was not allowed to pass without a repetition: and when the eye became accustomed, somewhat, to the effect, and rightly associated the painted figures with the living faces, the whole thing seemed driller than before.

Fräulein Almagunde was of course the star of the evening. She was impersonated by a man-woman, who sang a very strong *falsetto*, and in the desperation of whose love emitted such maddening shrieks as we have not heard since our college callibumpian days. Almagunde's only consolation, and incessant occupation is knitting on a huge, red worsted stocking nearly as long as herself; and, from her first gentle quarrel with her lover to the last great tragedy where all fall dead upon the stage, that knitting needle industriously and unalterably pushes on. In the closing act, while her lover and his rival fight a duel she sits on a stone, knitting. Her lover is run through the body—also his opponent. The robber-knight, Almagunde's father, just then makes his appearance and, at the scene presented, falls flat on his stomach—a dead man. Almagunde slowly arises—all knitting—gives one glance at her lover; the yarn breaks, the needle is heard to snap, and she also falls prone upon her lover—a dead Almagunde. Heruppon the entire chorus of followers, in one grand burst of grief, fall headlong of broken hearts, and die inconsequently; forming together one vast heap of dead bodies.

Throughout the libretto there are sly pokes at American customs and peculiarities, which seemed barely to amuse the audience. Among other things a song is sung, in which New York is celebrated as a place

"Where people on Sunday lock everything up  
But still enjoy, on the sly,  
Lager beer—that noble wai."

and all this in consequence of the new government of

"That democratic hybrid, Mayor Hols"

(Hols being the German for Wood.)

The grotesque and yet handsome looking fellow who delivered the prologues deserves particular mention, from the grace, and elegance even, with which he went through his part.

The performance lasted till one o'clock, after which the dancing up stairs earnestly commenced. One was late enough for us, however, and we juggled home—filled with conflicting emotions on the mournful exhibition we had just seen of the doleful loves of *Edenard and Almagunde*.

A private musical soiree took place at the accomplished Mrs. H— on Saturday evening, when Mr. Einsfeld, Mr. Noll and Mr. Berger accompanied this finished lady- pianist in two duet compositions; a quartette by Weber, and a trio by Chopin. This trio is a most exquisite production, composed in a marvellously fluent, chaste and elegant style, and exceedingly effective for all the instruments. We wonder that none of our pianists have chosen this graceful and brilliant composition in soirees like those given by Mr. Einsfeld. Its novelty and the name of its distinguished author would attract attention, aside from the uncommon merit of the composition.

By the bye, the house of our friend, just before the commencement of the music, was invaded by two daring burglars. A servant had occasion to go up stairs about 7 o'clock, when she heard men descending into the house through the scuttle, which they had reached by ascending to the roof through the adjoining house, now vacant. One called to the other "be quick John" when the servant gave the alarm, and the rascals retreated over the roof, down through the next house and out the front door before they could be secured.

The accomplished cornet player, Mr. Schreiber, is still among us. We hope he will remain. His rank, as a first rate artist, in the old world is unquestioned: his skill having been tested and stamped with success in the highest European schools of Art. David of Leipzig strongly urged his performance at the Gewandhaus concert. But such testimony as this is hardly needed, for we have had a specimen of his quality, and every person of musical intelligence, without exception, has pronounced him to be an artist of the first quality.

#### ITEMS FROM FRENCH JOURNALS.

[Translated for the Musical World.]

M. Gaillardet the Paris correspondent of the *Courrier des Etats-Unis* says: "To elevate the character of the Russian soldier and to save the officers from Russian balls, two ideas have been recently advanced by the London Journals. The first consists in the establishment of a Legion of Honor like that of France, and the second in assimilating the uniform of the officers to that of the soldiers. The creation of a military order will effect a revolution in the English army by rendering it more democratic. It

will put courage on a level with birth and fortune, and the British army will thus approximate to the French, which it will learn to imitate in learning to admire; but, in the concealment of the epaulet of the officer, there will be no such approximation. A French officer would think himself wanting both in bravery and dignity if he should conceal his uniform from motives of prudence. This uniform which is his title to command is his title to peril. One is the consequence of the other. The right constitutes the duty. This dissimilarity is interesting as explaining the different characters of French bravery and English or Russian courage."

"We would suggest however, that one of these innovations is as "democratic" as the other. If the Legion of Honor will level up, the concealment of the epaulet will level down.

"Prince Napoleon, the heir presumptive to the empire, will be in France on the 25th. He has met with a relapse, which prevented his return to the Crimea. A letter of his is quoted, addressed to M. de Girardin, in which he expresses in graphic terms (*termes pittoresques*) the grief which he felt at being forced to quit the field of battle. He would have wished, he said, to die before Sebastopol, but not *dans une chaise percée*. This *terme pittoresque* we leave our readers to translate.

But Lord Palmerston is not much behind Prince Napoleon in *termes pittoresques* according to Paris rumor. On dit, that "the Emperor having asked him during his late visit what impression imperial France had made on his enlightened mind; that he replied, with respectful frankness; that what had most struck him was, that the Eastern war was made in England by the country, while in France it was made by the government, and he added that France produced upon him the impression of a lively, witty, graceful woman, but one *dont le coquet était trop serré* to which the Emperor replied smiling, that the time had not yet come to loosen the lacing."

"A new game has been invented for children called the game of Sebastopol. It ought to be long, but so much the better for those who have a life before them. In the mean while, the army which is making this new siege of Troy is receiving splendid Christmas gifts. An English poetry cook of the Faubourg St. Honoré is preparing one thousand kilograms of plum-pudding to dispatch to the Crimea. A distinguished lady made a clean sweep yesterday of all the sweetmeats she could find in the Rue de la Paix and on the boulevards. She expended for this purpose fifty thousand francs. The Lyon's railroad can hardly suffice to transport all that the Parisian fair sex are now dispatching to the East. A formidable train, freighted with Bayonne hams, wines and cordials, destined for "General Camberbert and the brave soldiers of the Crimea" set out day before yesterday. In the drawing rooms nothing is to be seen but ladies scraping flax, sewing, and knitting for Sebastopol.

The Emperor, meanwhile, has tried one of his uncle's ingenious methods of encouraging commerce. Having visited some manufactories of articles of luxury in the faubourg St. Antoine, he bought some of the richest and most costly,

and sent them to members of the senate and other public functionaries with large salaries, who were well known for their parsimony. These illustrious economists received with great delight these packages, which they regarded as presents from his imperial majesty, but their faces were perceptibly lengthened when the bills were presented, which, nevertheless, must be paid under penalty of disgrace, or, what is worse, ridicule."

In the meanwhile, commerce in articles of luxury in Russia seems to be thriving in spite of the war. "The garrison of Odessa consisting of thirty thousand men, wishing to celebrate Christmas, gave a grand ball on the 25th, which was graced by the presence of the wives of many of the officers. It was given in the large hall of the Exchange, and they danced the mazurka till daylight, one would not have suspected that war was so near. Towards morning, there was a magnificent supper, among the curiosities of which word the *pâtés de foie gras from Strasbourg*, an abundance of which, recently arrived, graced the table."

Nor do the Russians of Sebastopol want amusement. We think we should have preferred a sight of the flying drum to a dance at the ball or a taste of the *pâtés*. "The 4th Regiment of Infantry in the Crimea has sustained a loss in their big drum, which on the morning of the great hurricane in the Crimea, deserted in a gust of wind to the enemy within Sebastopol. This treacherous drum is of an unusually large size, and was made by Messrs. Boosey and sons two years ago, for the 4th Regiment. It was present at the battles of Alma and Inkermann, and was a general favorite among the soldiers. It is said that the Russians received the musical deserter with three cheers."

The Turks too find an amusing side to the war. *La Gazette Musicale* says that five military marches for the piano have just appeared, composed by Madame Omer Pacha, wife of the General. It is the first production of the kind whose author is a woman devoted to the worship of Mahomet.

We are afraid that woman's rights are at a low ebb in gallant France. A late number of *Galignani* says, "It has frequently been decided by the French courts that a married woman cannot contract a theatrical engagement without the express or tacit authorisation of her husband. On Saturday the question was raised before the President of the Civil Tribunal, sitting in chambers, whether or not a married woman can become a dramatic author without such consent.—Madame Roger de Beauvoir, formerly Mlle. Dose, of the Theater Francaise, is separated from her husband. Some time ago she wrote a piece in one act, called *Entre Deux Aïeux*, which was accepted by the Theater des Variétés. Recently it was put in rehearsal. Thereupon M. Roger de Beauvoir gave a formal notice that he would not allow the rehearsals to continue. Mmes. Roger de Beauvoir accordingly, on Saturday, applied to a judge in chambers for authorisation to continue the rehearsals in spite of her husband's opposition. M. Roger de Beauvoir, on the contrary, demanded that they should be positively

forbidden until a full court could decide whether or not he had the power to prevent his wife from becoming a dramatic author. The president decided, as rehearsals are not the same thing as a performance, that they may be continued, until the opinion of the court can be obtained on the main question."

## ROCKETS FROM AN ORGAN-LOFT.

NO. III.

BY AUGUSTA NEWNE.

"A manly style, fitted to manly ears,  
Best 'grees with wit; not that which goes so gay,  
And commonly the gaudy livery wears  
Of vice corruption, which the times do sway."

The most truly exceptional organist, however, in my opinion, is the vain, ostentatious musician, who turns the noble instrument into a mere vehicle of his own fantastic conceits. Without a thought of the sacredness of the office which he is filling, he launches out into a thousand extravagances more belittling the orgies of a pantheon temple than the house of Jehovah.

Nothing, perhaps, is so offensive to good taste as vanity: it is a blemish for which the most lofty qualities cannot atone. Many a noble act has been shorn of its glory—many a lustre coronal dimmed—and many an otherwise spotless renown sullied irremediably through its predominance. It is the most ignoble, because the only passion absolutely selfish, seeking solely the aggrandisement of its subject. Although the master passion of weak minds—of petty souls contending with feverish eagerness for the insignificant homage of fellow butterflies—yet, unfortunately, it has often crept higher, and enveloped like a chameleon-bred mantle, noble natures which ought to have proved themselves superior to such thralldom.

Vanity is the most cruel, as well as the most craving of passions, and invariably has the effect of rendering its victim absurd or contemptible. Who can read the life of the artist Benvenuto Cellini without a feeling of amused pity for his weaknesses? The really distinguished genius is almost lost sight of in the bluish egotist. The diary of old Samuel Pepys is another specimen of intolerable conceit; the perusal of it is sufficient to arouse one out of a fit of ennui through sheer vexation. A third book worthy to complete the triumvirate is Cumberland's autobiography, the vanity and egotism of which are truly marvellous. How does it glorify the fame of the illustrious poets, Shakespeare and Milton, to know that the magnificent harmonies of their wondrous lyrics were never swept to their own laudation; and their self-abnegation has been rewarded; myriads of voices have sounded, and shall continue to sound to the limits of time, loud praise to their praise. It is a strange peculiarity of this passion that it generally seizes upon the less meritorious point of character on which to vaunt itself; for we not unfrequently find a vain man founding his claims to popular admiration upon his poorest production, trait, or accomplishment. Nero, as finished a charlatan as has ever figured in the arena of musical art, exclaimed when about to kill himself, "What a pity to kill so good a musician!"

A delightful, only a trifle too strong, fragrance, wafted through the organ-loft to my look-out station, proclaims the arrival of the musical high-priest, the type of the present ex-

ordium. And certes, of goody and resplendent presence is he, clad in valmet of divers colors, modelled after the very latest fashion, and with a bouquet of ample dimensions casting its relieving shadows about his dazlingly white bosom. Before assuming his seat at the instrument, he sweeps open with white-gloved hand, the curtains, and languidly reconnoiters through his lorgnette the gay Sabbath assembly; displaying his glittering teeth in recognition of his partner in last-night's polka, who is just snuffing her last pew. (He dances admirably, of course.)

After a very noisy arrangement of stops, he opens with a flourishing prelude, which presently subsides into a sort of *Mossie*, formed of airs from the prevalent operas, his right hand carrying the melody upon the loud corset stop, while the left accompanies with a rapid rolling bass on the diapasons. By the time he concludes, all serious and religious thoughts are effectually banished from the minds of the congregation, who, consequently, are in no mood to profit by the succeeding solemnities. Some of the dilettanti as they catch the charming floating strains, can scarce refrain from clapping applause; and one ancient gentleman, an enthusiastic amateur, who spent the previous evening at the opera, has barely time to bite his lip ere the first syllable of "encore" occurs. The unhappy angel of the church as he sits unmoored in state in the pulpit, shakes his head and sighs profoundly at the perversion of the object of assemblage, but sighs in vain; for what music-committee ever thinks of consulting the minister's opinion? Luther's old-fashioned notions to the contrary.

But it is in accompanying that our fascinating brother is absolutely stupendous: the most unheard-of combinations and effects startle the listeners and distract the hapless choristers who are at their wits end to keep in time and tune, and yet durst not even hint their dissatisfaction; for there is, notwithstanding the aforeaid gracious smile to the maiden of the dance, a terrible authority in the tapering curl of his moustache, at which they quail. They must be to be plied when he sets off, as is often his wont, on a private fancy excursion on the upper part of the organ, leaving them to plough their way through the intricacies of it, may be, a new tune after him; and woe to the one who falls in his part, a supercilious scowl or rebuke is his meed. His interludes are really curious, exquisite operatic gems, introduced with fastidious skill, for we may not deny that he is a cunning artist—in his own way. During the sermon, his principal solace is the mirror in the organ, which serves to while away the tedium otherwise unendurable. By its aid he readjusts his tendereous tresses, and disposes to more extensive advantage his gorgeous bouquet of peonies, daffodils and fleur-de-lis. The welcome amen pronounced, he winds up the incongruities of the service with an ingenious medley of opera and other secular airs, which, no doubt, would cause the authors some little trouble to identify and disentangle.

With so much pretension, one might be led to judge this gentleman superior to his formation-toddies; but not so: he is in every respect the least desirable and most mischievous official of the tribe. Never for a moment oblivious to his governing motive, vanity, the young Apollo

has the merit of sustaining his character at all times and in all places. Not the slightest movement is unstudied, or made without a view to display. In selecting the tunes, the rustling of the leaves is audible over the whole church, and many of the nervous people start in dismay from their seats at his energetic appeal to the bellows-signal, and the stamping of his feet on the pedals.

A great mistake has been his entire course. He neither relishes or appreciates anything above sweet Italian melody, never played a good honest fugue in the course of his elegant existence, nor analyzed one classical work of the great masters. All he has acquired by his constant attendance at the opera has been an unconquerable distaste for calm scientific study, and a *repertoire* of mere pretensions quite out of place in ecclesiastical music. The church and the opera are in music, as in everything else, antipodes.

Vanity is utterly antagonistic to true art and genius. The real artist merges his individuality in his art. The effort is always a failure when the performer outbites the performance, or when the picture is visible through the canvass of his picture.

A just perception of the fitness of things, in, next to a fine musical education, the most important qualification for an organist; and in order to possess this, a refined and poetic taste—in the germ, the gift of nature—is indispensable. An ignorant, untaught, or coarse-minded person, never yet made an artist—in the true sense of the term; the greatest artists, (I speak more particularly of musicians and painters, disciples of the twin arts) have ever been predestinated for a fervent love and appreciation of the beauties of nature, and cherishing with childlike simplicity the sweetest and tenderest amenities of life. As the devout Musselman leaves without the door of the mosque the sandals which have contracted the stain of the world, so should the artist banish the temple of his art, all the grosser habits of outer life.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

#### MUSICAL WORLD CORRESPONDENCE.

BUFFALO, February 24, 1865.

"There is a power, a charm which ways the bliss,  
Bids every passion revel, and be still,  
Inspires with rage, or all our cares dissolve,  
Can soothe distraction, and almost despair—  
That power is music."

If one could create an oasis in the desert, or by a wave of the hand produce a bubbling rill in some parched spot upon this earth, where thirst, thirsty travelers waited in vain, seeking for a cooling draught and a bright green ward to rest their weary limbs upon, what a benefactor would such an one be! Perhaps not much less deserving of a page in the memory of his fellows is he who creates a mental oasis, making a bright spot in one's life, even for an hour, giving to some tired spirit, thirsting for relief from the daily tolls of business strife, a resting place, upon whose serene harmony may be made to rest, with an influence most refreshing; he drinks it in, and goes forth better fitted for a renewal of the battle of life. Your most cultivated taste, with the appliances of wealth, and a heart and hand in keeping, can do a useful deed toward turning this planet into a very respectable dwelling place.—On the evening of Thursday, the 1st instant, as we sat listening to a group of vocal and instrumental performers in the spacious and elegant parlors of our respected townsmen, Mr. C. F. S. Thomas, whose devotion to the cause of music is world wide, and witnessed the intense pleasure which a goodly company of no less than a hundred gentlemen of cultivated taste thus manifested, we could readily conceive the satisfaction our enthusiastic host expressed, on

this his fourteenth annual "soirée musicale" in exulting so intellectually and happily for his friends, thus per year. Here were gathered together the lovers of harmony to spend an hour or two in enjoying the while riveted by conversation, or a quiet game of cards. As we entered through the elegant apartment which was appropriated to the entertainment particularly, on account of its spaciousness, and studied the picture, many of them masterpieces, and various objects of "verve" which were noticed about, our eyes were especially attracted to a superb piece of statuary, said to be from the studio of our former townsmen, Peter Stevenson. It was "Paul and Virginia," cut from a solid block of pure white marble, and an object of admiration the whole evening.

We had the pleasure of communicating to your valuable Journal, a year since, the features of the concert given at present, we had had a concentration of talent of a high order, though not all our city may lay claim to us, as we only missed Mr. Taut and his "Widde McGinn," who, with one or two others was absent, yet the report could not fail to testify, and be justly appreciated, when we mention that Rexford was present, and gave us "Wind of the winter night," and several other songs in his own splendid style; he was in capital voice. We had a song or two from Mr. Thornton, a tenor of high note here; this gentleman sings in excellent taste on all occasions, and was particularly pleased with the "red hot" gentleman of the previous occasion. Prof. McIntosh, a French gentleman, and an amateur of talent, gave us the "Marsellaise" in the true national style, and from its spirit which he threw into that great composition, we would have supposed him marching through Paris into battle under the "great captain." It was done ably. The chorusses were eminently fine; with Patsy, Tinty, Bunker, Jerome, Pease, and other equally good voices, nothing could be rendered in poor style.

The instrumental department on this occasion was high character: Prof. Poppenberg, who is a perfect master of that beautiful instrument the corset-stop piano, gave us an opportunity to judge of his peculiar character in his hands it sent forth tones as clear and as low as a flute, and then was made to swell in power till it rang upon the ear like a trumpet.

Poppenberg is a man of extraordinary talent, both physical and moral, and deserving of more mention than we are able to make in this article. As an instrumental performer he is unrivalled, playing with consummate skill ten or fifteen different instruments. He has labored constantly for the advancement of music as a science since he took up his residence with us several years ago, and it has been a source of great satisfaction to find his efforts have been crowned with success to himself, and the profession he has embraced.

In a beautiful and original composition of the gentleman "La Polonoise" we had an opportunity to enjoy the combined effect of the corset-stop piano, flute and violin; Poppenberg on his favorite corset, two gentlemen of fine skill taking each the flute and violin, and Blaguet at the piano. You may imagine the result. The production was grand indeed.

We cannot speak too much in praise of Professor Blaguet on this particular evening. The gentleman has acknowledged talent, and ranks high in the profession here; and we were prepared for a considerable share of skill, but we must say his performance of the "Tarente" in octaves, by Strakosky, was a mastery piece of dexterity. This you are aware is one of the authors most difficult and intricate compositions and it would have drawn forth the heartiest commendations of the great artist himself had he stood by. It was perhaps the gem of the evening.

There was the usual amount of comic songs to be sung at the festivities, these were given in hearty style, the latter particularly, as the hour drew toward the close of night, and we had to be allowed to say that a few chorusses given with right good will might have been heard from as glorious a table as ever graced under a profusion of dishes which Epictetus would have surmised over. Our program book understands the refinements of the "grand-mam," and his elegant taste manifests itself here, and in the intellectual.

We hope the interest Mr. Thomas has ever retained in the cause of music will never flag, and that no untoward circumstance will cause him to relinquish the position he holds in our musical circles. As each period approaches for the festival, memory ever dwelling upon the past leads forward to another of like character, and these extremely pleasant reunions become more and more necessary to our musical and social progress.

That long life, health and prosperity, might be the lot of our generous and warm hearted host was the parting toast of each fortunate guest at this fourteenth annual musical festival.

BUFFALO.

[This letter makes itself worse than ever, friend Thomas, that we could not comply with that kind invitation of yours.—Ed. Mus. World.]

Boston, Feb. 5th, 1885.

DEAR WORM.—Don Giovanni was produced on Monday evening last at an overflowing house, and, altho' hurriedly, and of course lamely put upon the stage it was received with great applause, and repeated to a gratified audience on the Friday following.

Grisi, Mario, Redelli and Novati, as Donna Anna, Otello, Don Giovanni and Leporello were excellent, but the remaining parts were poorly represented and the chorus and orchestral parts so deficient in promptness and spirit that the above qualification of "lamely" will be charged to the right quarter and estimated at its proper value. Borga and Puriani have filled the balance of the week and the Theater, and this week we have the Semiramide of Rossini, with Norma, Sonnenschein, &c., as the last of the opera and the farewell of Gris, Mario, &c.

Concerts and other musical entertainments are at bay until after these artists leave: meantime the Handel and Haydn Society are rehearsing Moses in Egypt, in which Miss Anna Bion, our only city is to appear in her celebrated and unrivaled role of Nomi. Mrs. Westworth, Messrs. Arthursen, Allen, Adams and Wheat, the remaining solo portions, and to those who remember its rendering last year by this Society with nearly the same principles, it is not too much to anticipate a great favor in its favor, and a proper appreciation of the talent that this old Society is able to call around them for their own and the public gratification.

The Musical Education Society continue their weekly rehearsals for practice and progress, and the Fund Society have in hand Mr. Perkins Cantata entitled the Pilgrims, which from the slight hearing we have had at its rehearsal we look forward to with interest. Mr. F. is a son of one of our late most honored merchants.

Thus you see, when Mario and Gris shall have left, we still have left in store musical entertainments and productions which will not only attest to the abilities of our own artists but will also add a name to the list of composers of music, whose parent possession has long bridged a high rank among the merchant princes of Boston, and added largely to its character for charity, benevolence and for the general encouragement of Fine Arts among us.

Yours in haste, F. E. U.

BALTIMORE, Feb. 1st, 1885.

MR. DEAR WORM.—Having a few moments of leisure, I devote them to you. Last night I attended a concert given by Paul Jellin, it being his second and last in this city. He was assisted by Signor D'Ormy and Signor Costi, and last though not least, August Gockel. The programme was a fine one, and the audience gave evidence of much delight in the whole performance: several of the pieces in fact received the second encore. The performance of Paul Jellin and August Gockel on their respective instruments were perfect, while that of the vocalists could I think in some passages be criticized, perhaps, a little too free use of the full organ rendering the tones somewhat disagreeable to the ear, in consequence of more breath being used than necessary to keep up a full and equal vibration. This was particularly the case in the duet from Ernani, but this may have proceeded from the fact that we were trying to sing loud enough to enhance the powerful roles of the other. "The last rose of summer" by M. d'Ormy was tastefully rendered, and warmly received by the audience as was also the air from the Barber of Seville. The two Romanians sung by Mr. Costi, were finely rendered and received August Gockel too the audience by storm, while our old favorite Jellin fully sustained his former standard. There is some talk of having the Black Swan here, and there appears to be considerable curiosity to hear her on the part of many of our audience. Gordon E. Dodge and his party have been here; they had very bad weather and I think small audience, but as they doled away the distribution of complimentary tickets I can say nothing from observation.

Yours, O. B. T.

RAHWAY, Feb. 1st, 1885.

EDITOR OF THE MUSICAL WORLD.—DEAR SIR.—We had a musical treat here last evening in a charity concert,

which was given for the benefit of the poor. The attendance was very good, and the needy of our population have to thank Mr. H. A. Oliver, for the aid that was afforded to them during this inclement season, his having originated and assisted mainly in carrying it through. The free use of the First Presbyterian church was given, and I am happy to state, all our most respectable citizens, (there were a few exceptions, attended. The artists were Mrs. Georgiana R. Stewart, her sister Miss Anna Griswold, and Mr. Fraser, who were assisted in the trios and quartets by our townsmen, Mr. H. A. Oliver. One pleasing feature of the concert was the number of concerted pieces, one half of the programme being composed of them: and the applause of the audience showed how heartily they were enjoyed; the more so, perhaps, from their scarcity in the programme of most miscellaneous concerts. The opening trio was from *Madrigals*; Creation; well sung by Mrs. Stewart, Messrs. Fraser and Oliver, and deservedly applauded; as was also Mr. Fraser's rendering "In native worth" from the same oratorio. It is not my intention to mention each successive piece, but only those which most particularly took with the audience: foremost among these was Mrs. Stewart's rendering of "Angels ever bright and fair." In the second part Mrs. Stewart substituted *Mercutio's* "Beave Imagination" for Verdi's sternal "Ernest Involuntarily" and sang it so well as to command an encore, when she gave the "Bridal" from *Lacena* Bion, which narrowly escaped a similar compliment. Miss Griswold sang "Scenes that are brightest, from Wallace's *Merrill*, well, though her efforts were considerably marred by a severe cold. A duet by Balle, "List, dearest, list," was most admirably sung by Mrs. Stewart and Mr. Fraser, and well merited encore. I did not see Mr. Stewart, "What's the story kimmer," her articulation was indistinct, and we lost all the words which form a great portion of the charm of this pretty ballad, the audience, however, did not seem of our opinion, but called loudly for its repetition. Mr. Fraser's spirited rendering of the free old song, "The Ray of Blaney" (which he has by the artistic style of performing it made entirely his own) was enthusiastically received and tumultuously encored. The concert wound up brilliantly with a beautiful trio by Brinsley Richards. "Up, quit thy bow," excellently sung by Mrs. Stewart, Mr. Fraser and Mr. Oliver. Mr. Fraser presided at the piano, and his skill and accompaniments were much to the success of the vocalists. During the intermission Mr. Fraser played a magnificent chorus Handel's "Judas Maccabaeus," which displayed to great advantage the beauties of the noble organ attached to the church. Altogether we had a treat which it seldom falls to our lot to enjoy in Rahway, and sincerely trust that the above artists will soon again visit us, when we hope to repay them for their exertions in behalf of suffering humanity—their present labors being given to the cause of charity.

Yours,

Monsieur.

BANOROCET, Ct. January 20th 1885.

REVEREND MURRAY:—The Bridgeport Musical Society, consisting of about seventy persons, including vocalists and instrumental performers, gave a concert at its evening in this city richly deserving of notice. The programme presented a rich selection of choruses from the opera of William Tell, *La Sonnambula*, *The Bohemian Girl*, *Ernani*, interspersed with quartets, duets and songs. The opening overture to William Tell, was executed by Mr. T. A. Spinning of this city with great delicacy and precision. Mr. S. is a young artist of decided talent. The choruses were happily rendered both in time and tone—a circumstance of rare occurrence except in opera choruses where daily drilled greatly oblige the defects of this society. Among the choruses which met with the most enthusiastic reception, were the "Phaeton chorus" from the opera of *La Sonnambula*, "Joy, Joy! Freedom for to day," from the *Gipsy Warning*, "Come with the Gipsy Bride," from the opera of *The Bohemian Girl*, and "O hall us ye from" from the opera of *Ernani*. A duet by Wallace, "Saluted mother guide his footsteps," was sung with much tenderness and beauty by Mrs. S. and Miss M. The former favored the brilliant audience with a cavatina, *Robert, Robert qu'j'aim*. This lady has a voice of great flexibility, soft and sweet, or powerful and impulsive, as the moment demands, and her interpretation of the cavatina was received with rapturous applause. Miss M. a great favorite among us sang "France I adore thee," from the opera of *La Fille du Regiment*, with peculiar sweetness and the most perfect vocalization. She was rapturously encored, and responded to the enthusiastic cheering in the song, "Ask me not why," from the same opera.

M.

## THE BEST OF THE NEW SHEET MUSIC.

OLIVER DITSON, 115 WASHINGTON ST. BOSTON.  
24 Preludes in all the keys, for the Pianoforte, by Stephen Heller. In two books. \$1.00 each. Book 24 commences with Prelude No. 13, and finishes with No. 24. Some of these are very different, but nevertheless, we recommend them to all performers who wish to attain a mastery of the instrument.

*L'Art du Chant appliqué au Piano. Quatuor de l'Opera I. Parisien de Bellini*, by Th. Thalberg. 1st Series. The 6th, and last transcription of the series is before us, viz. *Paraboli mi guardi a piangi*; Duetto de *Teinini de Rossini*. 75 cts.

The remaining few which we have not seen, are from distinguished authors, such as Mozart, Stradella, Beethoven, Pergolesi and Bellini. A letter-press of four pages, in English and German accompanies each No. These transcriptions are selected with admirable taste. From these masterpieces of the great composers both ancient and modern, which are most peculiarly vocal in their effects. Particular attention is given to the melody "for," says the Author "we must hold to that fruitful thought of a great writer, that it is *Heavenly* and not *Human* which lives or triumphs through the lapse of centuries." Eleven general and well considered rules, are herein set forth and recommended to young pianists. We cannot do less than recommend the series, to all advanced players and singers.—The very much needed.

*Valer, pour la Piano*; composed par F. Chopin. Ouvr. 42. 50 cents. This valser is different, yet both pleasing and instructive. Well conceived and sustained, in Chopin's peculiar style.

*The Harp of Italy*. (Lira d'Italia) A collection of Vocal Extracts from the most admired opera, with Italian and English words. This collection consists of 24 Extracts. The 1st No. is before us, and is the exquisite Quartet "A te o Carm." 35 cents.

*Short Melodies for the Organ*; intended principally for the soft stops. Composed and arranged by Vincent Novello. 35 cents. Every organist should have these melodies.

*Marguerite Galop*, von H. C. Lember. 25 cents. This Galop is preceded by an Introduction with two movements, viz. *Andante*—Hungarian popular Air, and *Allegro*. A good investment.

*Requiem*; *Morceau de Salon*, pour le piano par J. F. Dabany. 35 cents. This is a singularly mysterious movement, as any one who studies it, so as to be able to render it, will discover. It tells its own story; and, as a descriptive composition ranks highly.

*Songs from the German*: A collection of the most admired songs of Schubert, Mendelssohn, Aht. and others. This collection embraces 400 songs; and the one before us is entitled "This is the Lord's own day;" by Franz Otto. English and German words. 25 cents. This place seems to have been written for the male voice. We shall present it to our readers in a few days, in the *Musical World*.

*Love and Friendship still as mine*. Song, written by George Linley, music by Gungl, 25 cents. Sentiment and music commendable.

*A new and complete edition of the songs, duets, and trios of Mozart*; with the original Italian and German words, and an entirely new English version. The whole arranged from the score of Mozart, revised and adapted to the English by S. Wesley May: Do. In this collection, there are 35 gems of the first water. Before us, is the song entitled "Fedra Caruso"—(List! will be well), from Don Giovanni. 35 cents. We shall transfer this song to the *Musical World*, before long, with the certainty of giving our subscribers a rich morsel.

*On paper and with the finger!* A ballad, sung with great aplomb in the *Triumph*, by W. Harrison. 25 cts. Composed by Brinsley Richards. Pleasing and not difficult.

*The Maiden of Wernandy*: Composed by Charles E. Horn. 25 cents. In the style of a ballad.

*Music Offerings, four Waltzes*: Composed by J. H. Kappes. 25 cents. No. 2 "Annette" is before us. This will be acceptable to all the dear "Annette" in the land.

*The Heister Ball Ballad*: Composed by J. F. Dugan. 25 cents. It.

*The Blind Girl's Request*: Poetry by O. G. Warren. Music by C. B. Nathan. 25 cents. Exquisite and full of feeling.

*My Home no more*: Ballad. Composed by Augustus W. Duke. 25 cents.

*The celebrated F. Arsenius*: Arranged for the piano, by J. S. Knight. 25 cents.

PH. P. WEBER, NEW ORLEANS.  
*Young Bachelor's Schottische*, for the piano, by Robert Meyer. 25 cents.

*Grand March*: Composed and dedicated to the National Guards of New Orleans, by Theodore von La Roche. Like everything else we have seen from La Roche, this March bears evidence of talent, and must become popular in other localities than the Crescent City. The copy before us is none the less acceptable by the recommendation of our friend's likeness, which shall bear its place on the walls of our sanctum.

### INNER-EDITORIAL BUDGET.

In a late English Journal we find a notice of a new book by Mrs. Jameson, entitled "A Common place-book of Thoughts, Memories, and Fancies." It consists of anecdotes, personal or otherwise, remarks on people she has met or books she has read, notes on art, original fragments of prose or poetry, etc. For the admirers of Mrs. Jameson (and we think they are many) among our readers, we give some extracts from this review.

Mrs. Jameson gives us what she calls a "Revolution of Childhood": her own childhood, its experiences and emotions, highly individual and interesting, but far too long for quotation. One little incident may be mentioned, for the sake of the doctrine thereto attached. In her very little girlhood, she was one day kept without food, and small hungry and exhausted to bed, for not revelling some lines by heart; the punishment being inflicted on the assumption that she was wilfully obstinate. She now tells us that she does not believe herself to have been naturally obstinate, speaking generally and as to this particular case, she adds, "But what no one knew then, and what I know now as the fact is this, that after refusing to do what was required, and bearing anger and threats in consequence, I lost the power to do it. I became stoned: the will was petrified, and I absolutely could not comply. They might have harked me to pieces before my lips could have been unclenched to utterance." She expresses her conviction, that the obstinacy was not in the mind but on the nerves; and that what we call obstinacy in children, and in grown up people too, is often something of this kind, and that it may be increased by mismanagement, by persistence, or what is called firmness in the controlling power into disease, or something near to it. Her infancy appears to have suffered in an exquisite degree from an exaggerated fear of darkness, and its associate ideas of supernatural influences; the figure of the ghost in *Hamlet*. In some old engraving was a spectre haunting her young soul with a power not to be 'laid' for three long years: "For three years it followed me up and down the dark staircase, or stood by my bed; only the blessed light had power to exorcise it." In daylight, she was not only fearless, but daring—inclined to defy all power and brave all danger, it only visible; and she records her once leading the way through a herd of cattle, among which was a vicious bull, the pest of the neighborhood, armed only with a little stick. "But first I said the Lord's prayer fervently. In the ghastly night I never prayed; terror stifled prayer."

Among the miscellaneous topics discussed or touched upon in this volume, a few pages are devoted to the subject of the lower animals, their capacities, their destinies, and the wrongs they suffer from the "upper classes" of their genus. We have not space to illustrate, but the following touching anecdote must find room:—"Once when I was at Vienna, there was a dread of hydrophobia, and orders were given to massacre all the dogs which were found unobscured or uncollared in the city or suburbs. Men were employed for the purpose, and they generally carried a short heavy stick, which they flung at the poor proscribed animal with such certain aim as either to kill or maim it mortally at one blow. It happened one day that close to the edge of the river, near the Ferdinand-Brücke, one of these men flung his stick at a wretched dog, but with such bad aim that it fell into

the river. The poor animal followed his instinct or his teaching, immediately plunging in, redeemed the stick, and laid it down at the feet of its owner, who, snatching it up, dashed out the creature's brains." Mrs. Jameson adds an expression of wonder what the Athenians would have done to such a man—they who banished the Judge of the Areopagus, because he flung away the bird which had sought shelter in his bosom.

Here and there we meet with a hit of personal anecdote or interesting personal talk. "When I told Tietz of the death of Coleridge, . . . he exclaimed with emotion: 'A great spirit has passed away from the earth, and has left no adequate memorial of its greatness.' Speaking of him afterwards, he said: 'Coleridge possessed the creative and inventive spirit of poetry, not the productive; he thought too much to produce—the analytical power interfered with the genius; others with more active faculties, seized and worked out his magnificent hints and ideas.' " At dinner to-day, there was an attempt made by two very clever men to place Theodore Hook above Sidney Smith. I fought with all my might against both. . . . I do not take to Sidney Smith personally, because my nature feels the want of the imaginative in his nature; but see what he has done for humanity, for society, for liberty, for truth—for us women! What has Theodore Hook done that has not perished with him! Even as wit—and I have been in company with both—I could not compare them; but they say the wit of Theodore Hook was only fitted for the company of men—the strongest proof that it was not genuine of its kind, that when most bearable it was most superficial. I set aside the other obvious inference that it required to be excited by stimulants, and these of the coarsest grocer kind. The wit of Sidney Smith almost always involved a thought worth remembering for its brilliant vehicle; the value of ten thousand pounds sterling of sense concentrated into a cut and polished diamond."

But the foremost attractions, probably, of the present volume lie in the scattered titbits of criticism it contains, literary and artistic. As a critic, there are few to surpass Mrs. Jameson in subtle perception, depth of sympathy, and delicacy of touch; and there are passages in the *Commonplace-book* worthy of her who has flamed with such accuracy and finish the portraits of the Women of Shakespeare. In a brief comment on Mr. Thackeray's Lectures, she utters with emphasis and discretion her protest against his womanhood, at least the gentle and good of them; declaring that while no woman resents his Rebecca, or fails to "acknowledge with a shiver the remoteness of that wonderful and finished artistic creation," every woman, on the other hand, resents the "selfish, insane Aurelia." Laura in *Pendennis* she pronounces a yet more fatal mistake. "She is drawn with every generous feeling, every good gift. We do not count the plain that she loves that poor creature Pendennis, for she loved him in her childhood. She grew up with that love in her heart; it came between her and the perception of his faults; it is a necessity indivisible from her nature. Hallowed through its constancy, there alone would lie its beauty, and its truth. But Laura is faithless to that first affection; Laura, waked up to the appreciation of a far more noble and manly nature, in love with Warrington, and then going back to Pendennis and marrying him! Such infidelity might be true of some women, but not of such a woman as Laura; we resent the inconsistency, the infidelity of the portrait." Thence passing on to a yet warmer protest against Lady Castlewood, in *Emond*, Mrs. Jameson apostrophizes the novelist with a hearty "Oh, Mr. Thackeray, this will never do! Such women may exist; but to hold them up as examples of excellence, and fit objects of our best sympathies, is a fault, and proves a low standard in ethics and in art. When an author presents to us a heroine whom we are called upon to

admire, let him at least take care that she is admirable." May a woman will be grateful to Mrs. Jameson, for giving form and expression to a feeling so common on the part of her sex.

From the section devoted to Notes on Art, the following extract is noteworthy:—"Yandryck, painted the hands of his men and women, not from individual nature, but from a model-hand, so that the hands in his portraits, however well painted and elegant, seldom harmonize with the personality, but take an affected position, as if intended for display." "Lorenzo told Goethe, that on a certain occasion where he held the offertory in the church, as collector of the offerings, he tried to observe only the hands; and he was satisfied himself that in every individual, the shape of the hand and of the fingers, the action and sentiment in dropping the gift into the bag, were distinctly different, and individually characteristic. . . . There are hands of various character; the hand to catch, and the hand to hold; the hand to clasp, and the hand to grasp; the hand that has worked, or could work, and the hand that has never done anything but hold itself out to be kissed, like that of Jesus of Aragon, in Raphael's picture. Let any one look at the hands in Titian's portrait of old Paul IV: though exquisitely modelled, they have an expression which reminds us of claws; they belong to the foot of that grasping old man, and could belong to no other."

Here are two or three characteristic morose, clustered together by us without interval, but not to be read, or at least marked and inwardly digested, without pause. "In the same moment that we begin to speculate on the possibility of cessation or change in any strong affection that we feel, even from that moment we may date its death—it has become the fetch of the living love." "A king or a prince becomes by accident a part of history. A poet or an artist becomes by necessity a part of universal humanity." "There are no such self-deceivers as those who think they reason when they only feel." "If the deepest and best affections which God has given are sometimes brood over the heart like doves of peace, they sometimes scud out our life-blood like vampires." "A lie, though it be killed and dead, can sting sometimes like a dead wasp."

One or two poetical fragments are all that Mrs. Jameson vouches for of her essays in verse. Some lines dated 1840, have a musical melancholy not without character and charm, pitched in a like key with the "I have lived, I have loved," of Schiller's *Thalia*:

Take me, my Mother Earth to thy cold breast,  
And fold me there in everlasting rest;  
The long day is o'er!  
I'm weary, I would sleep;  
But sleep, dear,  
Never to waken more!

I have had joy and sorrow; I have proved  
What life could give; I have loved, have been beloved;  
I am sick, and heart-sore,  
And weary—let me sleep;  
But sleep, dear,  
Never to waken more!

To thy dark chamber, Mother Earth, I come,  
Prepare my dreamless bed in my last home;  
Shut down the marble door,  
And leave me—let me sleep;  
But sleep, dear,  
Never to waken more!

These lines remind us of the "Diary of an Ennuyée," Mrs. Jameson's first work, the then unknown author of which (whose form one of our friends disrespectfully likens unto a bale of cotton with a string around it) the self-deluded public persisted in believing was a fragile being wasting away in consumption, over whose early grave the violets had begun to bloom before her journal was given to the world. As if senti-

mentality must be in an inverse ratio to one's aversopolis.

MARY M. CHASE AND HER WRITINGS.

Henry Fowler, Editor, Boston: Ticknor & Fields.

Another of those memoirs and writings of persons known and loved in a limited circle, which, like daguerotypes, should only be seen by those who have known the original, and can recognize the likeness. Such was our mental remark on reading the title page of the book before us, yet, insensibly in turning over the leaves, we became interested, and we finally laid down the book with a wish that there were more such bright and lovable persons in the world, and that we could have numbered the lady among our personal acquaintances. Her writings consist of occasional poetry and letters to familiar friends. The letter we prefer. Here is an extract from one of her playful epistles.

'I am sitting on the *staircase* Fannie, trying to write to you with an awful steel pen. Time was when I was glad to get a steel pen; but propriety puffs us all up, and I am not exempt from the 'all.' I have been used to tracing characters so long with a golden stylus, that the phlebotomy effect seems altogether detestable. I cannot use the other, because I found on Friday that the points were like the hill of a cross hill, clean snapped across each other, so I sent it off to Albany to be repaired. So much for the pen.

I suppose this will find you in the very thick of stitching and humming,—how much *cambrio* 'as fine as a cobweb' it will take for a given purpose. Oh! those odious preparations! I hate the word! I fervently echo Christina's ejaculations:—'Let what shall happen, happen quickly,'—especially weddings. I can do almost anything off hand, if I do not stop to consider, from swallowing a great allopathic dose of bitter medicines to saying very hateful things to my dear friends; but if I must pause and ponder, and weigh and measure, and span with my fingers and pace with my feet, I am apt to take a disgust for the coming event, whatever it may be, and give up the matter altogether. Dear me! how I pity the child! There she sits worried and flurried, and fancying a thousand troubles, large and small, and repeating, 'I hope' and 'I wish,' a hundred times a day. I do not envy you Fannie. I like to have hopes and wishes made void by instant fulfillment. What says Jean Paul the Only—'Seeking was invented by Luthans, and writing by his grandmother.' Oh, wearisome preparations! I should like to live in a magic world where everything should come and go at once and silently, unexpected and unthought of till then. I think I should marry some day, if I could meet for the first time, on a calm summer's morning, a cavalier of noble presence, whom I should like to see, and who should woo me and wed me before the birds had finished their matins,—not else. And I should like to have my wedding paraphernalia come to me, as did that of Aladdin's bride to her, wrapped in a fine napkin on golden trays borne on the heads of fifty Nubians. I could not endure to tear off brasslets, and count handkerchiefs, and quilt ruffles, and buy spoons, and ever so much china, not to speak of the kettles, pails, tin pans, scrubbing brushes, and soap and candles. Pah! where is the romance of getting married? You know, dear, I do not object to doing all this for my friends, if I must; but to mingle up with 'a lyrical intoxication of love in which one forgets heaven and earth,' all those forebodings and hereafter is truly shocking. Horrible preparations! It is like sharpening the razor before one cuts one's throat, or feeling of the water to see if it is cold before you leap off.

Now I think you are getting indignant, are not you? And you hope I may have something dreadful happen to me some day, do you not? But there will not, for all that, let me tell you. I shall never be troubled when I have company, for fear the hiccup

will be burned. I shall not say meekly to my lord, What will you have for dinner? and stand in mortal fear lest *ma chere mere* should not like her daughter-in-law,—not I, so you need not wish anything naughty about me; it will not come to pass.

We are tempted to copy also a clever imitation of the rhymed prose of one of Cowper's well known letters.

The last night of 1851.

MY DEAR E,—Though 'it rains and the wind is never weary,' and my thoughts-to-night are hardly cheery—though sleepily winking, I cannot help thinking that just at this hour you are probably drinking, your soulong or poulong or oolong, or whatever your taste in tea may be. For my part, I never do get into the habit of sipping the beverage, for it makes ten old maids in a month on an average. Indeed, I am sure as can be, that our poor, dear Mother Eve, when she could not endure to see ripe fruit untasted and like to be wasted, went out to the tree while she waited to see if Adam had finished his 'chobers' before tea, picked up just as many as then she was able, and piled them all neatly upon the tea-table. So the greenings and pipples, without any doubt, were washed down with the fill from the teapot spout, and the sin of the fruit was imputed, you see, to its otherwise harmless coadjutor, tea.

But stop. I confess though I meant to digress, 'twas not for so long drawn a sentence I guess. There's naught in my room but silence and gloom; lonely I sit by shade's enshrouded, where lately tell people and short people crowded; but as a dream the memories seem of the good folks that came and the good folks that went, of the glances and words that were given and lent. I say, well-day! I cannot believe it that Christmas is gone. I scarce did perceive it. Bowing here, turning there, with distraction and care, I scarcely knew where, away flew the hours, and away you went too, and I wanted to weep when you sped from my view. Father, sisters and brothers are united in saying, you did as a wrong by such very brief staying. Father declares that the doctor and he scarce parted a word at breakfast or tea; he also avows with inflexible air, he is going to Stockbridge himself, to take care. I know he will do it whenever may rue it.

Pray tell me, my dear, if any one knows how hardly it goes amid Berkshire snows, the day you so cruelly 'up' and departed and left us alone—fornish, broken-hearted—twelve degrees worse than nothing, the weather clerks say, the thermometer stood at in town on that day?

... And tell me, besides, if you possibly can, what woman or man could have left a white petticoat? Up stairs we found it, with a blinding at top and three tucks all around it. A nice undercleeve, too did somebody leave, who doubtless does grieve, and a pair of elastic that nobody knows, along with a pair of black silk hose. A black orpash shawl was found in the hall, and I rather think that this is all. Poor Annie Story's gloves were not there, and so Mr. Farewell just lent her a pair. I did get some breakfast that day at eleven—and Cousin Ned declares 'twas plenty for seven. That day it was dinner from morning till night, and people were going as long as 'twas light; and so 'twas the next, till vexed and perplexed, I could have a'en cried, but occasion denied. Friday evening, a very gay circle and merry, closed in round the store that was red as a cherry; while I in a corner played little Jack Homer, and stole now and then a small nap, homeopathic, which I wished in my heart could have been ellipthic. Some jested, some punned, some equibled and some fibbed, and then Mary Story's clear warble rang out, and pretty Grace Clerk bore the melody out; I dozed in the corner (nay, it's too true,) and dreamed a sweet dream of Stockbridge and you. On Saturday, off we dispatched one more cargo, and on the remainder we laid an embargo. Sunday again, but tempest and rain declared 'twas in vain to go out to the meeting, and so we kept the Sabbath by talking and eat-

ing; and as sure as I live, your servant this sinner, did penance for sins by cooking the dinner. Roast beef, duck, and dressing demanded such pressing attention, I almost neglected to mention that some one must read in the Bible for me, while I mashed down the turnips and served up the tea.

That evening I doubt it was raining without, and the wind round about kept a wild savage rout; but within it was cheerful, contented and good, and I would not have changed it a whit if I could. Father sat on the lounge, and I could not but see how lonely 'twould be when my head on his knee no longer might drop down at even to rest, or his dear arm enfold me at morn on his breast.

It is late and the year has almost fled, I'll utter a prayer for the almost dead, Oh, eve and dawn! Oh, night and morn! Three hundred times ye have come and gone, while I round the fiery-featured sun one course our ancient earth has run. For each bright day now swept away, wherein we wrought not, thought not, prayed not, for the greater glory of thee, our God; oh let its record swift be trod beneath thy feet, while we anew begin our lives with purpose true! We come to bury the old and worn, his brow is furrowed, his garments torn. We write on his headstone,—pause and see where thou a twelvemonth hence may be. Toll for the dead—to toll for the dead; the frozen earth is over his head; Heaven pardon his sins, he meant so well,—toll, toll the bell!

THE NEW CHARITABLE MONTHLY.

Or 'What is done for the Poor.' New York: Orders may be addressed to Mr. O. Conant, Editor, 140½ Nassau street. Rev. L. M. Fane, C. L. Brown, and Anne D. F. Randolph, Bookstallers, 683 Broadway.

At this time, when the poor of our city are so engrossingly the object of public attention, this monthly record of the Five Points Mission, one of the most popular of our charities will be of interest to many. This number contains a history of the mission, accounts from the various Industrial Schools, Narratives and sketches from actual life, etc. We have room but for a short extract from the conversations with the News-Boys at their new Lodging-House.

They say a wet Sunday morning is the best of all times for their trade. "People can't go to church then," they say, "and they want the papers. Verry often you hears (mimicking a short, shy whistle) 'Boy!'—and maybe you has to look round a good while to find where it comes from, 'cause they won't open the door only a crack, for fear the neighbors 'll see 'em—and then you sees somebody's hand stickin' out mottelins'; and they sticks out the money and takes the paper, and slams the door, and you never sees 'em. That's the dodge (with a knowing wink)—they can't go to church, and they wants the papers."

#### FORTUNES OF A FRENCH-RUSSIAN.

There dwelt at Orleans, some forty or fifty years ago, a worthy young couple named Jean and Marie Lejeunes. They were poor in worldly goods, but rich in the joys and innocence of youthful life. As time went on, they became wealthy in sons also; but these were not destined to be the stay of their parents in advancing life, for as each one of them grew up to manhood, he found himself, either from choice or necessity, enrolled in the armies of Napoleon the Great. One only by remained to cheer the parental home: he was still a child, and the darling of his mother, who fondly hoped to keep him always by her side, and with this view the labored hard to instill into his mind a love of peace and hatred of war. Vain, however, were poor Marie's endeavors, for Frénois, even in his earliest boyhood, listened with avidity to tales of war and glory; and when the note of preparation sounded throughout France for the great Russian campaign, his imagination became so inflamed by a love of military adventure, that he flung himself into the vortex of that gigantic enterprise, and soon found himself in the midst of the Grande Armée, serving as drummer in a distinguish-

ed regiment. The position of Francols was not, truly, a very distinguished one, but he already regarded himself as a hero; for did he not serve "l'Empereur," and was he not one of the Grands Armées, by whom Russia was to be overrun and conquered? Now—and then a thought or a sigh would be given to his good mother, who had wept so bitterly at his departure; but he was a gay, light-hearted boy, and soon became the favorite of his comrades, so that each graver thought quickly vanished from his mind and he dreamt only of the glories that lay before him.

On the entry of the French into Moscow, no one held his head higher than François Lejeune, and he beat his drum with an air of as much importance as if the success of the whole expedition depended on the flourish of his drum-sticks. But now a new leaf in the pages of his life was about to be opened. Moscow was burnt, and the French army began its disastrous retreat amid all the inclemencies of a Russian winter. François was chilled, like his comrades, to set out on his homeward way amid the combined miseries of war, famine, and ice. His fingers soon lost their power; his drum became silent; and before he reached Smolensk, this favorite companion of his march had dropped from his hands, and sank into the watery snow.

At Smolensk, our hero's strength failed him; and pined alike with cold and hunger, he fell out of the ranks, and was made prisoner by some Russian serfs, who shut him up in a dreary mill where he lay more dead than alive during a night of intense cold. He was aroused from this state of torpor on the following morning, by finding himself once more in the clutches of his barbarous captors, who dragged him along a causeway, one side of which was bordered by a frozen river. Some of the party began to dig a hole in the ice, while others gave him to understand, by very intelligible signs, that it was intended for his accommodation. The terrified youth besought them to spare him, and asked their pity for his mother's sake—"so tender a mother, that she would break her heart if he did not return to her." This piteous appeal had no effect upon the peasants, who, of course, did not understand a single word of what he was saying. Some laughed at the strangeness of his language; some mimicked his impassioned gestures; and one of them had just collared the unhappy François, with the intention of plunging him into the river, when suddenly was heard the merry tinkling of bells, and there came dashing along the causeway a large and handsome sleigh, drawn by three beautiful little Viatic horses. Seated in the sleigh, wrapt up in costly furs, was a stout, hale-looking gentleman.

"What are you about there, my children?" inquired he of the serfs.

"We are only dragging a Frenchman."

"Oh! is that all?" rejoined he.

"Monsieur, monsieur!" cried the unhappy drummer, as he struggled to free himself from the hands of the serfs.

"Very fine, indeed!" muttered the far-clad gentleman in an angry and supercilious tone. "Very fine, indeed! Here is a fellow who comes among us to do all the mischief he can—sets fire to Moscow; tears down the cross from the spires of Ivan the Great; and now, moreover, is he *Monsieur—Monsieur*. Ah! he is one great villain now; but death and destruction to the scoundrel! Come, let us get on, Filka," continued he, addressing his coachman, and throwing himself back in his comfortable seat.

A touch of the whip is given, and the fiery little steeds are darting forward, when suddenly some new thought seems to have occurred to the nobleman, who calls out: "Stop, Filka."

"Pray, sir, do you understand music?" inquired he in Russian of the trembling drummer.

"Savre mol, mon bon monsieur, s'avre mol!" cried out Lejeune in an agony of terror, as he felt that his existence was hanging as by a slender thread upon the good offices of the stranger.

"Good heavens! what strange people these French

are!" observed the nobleman. "Half a million of them have come into Russia, and not one of them can, I believe, speak a word of our language—the barbarians!" And then turning with an air of self-complacency and conscious superiority to Lejeune: "Mousique, mousique, s'avre mousique, vous? Eh bien, répondez-moi, français! sur forté-piano, joué, s'avre?"

At any other time, François would have smiled at this jargon, but at the present moment it sounded like the sweetest music in his ears, for it gave him hope. He quickly perceived the drift of the inquiry, and immediately replied: "Yes, sir, I am a musician, and if you only save my life, I will play all day, and all night long, for you, if you please."

"Well you may thank your stars for it!" said the gentleman laughing. "Come, children, let him go. There! I give you twenty kopecks to drink."

"Thank you sir; there he is for you."

So saying, they loosed their hold upon poor Lejeune, who, on finding himself safe in the sleigh, was so bewildered with joy, that he laughed and cried, and bowed and smiled to all around him. His gratitude was so expansive, that he not only thanked the nobleman, but also the coachman, and the very *monsieur*, too, who had been on the point of drowning him five minutes before. A moment more, and he found himself whirling along by the side of his preserver, who, observing that he was quite blue and shivered with cold, kindly wrapped a fur mantle round him. In a short time, they drew up before a large house, and were received at the door by several servants, to whose care François was consigned. They conducted him into a warm apartment, chafed his half-frozen limbs, and clothed him in a suit of comfortable garments. Then they set food before him, of which the poor boy gladly partook, as he was quite exhausted with hunger. His benefactor soon appeared, and addressing him in his own peculiar dialect of French, "*Monsi, monsieur, vénez.*" beckoning the youth at the same time to follow him.

Lejeune obeyed, and soon found himself in the presence of two young ladies, who were seated at work in a large drawing-room. "Here, my children," said their father, "is a gentleman who will instruct you in music and French. He will teach you the true Parisian accent. You have long been teasing me for a master, and I have just been so lucky as to pick one up for you at Smolensk." Then advancing towards an old spinet, that stood at one end of the apartment, he turned to Lejeune: "Allons, allons, s'évrez vous à nous voir votre talent; joué, Joué; joué pas honte!"

Poor François was nearly at his wits' end on receiving this command; for the drum was his only instrument, and never in his life had he even touched a pianoforte. However, he felt that his life was probably hanging on the result of this moment; and so, assuming an air of confidence, and bowing low to the ladies, he seated himself before the instrument. At first, he placed his hands gently upon it, and moving his fingers like drum-sticks in time with some favorite regimental air, he began to hum the tune, while he swayed his head and body from left to right, and right to left, with all the importance of a first-rate professor. He was wont in after-life to describe the whole scene very humorously. "I expected every moment," said he, "that my preserver would have called in a couple of lackeys, and ordered them to pluck me out in the snow; but on casting a furtive glance towards him, I perceived that he was nodding significantly towards his daughters, as if to make them remark what a treasure he had procured for them; so I took courage, struck the instrument more boldly, sang my song more emphatically, and took still greater air upon myself; whereupon the worthy gentleman clapped his hands with delight, cried out bravo, and in a few minutes came over, and clapped me amiably on the shoulder, saying: '*Tré bien, tré bien, je vois que vous savez; vous savez, monsieur, s'évrez vous à nous voir votre talent; joué, Joué; joué pas honte.*'"

Never was an order more readily obeyed; for poor François was worn out with fatigue and excitement, so that he needed not to "woo soft slumbers to his drooping lids."

About a fortnight afterwards, Lejeune's patron received a visit from a nobleman of higher rank than himself, a man of talent and education, who took a great fancy to the young drummer, that he asked his host if he would consent to yield him to his protection. This was granted; and Lejeune now found himself placed under very favorable circumstances, for his new friend not only treated him kindly, but gave him an education. Some years later, he married his to a young lady, a protégée of his wife, and his marriage proved a prosperous and a happy one. Lejeune, in accordance with the desire of his patron entered the Russian service, and through the influence of this nobleman he acquired personal, and subsequently hereditary, nobility. In after-life, he became allied by the marriage of his only daughter with a distinguished nobleman, named Lebraynir, who was high in power in the government of Orel; and for the sake of being near his child, whom he tenderly loved, François Lejeune—or, as he was now called, Francis Ivanovitch Lejeune—came to reside in that part of the country. It was here he first met him, and made his acquaintance. We remember him well—a lively, courteous little man, with dark eyes and gray hair. His usual attire was a black velvet suit.

Most probably the old d'Avant French drummer still dwells in the far east of Russia, among his adopted countrymen; but when he hears of the gallant deeds of his true compatriots upon the heights of Sebastopol, who knows but that his spirit may be chafing beneath the bondage of Russian despotism, and that he may long to find himself once more serving under a name he had once revered and idolized—L'Empereur Napoleon?

#### RELICS OF NAPOLEON.

Yesterday I found myself in a museum which, although you may or may not have seen it twenty times, I succeeded in persuading myself was entirely novel, and might have been specially added to the Louvre as a testimonial of gratitude for my visit to Paris at this inclement season of the year. This was the Musée des Souverains, the Museum of the Paraphernalia of the Kings and Emperors of France; and, forgive me if I am irreverent, a palatial Monmouth Street or Holwell Street for the display of second-hand sovereigns.

Kings are but men, I know. The sword, the sceptre and the sway—the crown, the hymn and the orb, will not save them from headaches if they drink too much wine; nor from corns, if they persist in wearing tight boots; nor from death when their time comes. Yet a king, he is a mere drivelling idiot, passing his leisure in making pasteboard coaches; a misanthropic loathe, or a tipsy bore and tobacco reveller; still, under any circumstance, so conspicuous a place on the world's stage—is, right or wrong, so talked about, written about, sung about, painted about, during his lifetime—that some degree of interest attaches itself at last, perforce, even to the clothes he wore, the knives he ate with, and the chairs he sat upon. Respect for the individual is not indispensable for the entertainment of curiosity respecting him. A king is but a man; but, the old clothes of a king are surely more interesting than those of a cadger; and this is why the museum of second-hand sovereigns in the Louvre is full of interest and instruction for me, and why I have chosen it as a text for this paper.

Here is a room of noble proportions. The floor of polished oak, the walls of crimson damask, thickly sewn with golden bees; the ceiling, sumptuously carved and gilded, and rainbow-hued with paintings by the first artists in France. lofty glass-ware with curtains of crimson silk line this room. These cases hold the old clothes of Napoleon the Great.

See, here is the famous redingote grise—the gray great coat, made familiar to us by a thousand pic-

tures and a thousand songs. I don't think, intrinsically, it would fetch more than half a dozen shillings. I am afraid Mr. Moses H. of Holywell Street would not be disposed to give even that amount for it; yet here it is beyond price and purchase. It has held the body of the man whose name is blazoned on the ceiling; whose initials, pregnant with will and power, N. is on wall and escutcheon, on ensue and morion, on vase and cup, on keystone and pediment, on coin and ring, on spoon and fork, on the step of the altar, the judge's bench, the footstool of the throne, everywhere in this land. This common coat of coarse grey duff hangs in the midst of velvet and silk, gold and silver embroidery, stern calm and impassible, and throws all these theatrical glories into shadow; even as the man who wore the coat, made all the kings and emperors and princes that were his tools, his slaves, or his victims, look like common people beside him, as he sat in his box at the theater at Erfurt throning it over a pitful of kings, or causing the blood of a chamberlain of the Holy Roman Empire to run cold within him by beginning a story with "When I was lieutenant in the regiment of *Lobes*."

I would the Emperor's boots were here,—those notable jack-boots which Ruffet and Chetlet knew so well how to draw; the boots which, muddy, dusty, worn, ruined, anxious, from at you, moody and despairing, in Paul Delaroché's picture of Napoleon at Fontainebleau. People talk of the Emperor's cocked hat; but, the boots are far more characteristic of the Mac. Curiously they are associated with him in some of the most momentous phases of his career. The boot was pierced by a bullet at Billinzona, and there Napoleon received his almost only wound. For the want of boots—for, he had no money to buy them—Napoleon Buonaparte could not go to the India. If those boots could have then been obtained—bought, borrowed from Telma, wheedled from an unscrupulous tradesman—there would probably have been no Eighteenth Brumaire, no empire of France, no kingdom of Italy, no Russian campaign, no Austrian marriage, no Spanish ulcer, no Moscow no Waterloo, no St. Helena. But, not even with St. Helena ended the boots of Buonaparte. Twenty years after his death, when his grave under the willows was opened, and his coffin answered that his person might be verified by the King of France's son who was come to take it home, the most noble-worthy appearance in the bier (after the features of that face which the fingers of death had not been able entirely to efface, nor the grave to vapourish) were the boots. The Museum of Secondhand Sovereigns is incomplete without the accoutrements of those feet of Hercules.

The boots indeed are wanting, but the secondhand clothes of Napoleon are here,—ranged in a row, like Moosmouth street or the theatrical warehouse in Vinegar Yard, there even are some half dozen pairs of white satin shoes profusely embroidered with gold, crumpled, creased, and (to tell the truth) remarkably grubby, not to say dirty. The Colonus had small feet, and the shoes might belong to a woman. And, could he, the iron man, have worn these gawgaws, that might have danced upon a rope, or prefronted on the opera boards, or patted over the polished flooring of the Petites Malices, but hardly could have belonged to him who crossed the bridge of Lodi, and trod down empires and trampled upon dynasties! He could, he did wear them. These were his corruption shoes,—the shoes of the Concordat, the Champ de Mai, the night divorce with Josephine, and the marriage with Maria Louisa! He wore those gloves, too, that hang above. They are of white leather, embroidered, but large and clumsy-looking; for, the Colonus had large hands (though soft, white and dimpled like those of a girl), as became the grasping of thrones, the seizer of Italy, who put the Iron Crown on his own head, crying "Glad a chi la tocca!"—Woe to him who touches it. He wore these dainty pink silk stockings with the golden dots; he wore that "brodered white satin hose, that would so admirably become Madame Vestris in one of Mr. Flanché's burlesques; he wore that voluminous crimson

velvet mantle which is pinned out in a circle against the wall; and—laugh not, sneer not, but wonder!—he wore those half dozen court coats and constellations in velvet and satin, with big cuffs straight collars, and square skirts. The conqueror of Europe, in the spangled court suit of the Marquis de Choiseul! Yes, and with a gilt sword, like a dancing-master's,—yes, and with a brocaded waistcoat, with low laps and pocketed pockets! If the old clothes were not there to hear me out, you would think that I lied.

This was his, too,—a very different coat; a sombre, faded, long tailed, double-breasted, high-collared, purple-blue coat, embroidered on collar and cuff and down the seams with olive leaves in dead gold. That is the coat of a general of the Republic. It is the coat of Maceuge.

Black, rusted, devoid of splendor, ludicrous almost, there are three secondhand sovereigns here, perhaps the most interesting and significant in the Museum. These are three hats. Two of them are of the species known as cocked, and were worn by the Emperor in his campaigns; but they are singularly unlike the petti chapeaux. These two hats are rumoured, top-heavy, lopsided, exaggerated monstrosities. The resemblance between one, and that affected by the British head is painfully exact; the other might have been worn by glorious John Kerr as Marquess of Mages in the Welch Ashore, or by the ghost of a fiddler in that famous old Vauxhall orchestra that had (has it still?) a rouding-beard like a cockle-shell. Yet these were hats of power, hats that, defied against the white smoke of the battle, gave hope to the faltering, encouragement to the brave; one sight of which, one approving nod, made the mailed grandees forget his wounds—look half the sting away from death. Each was a guiding star to glory, plunder, victory; and—ah me!—how many hundred times was each cocked hat an ignis fatuus, deceiving men to a bloody, unremembered grave!

That number three, is of a different order altogether. It is not cocked, three-cornered, flapped, dented, peaked, or broad brimmed. It is not a fustell hat, a coach-boy hat, a wide-awake, a Jim Crow, a brigand, a William Tell, a Hecker, a Tom and Jerry, a waggoner's, a Tom Tom, a soon-wester, a four-and-sixpenny gossamer, a Paris velvet-snap, a shovel hat, a romberio, a straw hat, or an ordinary chimney-pot "till." It is simply a "shocking bad hat,"—"the shocking bad hat,"—"the shocking bad hat" that over was seen by human eyes or worn by human head; a round hat with a short crown and a narrow brim, made perhaps of felt, perhaps of rabbit's skin,—certainly of a greasy, mangy, rusty material, utterly aseptic, poverty-stricken, and woe-begone in appearance. Napoleon the Great—ha of the white satin shoes and velvet robes—wore this miserable old hat; this shameful tatterdemaldie fragment, that no Jew would touch with a pair of tongs; that would discolour by companionship, even a spotless kitten in a kennel, or a dead cat on a dustheap. He wore it, where? At Longwood, St. Helena.

If any comment were valuable (and no comment is) on the futility of human ambition, the rottenness of human grandeur, it might surely be found in this old hat. It is the hat of a bankrupt. Not that the man was penurious. He had enough money, even in his stern captivity, to have purchased a score of hats, with lace and ribbons enough on them, to serve my lord the sweep on May-day; but it is the moose, not the material ruin that stares you in the face in this shabby bad-covering. The hat says, "Broke."

Underneath this hat is a little yellow iron-moulded cambric pocket-handkerchief, that was taken off Napoleon's bed after his death. The relic should soften us. It is all over now. Outlaw, emperor, adventurer, general, prisoner—they exist no more! They are all blended into the handful of ashes in the Invalides, "on the banks of the Seine, among the French people whom he loved so well."

\*The veritable "petti chapeaux" is among the relics in the Emperor's tomb at the Invalides.

## MISCELLANIES.

A WONDERFUL CASE.—Before the Society for Scientific Information, recently, the discussion turned upon the subject of acoustics, and of the various methods to improve the hearing, when the statement was made by the Chaleas sage that an instance had come under his knowledge which was well worth knowing, showing the advantage of a new oil that had recently been invented, for repairing the dull aural drums. A man had been so deaf that twenty-five perussions caps were snapped in succession upon his head, without his hearing it, when, by the application of one small bottle of the oil, he has been enabled in a day or two to hear from a brother who had been three years in Australia.—*Post*.

—Suppose you have to teach two children drawing; one thoroughly clever, and active-minded, the other dull and slow; and you put before them Jullien's chalk studies of heads—*études à deux crayons*—and desire them to be copied. The dull child will slowly do your bidding—blacken his paper and rub it white again, and patiently and painfully, in the course of three or four years, attain to the performance of a chalk head, not much worse than his original, but still of less value than the paper it is drawn upon. But the clever child will not, or will only by force, consent to this discipline.—He finds other means of amusing himself with his pencil, some how or other; and presently you find his paper covered with sketches of his grandfather, and grandmother, and uncles, and cousins—sketches of the room, and the house, the cat and the dog, and the country outside, and everything in the world he can not see on his own; and he gets on, and even his child's world has a value in it—a truth which makes it worth keeping; no one knows how precious, perhaps that portrait of his grandfather may be, if any one has but the sense to keep it till the time when the old man can be seen no more up the lawn, nor by the wood. That child is working in the middle-age spirit—the other in the modern spirit.—*Ruskin*.

—Handel, in 1747 '48 '49, produced several oratorios at the opera house, which were unsuccessful, and ill attended. One evening, before the rising of the curtain for *Thedora*, where scarcely a dozen persons were assembled, some one expressed a regret to the composer that he saw so few there. "Never mind," replied Handel, as pleasantly as philosophically, "a modest will count as better." He was rejoiced any professors not engaged in the orchestra would accept of tickets of admission. When the Messiah was produced and created such a success, two gentlemen, who had offended Handel by not attending the performance of his previous oratorios, applied to him for orders to be seated. "Aah!" retorted he, "your servant, Mein herr! You tauffish dainty! You would not go to *Thedora*; dar vaas room enough to tauchere ven dat vaas perform!"

—In England, quite recently, a girl being attacked with typhus fever was sent to the hospital. A week afterwards her brother was seized with the same disease, and was sent to the same institution. The nurses were helping him up the stairs at the hospital. On the way he was met by some persons who were descending with a coffin on their shoulders. The sick man was quired whose body they were removing, when





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## PREMIUM PIANOS. MORE MEDALS!!

Awarded by the *Pennsylvania State Fair*, October, 1864; *Franklin Institute of Philadelphia*, October, 1863; *Massachusetts Mechanics' Charitable Association*, of Boston, October, 1863; *Franklin Institute of Philadelphia*, November, 1864; and numerous others.

Extract from the last Report of the Committee on Exhibition given by Franklin Institute, at Dr. Jayne's Building, Philadelphia.

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I. Increased size of Sounding Board, with large curve or sweep to the scale, thereby producing greater power.

II. Bass strings cross the treble, bringing the bridge of the former more in the centre of the sounding board, also securing greater length of strings, and affording space between them which not only gives more volume of tone but effectually prevents the greatest annoyances, viz: the jangling of one string against another when heavily touched.

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IV. The objections which have been urged against the Iron Frame, viz: that it produces a metallic tone, (not correct in our opinion) are done away with by the introduction of a copper bar between the bridge and the strings, thus giving the tones a purer and more liquid quality than can be obtained by the old arrangement, and from the pointed bearing of the strings over the bridge, anything like a jar is effectually obviated.

V. We observe with much satisfaction a 74 octave instrument, (maker's No. 5583,) the scale of which extends from A in bass to C in treble—the upper octave and a half has three strings, and the Suspension Bridge which applies wholly to these extreme upper notes, has for some years given to the pianos made by Messrs. H. D. & Co., a deservedly high stand. The judges in this case most cheerfully award a *First Premium*.

## SILVER MEDAL.

Extract of a letter received from Wm. Mason.

BUFFALO, Dec. 24, 1864.

Messrs. Hallet, Davis & Co.,—Gentlemen,—Your letter of Nov. 29th is received, making enquiries in regard to the Grand Pianoforte used at my first concert in Boston. I would say that it got somewhat out of tune, owing to the dampness and oppressive heat of the atmosphere. I used the same Pianoforte at my second Concert at Boston, and played my whole programme on it, without in the least throwing it out of tune. I was perfectly satisfied with the instrument. I have since used and am now using one of your Grand Pianofortes, which stands in tune as well as any instrument I have ever seen. Owing to the beautiful elasticity of the action of your Grand Pianofortes, (which

possess the same qualities as the action that has contributed to give Erard his world-wide reputation,) I think it would be impossible for any pianist, who plays properly to break either a string, or a hammer. I certainly never have broken them. In conclusion, I beg to express to you, my perfect satisfaction, in every respect, with regard to your Grand Pianofortes. Very truly yours. (Signed) Wm. Mason.

OCTOBER 20th, 1864.

GENTS—You wish me to state my opinion of the *Æolian Piano Forte* made by Messrs. Hallet, Davis & Co., purchased of you. I am very happy of the opportunity thus afforded me to say that, in every respect, myself and family are delighted with the instrument. After an experience of many years with other pianos, both with and without the *Æolian* accompaniment, I am free to say that the instrument we had of you surpasses all others in every thing essential to a good piano. The Piano and *Æolian* stand in tune well together, and I would under no circumstances be without the *Æolian*. Respectfully yours, J. L. EVERTT.

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Copy.

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# Musical World.

A Journal for "Heavenly Music's Earthly Friends."

Richard Storrs Willis, Editor and Proprietor.

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## MUSIC IN THIS NUMBER.

### MORNING HYMN:

For two voices; by the editor of the Musical World.

## MUSIC IN NEW YORK.

The Glee and Madrigal Society gave their fourth soiree of the season on Monday evening last. This association of mostly amateur singers meet in the lower saloon of Clinton Hall, the old Astor Place opera locality, now occupied by the Mercantile Library Association.

The saloon was filled with auditors, and the performance, under the leadership of Mr. George Washbourn Morgan, an exceedingly pleasing one. The following was the programme:

### PART ONE.

MADRIGAL, "When all alone." (1660) Geronimo Converso.  
QUARTET, "In the Woods." (S. A. T. B.) Mendelssohn.  
GLEE, "O'er the Sea." (S. A. T. B.) Mendelssohn.  
PART SONG, "Tear on a bank of Dalziel Sweet."  
GLEE, "Go, Idle Boy." (A. T. T. B.) John Hollich.  
GLEE, "Hark the Lark." (S. A. T. B.) Jackson.  
MADRIGAL, "O, Mistress mine." J. J. S. Stevens.

### PART TWO.

SESTETT, "Oh! I'd Rob Robin Hood." Bishop.  
QUARTET, "Evening Shades." (S. A. T. B.) Hutter.  
GLEE, "Come Fairies trip it." (T. T. B.) Perry.  
MADRIGAL, "All Creatures now." Bonet.  
GLEE, "It is the Nightingale." (S. S. B.) M. F. King.  
FINALE, "The Chough and Crow." Bishop.

There might have been some thirty singers, and a fresh quartet of voices was chosen for every four-part performance. We thus had the opportu-

nity of hearing nearly each individual voice. Of course the quartets varied somewhat in finish of performance—the quality of the voices—and the degree to which they blended and assimilated. But we were surprised to find united into one association so many excellent sopranos, contraltos, tenors, and basses. They were most of them, also, new to us. Mrs. Brinkerhoff seemed at the head of the class in the sopranos (for the little beech ladies sat on at first, and the freshness and youthfulness of their faces, presented quite a picture of a row of pretty school girls about to recite a lesson to their dominæ, Mr. Morgan.)

Several of the pieces of the programme were enthusiastically endorsed. But there were few that we should not have liked immediately to be repeated. Some of the less showy but solid madrigals pleased us particularly; as for instance, *All creatures now*, by Bonet—even the words of which have a peculiar charm:—

All creatures now are merry minded;  
The shepherd's daughters playing,  
The nymphs are fe in laing,  
Ye bogles was well wined.  
At Orlean's presence each thing smilith;  
The flowers them selves to discover,  
Birds over her do hover,  
Mute the time beguileth.  
See where she comes, with flow'ry garlands crowned,  
Queen of all Queens renowned.  
Then sang the Shepherds and nymphs of Diane,  
Long live fair Orleans.

Mr. Morgan appeared to us a very competent conductor, well understanding the peculiar style of music they propose to cultivate. As an Englishman he would of course be at home in Glee and madrigals. His accompaniments, particularly, were played with that unusual discretion of entire subordination to the voices, which we commend to the consideration of accompanists generally. The thought struck us that it might be well for the same persons always to sing together; in order that that gradual assimilation of tone to tone might be effected, which is observed to occur when the same voices are often combined; and which is generally heard to perfection in family voices; in which the tone not only by practice, but by nature, closely assimilates.

We would make a suggestion, particularly to the tenors and basses. The gentlemen (with one exception) sing rather too much down into their waistcoat pockets. They would do well to take example of some of the ladies in this respect. An erect attitude, chest thrown out, and head as near as a perpendicular as is possible with a reading of the notes, are matters that exceedingly add, not only to

the look of things, but to the tone of things. And then occasionally "give an eye" to the audience.—Let us relate a circumstance.

While passing a winter in Leipzig, a soprano singer of uncommonly beautiful voice was singing at the *Gewandhaus* concerts where she had that season made her debut. She had, thus far, not been as successful in this severe test-school of artists as she had wished, or her voice or execution seemed to warrant. This lady being of a timid and modest nature generally sang with her head slightly down and her eyes bent upon the music. Residing in the same house with her, she frequently spoke of her degree of success in the concerts and lamented that it was not greater. We ventured one day to suggest a thought to her:—that the attention of an audience can long be fixed upon a lifeless face—and the face is lifeless unless illumined by the eye—that she should therefore try the effect of learning the music so well as almost to be independent of the notes, (entirely if possible,) and then, stand erect, give the audience her eye, and let that speak to them as well as the tone of her voice. She tried it, and at the next concert the effect was electrical—she appeared like another person; and from that moment her success was at least double what it had been. She often afterwards expressed her gratitude for our hint—which any one of the audience could as well have given her: simply letting her see herself as others saw her. This lady subsequently sang in London (for which sphere the *Gewandhaus* concerts are generally the trial-school) and with very marked success.

Jenny Lind frequently (we often felt assured) fairly magnetised the audience with her eye. Fancy her, or Urtzi, or any other great singer going through a whole *cantata* and never once giving the audience her eye. How doubtful would be the effect produced! And a lady singer need not necessarily stare at an audience, or gaze boldly about her; but simply have the eye elevated, so the audience can see it. The ropt look which Jenny Lind often had, particularly when singing sacred music, like *I know that my Redeemer liveth*, when her eyes seemed fixed upon some particular point above the audience, was not one of the least (perhaps unconscious) causes of her immense success.

The Glee and Madrigal Society is a very interesting and laudable musical enterprise, ranking (among less ambitious musical performances) side by side with Enfield's Quartet Soirees. Who misses these lesser winter performances, falls often of the most agreeable and enjoyable musical evenings of the season. The fifth Glee and Madrigal Soiree comes off at the same locality on Mon-

day evening, March, 5th, and the last of the season on March 26th. By the way, let it not be forgotten, that Mr. Esfeld's fourth Soirée will be given on Tuesday, Feb. 20th, at Dodworth's Academy.

On Tuesday evening last Grial and Mario appeared again in opera at the new Metropolitan Theater. The large house was crowded, *I Parisiens* being the opera chosen. Signor Rusini very soon after commencing became so hoarse (from causes explained by Sig. Amati Dubreuil in his usually happy little speech which, by its droll English *patois*, is always in itself a very interesting performance) that he had to omit the grand duo in the second act and hum through the rest of the opera. We think he deserves credit for singing at all, under the circumstances.

The music, otherwise, was rendered well as usual. The audience was somewhat different, we thought, to that usually present at the Academy—perhaps not quite as fashionable. The house has lately been used as a circus, and hence perchance some fastidiousness in going there. And yet it is a superb building, although in scenery, and appointments generally, immeasurably inferior to the Academy.

One incident of the performance was rather the droll mistake, that whereas Lord Talbot (Mario) and Henrietta of France (Signora Norra) on the Academy stage escape from the castle by the right exit, and the sentinels and soldiery, generally, pursue and fire upon them from the opposite quarter; in the present instance they escaped on the left, and the pursuit came from the same point; in a manner which rendered it impossible that they should not have met them on the way; and yet all rushed and fired in the opposite direction; (where perchance their successful escape from the castle).

We earnestly hope that the closing performances of Grial and Mario will prove a bumper. By the way, are we to see Mr. Hackett himself on the New York stage?—we understand he has been appearing in Boston. Would we might!—the public ought to have some opportunity of expressing the enthusiasm and kind feeling which we are sure are in store for him. The opera of Wednesday night was to be *Lucresia*—the closing opera were not announced when we went to press.

Ole Bull, Maretzek and Strakosch open their new operatic enterprise on Monday evening next at the Academy with *Rigoletto*. An exceedingly interesting occasion it will undoubtedly prove.

On Monday evening, February 19, a public rehearsal of the N. Y. Harmonic Society will take place at Dodworth's saloon, on which occasion a very interesting programme will be presented of sacred and secular music, glee, choruses, etc. Admissions 50 cents, admitting a lady and gentleman.

#### TRIFLE-BUDGET.

We have two doctor friends, one of whom had a rare medical work in his library, which one day was borrowed of him by his medical colleague. Weeks, months, and even a year elapsed, and still (with that fatal obliviousness which seems to attach to borrowed books) the work was not returned. But suddenly, one day, the delinquent friend happened upon the work in his library and was greatly distressed to find how shabbily he had been behav-

ing. It was a very stormy day, the ride was a long one, but still "Jenny" was put into the professional gig, and throwing the volume into the vehicle our friend started off; and when his conscience lashed him, he lashed "Jenny." On the way, and to relate, the book fell out into a mud-puddle! Great dismay seized upon the doctor. The rare work could not be replaced and must be returned.

The most comfortable if not the best plan, on the whole, seemed to be, to leave the book quietly at the door and say nothing about it. So driving up, the bell was rung: but, alas! the injured friend answered the bell himself.

The doctor was a man of courage and presence of mind. So thrusting the bespattered volume into his friend's hands, he with high-wrought indignation exclaimed: "THERE—TAKE YOUR OLD, WET BOOK!"

We have related this brief history because there are a great many "old, wet books" in the world—at least a great many borrowed books, and delinquent borrowers of less courage and presence of mind than our friend, who are perfectly overwhelmed when they think of returning books which they have been keeping for years.

We have missed in this manner for at least two years one volume of Beethoven's complete piano-works—the whole being a set of 12 volumes, which we greatly prize, because they are old friends whom we have perused well, and because they were the last copy of the only edition we ever knew of the great master's literally complete piano-works. Now, we did not (like a great many people) put down the friend's name on a list, who borrowed this volume from our library. Therefore we hereby entreat him to return to us that old wet book. If so be it have fallen into a mud puddle or become in any way defaced—or he be afraid that we shall come to the door on a ring of the bell—or that we will reproach him in any way—let him re-assure himself. If he will only anonymously inform us that he is coming some time to bring the book back, on leaving the house we will always look through the key-hole to see that he is not standing on the other side of the door—we will resort to every expedient not to know who borrowed the book—on the reception of our beloved Beethoven again, we will then, and forever thereafter, hold our peace on the subject.

According to the contract signed with Mdlle. Rachel, says the Paris correspondent of the *Courrier des Etats Unis*, she is to receive a million of francs for six months of declamation in this country. The writer adds, that the most brilliant offers have been made to all the distinguished artists in Paris both for the present season and the following one. London, Vienna, Turin, Brussels, Berlin, Madrid have dramatic agents there, incessantly engaged in negotiations. "Our comedians, dancers, singers are the delight of all capitals, yet Paris is not sensibly impoverished."

The following little lyric on the relinquishment of a subscription to the *Musical World* may, naturally enough perhaps, not so much appeal to others as ourselves; and yet be quite worth a reading by any one. Aside from its value as a literary contribution, the gratification which it has afforded makes it an abundant equivalent (we can assure our fair correspondent) for at least one year's subscription to the *Musical World*: and it will not be

our fault or that of the post office if the equivalent be not received:—

DEAR WORLD ADIEU!

Our hearts are sore to part with thee,  
But "poverty parts good companions!"  
We move my little willing feet  
Being as our character, weekly tread!  
No more thy songs may sweetly glide  
Around our happy ingle-side!  
We loved thee well—we'll love thee yet,  
And think of thee with fond regret.  
Yet, how we to a stern decree—  
"O, poverty parts good companions!"  
Dear World, adieu!

*L'Ami des Sciences* makes mention of a new American invention. It says it is proposed to found a city in the United States with streets heated from below, so that the snow will melt and the rain evaporate as soon as it touches the ground, and a mild temperature will be constantly maintained. To accomplish this, the smoke from all the chimneys is to be led under the streets, and from thence it is to pass into a large hollow pyramid, whose power of suction is to be increased by a steam engine. Although it is called an American invention, this journal claims that the odd idea was first promulgated by M. Jobard of Brussels.

Silks are about to be fabricated at Lyons, on which will be stamped the deeds of the allied armies. If it succeeds as well as the Foulards, the English and French ladies may drap themselves with the taking of Sebastopol or the battle of Inkermann. While the ladies abroad have thus the opportunity of exhibiting their patriotism, in this country the privilege is to be afforded to the gentlemen. Cloth for pants is being manufactured, we are told, in Massachusetts, covered with American eagles four inches square, with "E pluribus unum," (our informant said) in the claws, and "America" fluttering from the beak.

The emperor and the empress were present at the theater last Monday at the first representation of *The Czarina*. There was a great struggle for seats on the occasion, which offered the double attraction of a play by Scribe, in which should appear together for the first time the actor Bressant and Madame Rachel, whose last representation this would be before her departure for America. The empress having asked an additional box for persons of her suite, could not obtain it, as the tickets were all disposed of. But the play did not answer the public expectation. It is feeble and languishing, Madame Rachel found little opportunity for the display of her energetic talent. It is an intrigue of the alcove, mingled with some allusions to Moscow barbarity. Madame Rachel will not play the *Czarina* to the Americans, and they will lose nothing by it.

#### CONSEQUENCES OF A SLEIGH-RIDE.

Translated from the French for the *Musical World*.

The *Courrier des Etats-Unis* in its chronicle of doings in New York tells the following amusing story, which it professes to have from very good authority though the details have not been given to the public.

In the upper part of the city, near one of the principal avenues (we will not say which) are two houses occupied by wealthy and fashionable families nearly related to each other, the two fathers being cousins. Both have several children, but one has a son of twenty four or five

years, of whom we have nothing to say, he so exactly resembles other young men of his age. The other has a daughter of nineteen summers—perhaps twenty—very *recherché* in her toilette, undeniably pretty, somewhat reserved, but who does not think the less for speaking little. These two young people have been engaged since the close of last summer.

This engagement, which had long been the wish of the two families, had met with no obstacle on the part of the young man, but his cousin was much less eager to give up that independence so justly dear to American ladies. Mary (we will call her Mary for this name will compromise nobody,) thought herself too young to be married, and moreover could not change at will the mere cousinly affection which she felt for Jacob.

This name—this unfortunate name of Jacob was especially disagreeable to her. She never heard in church "the posterity of Jacob" mentioned without a shiver.

The calmness of Mary only made her cousin's sentiments mount to a still higher diapason, but, finding that the ardor and sincerity of his protestations could not animate his adored statue, he very prosaically solicited and obtained the support of the grand-parents. An unwise step, and not much in conformity with American ideas; its result appeared however to be happy, for, after much sollicitation, Mary promised to give him a definite answer at the end of six months. To promise an answer was to permit hope, notwithstanding the threatening clauses of a residence of three months at Newport or Saratoga, without Jacob.

During her stay at these brilliant *rendezvous* of fashion, the young girl was surrounded by a swarm of admirers and lovers. She flirted first with one, then with another, but the result of the trial was not much to the honor of the candidates, for, on her return in October last, she engaged herself to Jacob, notwithstanding the traditional menaces of posterity. There was great joy thereat in the two families.

Hardly a fortnight since, when a clear bracing atmosphere after a fall of snow had given the rail signal for sleighing, Jacob presented himself at his cousin's door in a light sleigh of the most coquetical form, which he had just purchased as a pleasant surprise for her. As her engagements for the day were imperative, however, the drive was deferred till evening. It was a long day, but the wished for evening at last arrived, and the young couple were soon gliding along the Fifth Avenue over the smooth snow, with a rapidity, which soon brought them to the deserted region of the Arsenal.

"Is it not time to return?" asked the lady.  
"So soon?" exclaimed, tenderly, her betrothed.

"But it is so dark and so cold!"

"We will go across then to the Bloomingdale road. It is lighter and more lively there."

Jacob turned his horse suddenly into one of those streets (or rather paths where streets are to be), which intersect the island of Manhattan; so suddenly, that the light sleigh was overturned and the young couple were safely lodged in a snow-bank. Both were on foot in the twinkling of an eye. The horse stood still, checked suddenly by the reins which the young man still held in his hands. Mary, without saying

a word, began to shake the snow from her dress. Seeing which, Jacob, reassured on her account, attempted to right the sleigh, not however without permitting rather a bold exclamation to escape his lips. Unfortunately, while turning the sleigh over, he let go the reins, and, as soon as his fast trotter felt that the vehicle was "all right," he darted off like an arrow, charmed undoubtedly at the lightness of his burden.

We must say to his praise, that Jacob hesitated a moment—he looked at his betrothed, who continued quietly shaking her dress, then, turning his head, he saw the horse and sleigh disappearing in the darkness.

"I will be back in two minutes," he cried, and darted off in pursuit of the vehicle.

"What?" exclaimed the young girl, "you leave me here, alone, at this hour!"

"Two minutes! only two minutes,"—he was already out of sight.

Mary's first movement was to run after him, but she had not advanced ten steps when she felt the impossibility of reaching him. The snow covered her light boots, and chilled her delicate feet. She returned to the intersection of the two roads, and looked with terror around her. The night was dark, only the lanterns of distant vehicles appeared and disappeared, like will-o'-the-wisps, here and there; and the silence was only broken by the silvery tinjannulations of the sleigh bells. At this moment, two lights appeared advancing along the high road. The sound of bells came nearer and nearer, and soon a large sleigh appeared, within which she could discern a female form.

Her resolution was instantly taken. She advanced a few steps, waved her handkerchief, and cried with a voice which she endeavored to render firm: "stop!"

The vehicle stopped immediately, and three persons leaped forward to ascertain the cause of the request.

"Madam," said Mary, addressing the unknown lady, "the sleigh in which I was driving with my cousin, Mr. Jacob—has just been overturned. My cousin has gone in pursuit of the runaway horse. May I venture in such a dilemma to ask you to take me home?"

"Certainly," replied three voices at once; and, at the same time, a young man leaped out and offered his hand to the young girl, to whom another gentleman yielded his place on the back seat.

"Where shall we take you?" inquired the lady.

Mary gave her address, upon which the young man introduced his sister Mrs. R.

Although not visitors, the two parties knew each other by name, having often met in society and at the opera. Mr. R. seated himself opposite his wife, and his brother in law, who could see admirably in the dark, found himself opposite Miss Mary.

The first thing which he did was to place under her feet the foot-muff which had enveloped his own, the second was to wrap her in a fur cloak which he threw off protesting that he was stifled with the heat, the third—but he did so many agreeable things and said so many other things that Mrs. R. arrived at the paternal mansion without being conscious of the lapse of time.

At one o'clock in the morning, when everybody was asleep in the house, the street bell resounded from repeated and vigorous pulls.

The old black servant rose hastily to see what visitor presented himself at so unusual an hour. On opening the door he found Jacob before him, covered from head to foot with mud and snow, his coat torn and his hat of so particular shape.

"Hoe Miss Mary returned?"

"Oh! long ago," said the old fellow, with rather a quizzical air.

"Ah! I am very glad, I have been in great distress about her," and he, thereupon, commenced a long story, how he had pursued his horse in desperation, how he had fallen into a ditch and the lee had broken under him and given him a cold bath, and how at last he had found his horse on the Bloomingdale road, where the intelligent animal had stopped of his own accord at the door of the first tavern.

The next day, bruised, hoarse, and lame, Jacob was obliged to keep his chamber. The day following, toward evening, he presented himself before his betrothed.

"Is your sleigh uninjured?" was the first word she addressed to him.

"Yes, nearly so."

"And the horse?"

"The horse is better than his master."

"I am very glad."

"What?"

"I meant to say, that I am very glad that you have not lost everything."

"But, I have lost nothing, absolutely."

"Oh! yes," said she significantly.

"What then?"

"You have lost your wife," she replied firmly.

The engagement was broken—there was no help for it. The case of poor Jacob is the more desperate, that the brother of the obliging Mrs. R. comes very assiduously to enquire about the health of Miss Mary, who, on her side, endeavors in the most amiable manner to reassure him on this subject.

For the Musical World.

## ROCKETS FROM AN ORGAN-LOFT.

NO. III.

BY ADVENTURE BROWN.

The ancients almost worshipped splendid architecture, and styled it "frozen music." In the arts that beautifully life and nurture the humanities, we moderns need warmth and softness; the sun and genial showers alone are able to bring forth the flowers.

This is the respect in which errs the next player on my list, the purely classical man, who treats us to fine chiseled passages, cold and unimpassioned as the unsculpted marble before its maker. Pygmalion, enamoured of its matchless charms, entreated of the Goddess of Beauty for it the boon of glowing life. Excellent as is his performance—faultless in regard to appropriateness and correctness—we feel the want of life, it benumbs our faculties with its chillness. Sacred music demands rather that which appeals to the heart; for there is diffused throughout all nature, as "elemental fire," an electrical fluid, lacking sympathy and communication with which no emotion can be kindled within the soul. It is on the wings of this subtle agent that all lessons must be conveyed to the affections. Now in this power our friend is utterly lacking. Nothing has potency to arouse him or to excite him out of his state of imperceptible placidity. Were the end of the church to fall suddenly on, carrying with it the pulpit



A. W. COWLES, G. M. AMBER, FRANK PIERCE, B. E. HUNTLEY, J. M. KENT, Committee of the Convention.

PORTLAND, Feb. 6, 1884.

**DEAR MUSICAL WORLD:**—Having spent a short time in this city and feeling quite an amount of musical talent for a city "down east," I thought it would be gratifying to you to hear from your old friends, especially those who are engaged in the service of music.

Portland is a very pleasant city, especially in summer time, and although it has no opera, yet there are many inducements to those singers and players to visit it. And why do they not? We have an occasional concert to enliven the scene, and for a time the fame of music burns brightly; but as no one comes to renew it, it soon dies out, and the people have to content themselves with the ashes that are left. There are a few good pianists here: foremost is Hermann Kotschmar. Among the numerous violinists is Prof. Crouch, a very fine singer, whose presence has added much to the musical enjoyment of the place. There are many fine churches and most of them possess good organs and sustain a well-attended choir; especially the Stone Church on Congress st. The State street church has recently purchased a new organ, at the cost of \$3,500 from the firm of Hook & Co., Boston. Its power and tone was admirably tested by Wilson, of Boston, but from the manner it has since been played it was probably "used up" in the operation. Wheelock is leader of the choir, and his skill combined with the notes of the organ forms the most discordant music under the vault of heaven. But we are in hopes that a choir and organ adapted to the wants of the church will soon make their appearance, and having churches supplied with good music, Portland will rival Boston and other cities of musical renown, and will not be overlooked by eminent musicians.

M. A. A.

CLEVELAND.

"The Cleveland Academy of Music commences its second term next Tuesday evening, the 20th. When this enterprise first started some three months since, we were fearful it would not succeed pecuniarily, for similar institutions have failed almost without an exception from a want of sufficient support, in even larger cities than our own; but from what we can learn, its possibility of success has given place to a permanent establishment, thanks to the indefatigable exertions of its gentlemanly and talented performers, Messrs. R. B. Wheeler and E. A. Payne. We trust our readers will view the subject as we do, that it is a credit, and speaks well for the refinement of any city that can sustain an institution of this character. We heartily recommend the Academy of Music to all who would avail themselves of its benefits and privileges, to become possessed of an accomplishment, in these days almost indispensable."—*Cleveland Paper.*

## THE BEST OF THE NEW SHEET MUSIC.

BERRY & GORDON, 287 BROADWAY, N. Y.

*Les Deux Jingles;* Moroccan characteristic, your is yet no *per* *Jeune* *Blanchette*. Op. 4. Eleven pages: no price offered. Particles of the production are very difficult; especially the last movement, *Allegro tranquillo*. The other movements are *Allegro Maestoso*, and *Andante* its study will richly reward the performer.

*Twenty Chorus;* for the Piano, by J. R. Gottman. Each 25 cents. Complete \$4.00. No 16. *Russian* *March*. 20, *For small* *scholar*, are before us. These choruses are carefully figured and well adapted to advanced players. *Lilly Leaves;* for the Piano, by James Balk. No 1. *Non Fin* *Mus.* No 2. *The Furious* *Gulp.* No 3. *The Military* *March*. No 4. *The Last* *Rose* *of* *Summer*. No 5. *Prize* *valued*. No 6. *Coming* *thro'* *the* *per*. Variations. Nos 1, 2, and 4, are before us. They are carefully figured, and not too difficult for instruction. The variations of No 4 are particularly pleasing. No. price is given;—each piece has five pages.

*Fanciful* *Schottis;* Moreau brilliant *per* *le* *place*; par James Balk. 25 cents. Carefully figured, and very acceptable to players generally.

J. E. GOULD, PHILADELPHIA.

*The Two Fairies;* A choice selection of favorite melodies, arranged for four hands by Charles Grobe. This selection consists of twelve pieces, each 25 cents. No 3. *Katy* *Darling* and 8. *Jordan* *on* *a* *hard* *road*, are before us. These selections are beautifully gotten up, reflecting much credit on the taste of the publisher, and are in Grobe's pleasing and popular style. The fingering, in doubtful places, is marked. We heartily recommend them as a specimen of our hand-made music which will please.

LEE & WALKER, 188 CHESNUT ST. PHILA.

*Globe's World of Music;* by Charles Grobe. Inscribed "to the ladies of the U S" Illuminated title-page. This "World of music" is a nonet of one hundred pieces,—of which five are already published viz. No 1. Polish March-Song, with variations No 2. When Autumn's leaves are falling. No 3. Rosetti's first love; (with a sketch) No 4. When the swallows homeward fly, with variations, and No 5. Grobe's Dream. Before us are Nos 6 and 5 each 25 cents. Good music in lay, and most excellent for the student.

## INNER-EDITORIAL BUDGET.

A series of articles have appeared in *Chamber's Journal* upon Russia and the Czar, written as the Editor states, by a foreigner of historic celebrity, which contain much that we think will be of interest now that Russia is engorging so much of the public attention, and first, we will let him speak of Russian Society.

Russian Society—that is to say, aristocratic society—on the surface resembles the society of other European countries, but on the whole it differs from it. It has two centers—St. Petersburg and Moscow. In St. Petersburg it is the court, or rather Nicholas himself, who fashions society according to his desires. It bears entirely the official stamp; precedence is given to the officers, and to the high officials of the State. Dance, feast, music, and the ballet, occupy the attention; politics and science are excluded from fashionable life. Moscow is the seat of the old aristocracy of the empire, and society here consists principally of independent, rich landowners, who do not court government officers, but occupy themselves with the administration of their estates, and with science and literature, without requiring anything from the Czar, save to be left alone. It is entirely the reverse of the nobility of St. Petersburg, which is attached to the court and the public service, devalued by servile ambition, expecting all from government only, and living upon it. Not to demand anything, to remain independent, and avoid public office, is in despotic countries a sign of opposition; and the Czar is angry with those idlers who spend their winters in Moscow, and remain for the remainder of the year on their estates, reading all that is published in Western Europe. To possess a library, belongs now to the necessities of the Russian country gentleman; and to have a secret cabinet filled with prohibited books, is the pith of fashion.

Thus St. Petersburg and Moscow are the two opposite poles of Russian society, representing the Court and the Opposition; yet in such a despotic country as Russia, the personal tastes and inclinations of the monarch have so great an influence, that even the life of Moscow is in a great degree controlled by his supreme will. The rich Moscowite prince may dare to despise government officers, after he has in his youth served for a few years in the army or in the bureau, one or other of which is necessary to maintain his nobility; he may live far from the court, retired upon his estates, enjoying in secret the forbidden books that he gets by the smuggler; yet he cannot but be sometimes reminded, that he lives under the sway of the despotic Czar, who does not forget those silent opponents to his authority. Not that he would banish them; such punishment is reserved for those who talk of politics, not for those who look sympathetically on the doings of government; but he sends them word, that he expects them to do something for the progress of the country; to build a cotton-mill, and to employ their efforts in manufactures; or to raise wine on the hills of the Crimea, and on the banks of the Doo; or to have the mines of Ural worked. The Czar does not expect that they should make money by such speculations; on the contrary, he will aware that the mill and the vineyard will remain heavy incumbrances on the income of the persons to whose patriotism he has appealed, and that the gold dug out of the Ural may perhaps cost twenty-five shillings to the sovereign. But the glory of the

country is to be raised in such ways; and the Manchester manufacturer, who finds one wing of the baronial castle turned into a workshop, is delighted to see the mighty aristocracy of Russia paying tribute to industry. And, in fact, it is a tribute which the Aristocracy reading around Moscow willingly pays to the whim of the Czar, in order to be allowed to remain undisturbed.

## A PECULIAR INSTITUTION.

There is one institution which gives a peculiar character to Russian society—the secret police. Not the secret police of Russia, like the Inquisition, give no notice of its proceedings; men are judged who do not know that they are impounded; and execution, imprisonment or banishment to Siberia is carried out to the dead of night. Not even the friends or family of the unhappy man dare complain or ask the reason of his punishment, lest they should aggravate his sufferings or share his fate. The officials of the high police may have made a mistake, may have carried away the wrong man—they may have acted upon false information—they may have been impelled by feelings of personal revenge—yet no redress is possible: upon the one-sided report of the chief of the high police, the emperor signs the decree for banishment or prison, and no appeal is allowed, no second inquest is ever made. The Czar himself is quite aware that he cannot avoid inflicting frequently the severest punishment on guiltless men; yet he knows that his throne cannot remain secure without the secret police. Alexander, who had not the nerve of Nicholas, was at last tired of condemning people without having given them so opportunity of defending themselves; he therefore abolished the high police, and the Russian was able to breathe freedom, without fear that every word he uttered, even in the circle of his own family, might be related to the secret tribunal, and set down as evidence against him. But the instant the restraint was removed, secret societies were formed all over the empire, and the Czar had to re-establish the accused institution.

"Man forgets, and God forgives," whispered a Russian; "but the secret police neither forget nor forgive." The frivolous coartation which took place years ago at the dinner-table, or over the punch-bowl, or in a moment of vexation or anger, all are noted with the malicious comments of those who reported it. All are thrown into the balance when the victim's fate is weighed, unknown evidence thus influencing the decision by unknown judges as to the destiny of a man who, has, perhaps, in reality never offended even against the peculiar code of political and social morality which is the standard of this fearful institution.

Count K—, a Hungarian nobleman, had in former years a most curious experience in respect to the "peculiar institution" of Russia. He had made the acquaintance of a highly accomplished Russian lady in one of his summer excursions in Germany, who invited him to her estates in Southern Russia. Count K— obtained a passport and went to visit the lady. Having himself the experience of a great landed proprietor, he soon discovered that the lady must have been robbed to an enormous extent by the agent of her estates, and requested to be allowed to look into the accounts. He quickly proved that she was the victim of a conspiracy amongst her overzealous, who deplored her of nearly one-half her income. The lady, by his advice, dismissed her principal agent, and took steps for suing him at the provincial court for the recovery of her property. A few days later, the count received an invitation to attend the governor of the province, who told him, it might be better not to interfere with the affair of the lady; especially, added he, since a foreigner cannot appreciate the peculiar institutions of Russia. If the count was interested in the lady, it might be safer for her to make a compromise with the faithless agent, and to intrust him once more with the management of her affairs, since all the judges at the court were bribed; and if she pressed the trial against him, it would be her ruin. The judge could not condemn him with-



cat condemning themselves for having conspired at his hands for so many years. The count expressed his astonishment at this cool disclosure from the governor of the province; but was again met with the reply, that a foreigner cannot comprehend the character of the institutions of Russia. The count returned to his home at dusk, and on his way was struck by a bullet fired from an ambush. Of course he did not waste his time in denouncing to a court of justice concerning which he had received such curious information. He communicated to his fair hostess the advice of the governor, and his firm belief that his excellency was likewise bribed, and took his departure immediately.

#### THE Czar.

Of the extent of his general knowledge and acquirements, few have the privilege of judging; but, like most princes of the present day, and like all Russians of high rank, he speaks fluently and without accent, several languages. French and German are familiar to him as his mother-tongue; the English he has learned, like all the other members of the imperial family of the past and present generation, from very illiterate Scotch nurses and attendants, whose homely fidelity has always been appreciated in their nursery, and with whom Nicholas and his empress not only frequently condescend to drink tea. From these people the imperial family seem to derive many of their ideas of English, and including the Emperor, are evidently grossly ignorant of the condition and usages of British society. Thus the Grand Duke Michael, the emperor's brother, meets the clergyman of the British factory of St. Petersburg in the streets, and addresses him in English with "O—d— you eyes! how are you?" This is from no intention to insult, but only from his ignorance, not out of the true bearing of the words he is using, but of the distinctions of society, which prevents his seeing the impropriety of thus expressing even the exaltation of his good humor towards a personage to whom his character as a clergyman renders such expressions indecent to say any man on earth.

Domestic and moderate in his habits, few princes have borne a more unblemished private character than the present emperor long has done. A strict lover of justice when not interfering with his own pretensions or interests, he has, for the first time since the reign of Peter I., endeavored to enforce its rigid administration according to law, with but little success, corruption goes on apace, without let or hindrance. The following proof of this, I feel sure will hardly be credited by any readers as having occurred at one of the so-called civilised courts of Europe. The empress, wishing to prevent some mark of esteem to the famous singer Rabin, procured a watch richly set with diamonds, which she exhibited at an evening-party at court to the general admiration of those present, among whom was the Prince of Prussia, her brother. After the splendid jewel had been duly examined and admired, it was handed to the marshal of the court to be presented to the singer. Two days after, the Prince of Prussia, meeting Rabin in the street, inquired of him how he was pleased with the gift of the empress. Upon Rabin's taking it out, the prince saw to his astonishment only a common gold watch, the enamelled one having apparently melted away in the hands of the courtiers.

#### LITERATURE IN RUSSIA.

In the eyes of the present Czar, science and literature are too dangerous tools for despotism—a two-edged sword, which he does not like to wield, though he often becomes furious that the attacks on Russia cannot be met by the official Russian authors in a readable shape. Jealous of his power, he hates and fears any of his subjects whose name becomes known without the previous permission of his government. The fame of his generals through an additional splendor on the Czar, who has selected them for the command of his armies. He can unmake them, by putting them into some obscure corner of his empire. But an author may become popular without the emperor's

leave; and though he sends him to Siberia, as he did with Betushoff, or to the Caucasus, as happened to Lermontoff, their thoughts cannot be banished, their exile does not repress the excitement of the public, and the desire to read their productions. The Czar, with all his unlimited power, cannot create talents, nor can he destroy their results. Still, Nicholas attempts to put down the spirit of independent Russian authors, by withholding from literature the imperial approbation; it is not fashionable in St. Petersburg to become an author. Nicholas is, in this respect, just as exacting as his father was, who, when the French ambassador mentioned a Russian scholar, calling him eminent in science, Czar Paul seemed offended, and replied, that in Russia no man is eminent unless the emperor allows it.

While on the subject of Russia we will add a few anecdotes from a work just published in England, called "An Englishwoman in Russia," the author of which spent ten years in that country.

#### A RUSSIAN SPY.

I remember, when in the province of Archangel, a deaf and dumb gentleman paid the town a visit; he was furnished with letters of introduction to some families there, and was well received at the governor's table; his agreeable manners and accomplishments, joined to his misfortune, made him a general favorite, and caused much interest; he could read French, German, Russian and Polish; was a connoisseur of Art, and showed several pretty drawings of his own execution. Two or three times I was struck with an expression of more intelligence in his face than one would expect when any conversation was going on behind his back. It was not until three years after that I accidentally heard this man spoken of in St. Petersburg. He was one of the Government spies.

The boxing of ears of maids is not beneath the dignity of any lady; but when the maid is not a Russian, there may be some danger in the practice. A princess whose hair was being dressed by a French waiting maid, receiving some accidental scratch, turned round and slapped the face of her attendant. The Frenchwomen had the lady's back hair in her hands at the time, and grasping it firmly held her head fast, while she administered a sound correction on the cheeks of her highness with the back of her hair-brush. It was an insult that could not be resented publicly. A lady of her highness's blood could not let it be said that a servant had given her a beating, and she therefore bribed the Frenchwomen by money and kind treatment to hold her tongue.

Yet blows do not count for much in Russia; from the highest to the lowest, all are liable to suffer them. A lady of the highest rank, using the lady's privilege of obliterating in the ear of the Emperor at a masked ball, let fall some indiscreet suggestions. She was followed home by a spy; summoned the next day to Count Orloff's office; pointed to a chair; silently interrogated; presently let quietly down into a cellar, where she was hatched by some person unknown.

We received, too late for notice in our last week's paper, a new number of the *Westminster Review*, from the publishers, Leonard, Scott & Co. We would recommend to our readers these reprints of the leading English magazines, the *London Quarterly*, the *Edinburgh Review*, the *North British*, the *Westminster*, and *Blackwood*. By an arrangement with the English publishers these can be placed in the hands of subscribers at about the same time with the foreign copies, and, as will be seen by a reference to our advertising columns, at a much lower rate. The present number of the *Westminster* contains articles on the Anglo-French Alliance, Ballads for the People, Prussia and Prussian Policy, the Princepsraub, a Glimpse of Saxon History, Poland her History and Prospects,

Cambridge University Reform, Austria in the Principality, and Contemporary Literature.

From the Naples Journal of Art.

#### HENRY SQUIRES IN ITALY.

It is almost two years since we made the acquaintance of a young American tenor, who came to Naples to educate himself in the difficult art of singing. From the first moment that we heard his voice, we prophesied to Henry Squires the most brilliant career on the Italian stage. Our prophecy was repeated even now, and we were to publish it in the columns of this journal, so sure are we that it will be fulfilled; for whoever has a voice so well toned, flexible, and sympathetic, and of such an extended compass, and possesses dramatic intelligence and sentiment, cannot miss placing himself among the first singers of the day. Yes, with all these requisites young Squires is abundantly provided; and to the gifts of the mind he joins the graces of person. Henry Squires, having all these, will become in a short time one of the first tenors of our most renowned theaters. This is the prophecy we have made of him. Nor after all is what we say of him mere prophecy. The public says young Squires has made thus far no fewer, and in all of them he has succeeded in winning for himself the esteem and sympathy of the spectators. Saying nothing of the part he has so splendidly sustained in the sacred concert given at Caserta; saying nothing of the solo song by him in the church of St. Theresa, where he received the congratulations from the Professors of the Orchestra of the San Carlo, who accompanied him, our readers will surely remember the warm praises we had heard been given him in a concert at theater of the Fiorentino, where he sustained himself equally with the singers of the San Carlo, with whom he was there associated, and perhaps even surpassed them in respect to the freshness of his voice, and his performance of the most difficult variations. There Squires sang beautifully the romance of "Louise Miller." *Quando lei mi al placido*, and it was for the masterly execution of this that our journal then said that his voice was capable of combining the double advantage of sweetness and strength.

All these essays, however, are a mere nothing compared to the clamorous applause which greeted him on the stage of the theater St. Ferdinando of Naples, as first tenor in the *Traviata* of Verdi. This magic opera was there repeated no less than twenty-seven times, but among the first performers Squires alone was applauded in all his pieces; for him only the people ran to the theater, and he on his part omitted nothing to attract the sympathy of the public. Furthermore, that the merit of the young tenor may shine more brightly, we must not pass over in silence that he made his debut on the Italian stage in less than ten months after his arrival here, where he became a stranger to the language and the art.

At the same theater, a new opera entitled *Le Leonilda*, by Master Ruta was performed, written expressly for Squires, and had all the singers show the ability and earnestness of the tenor, (who was applauded in every piece,) the *Leonilda* would here met with a brilliant triumph.

These successes, perhaps unnoticed for by the American Tenor, might have made him vain; but Squires knew how far he was deserving those bursts of applause he felt that he was satisfying the Neapolitan Public only by the richness of his voice and the grace of his singing; but that he did not deserve all their praise in this; that he had not entirely yet dismissed his English accent, nor was his pronunciation of their language exact. Finally he comprehended that the great charm of Italian singing consists in the emission of vowels, in the accent of syllables and in the sound of the word. On this account having finished the season's engagement at the St. Ferdinando, he did not wish to accept the warm invitations of other impresarios, and having retired from public life, he has applied himself exclusively in private to the study of our language.

Almost a year since we heard Squires at Sorrento, the birth place of Torquato Tasso, and the impression he then produced upon us is beyond description. Since then the volume of his voice has been greatly developed, the frankness with which he emits and colors his chromatics would honor the most accomplished artist. At Sorrento, in the beautiful Sorrento, there took place a public concert at which were united as spectators illustrious travelers and the élite of the Capital; among these there was his Royal Highness, the Count of Syracuse, the King's brother, who, after the concert, was pleased to wait upon Squires and express his satisfaction at the beauty of his voice and the superior style of his singing. Squires in this concert sang the air of the *Pirata*, and the duetto of the *Don Pasquale*; but where he produced a real enthusiasm was in the *terzetto* of the *Lombardi*.

After all this, we do not believe that there is any one who will say that our prophecy in regard to the future of Squires was by any means the production of an overwrought imagination. We have said that Squires will be first tenor in the Italian opera, and next autumn the spectators of one of the most famous theaters of Italy will see our prophecy completely fulfilled.

#### DOORS.

The savage has no door to his dwelling. Even when he has ceased burrowing in the ground like a rabbit or wild dog, and has advanced to the dignity of a hut or kraal, a hunting-lodge, a canoe turned keel upwards, or any one of those edifices in resemblance between a wasp's nest and a dirt-pile, in which it is the delight of the chief and warrior to dwell, to dance, to howl, to paint himself and to eat his foes, he never rises to the possession of a door. The early Greeks and Romans had doorways, but no doors. Noah's ark—the ridiculous toy-shop of Egypt, notwithstanding, could not have had a door. Mordecai sat in the Gate, but Haman's door is nowhere mentioned. The old painters who represent Diogenes take care to show you an opening into the street, but no door; and through the entrance you see Lazarus lying, and the dogs licking his sores. The mouths of caves and sepulchres in oriental countries where the dead were hurried were closed with huge stones; it was reserved for our age of general furnisiers and cemetery companies to build a mausoleum over our dear brother departed with a door, with panels, and knobs and nails and carvings, wanting only a brass knocker to have everything in common with the door of a desirable family mansion. The Parthenon had no door; go and look at its modelled counterfeit in the British Museum; through the lofty portal you see the wilderness of columns and the gigantic statue of the goddess. The great temples of Nineveh and Babylon, of Ephesus and Egypt, had no doors. Skins and linen veils, tapestries and curtains of silk were hung across doorways there—as, in the East, they are now—to ensure privacy to those within; Gese had gates, and so had Haman; but the door, the door-knocker, the brass-plate, and the bells that rang it for visitors and servants, the iron chain, the latch-key, the top and bottom bolts—these are the inventions of modern times, and the offshoots of modern civilization. Wherever there is most luxury, you will find most doors. Poverty, dirt, barbarism, have little or no doors yet. Again, where manners are rude and unpolished, a post, a pit, a cellar, a cage, suffice for the confinement of a criminal; but where the men congregate thickly—where art, learning, and commerce flourish,

where riches multiply, and splendor prevails—men must have prisons with many doors: ten, twenty, thirty, one inside the other, like carvings in a Chinese concentric ball.

Doors have as many aspects as men. Every trade and calling, every sect and creed, every division and subdivision of the body social have their several characteristic doors. As in the curious old toy-clocks made at Nuremberg, the apostles come out at one door; an angel at another; the cock that, crowing, confounded Peter, at another; while Judas Iscariot had a peculiar low-browed door to himself, from which he popped when the hour struck; so now-a-days, in our clock of life, every grade has its special door of ingress and egress.

The theater has its doors—box, pit and gallery—with one private, sacred portal for the Queen Bee when she condescends to patronize the drama; a door leading into a narrow, inconvenient, little passage generally, with a flight of stairs seemingly designed for the express purpose of breaking the neck of the stage-manager, who walks in crab-like fashion, before Majesty, bookwards, in an absurd court suit, and holding two lighted tapers in battered old stage candlesticks, hot drops of wax from which fall in a bounteous shower upon his black silk smalls. Just contrast this multitude of doors with the simple arrangement of the Roman amphitheaters. Apertures there were in plenty to allow the audience to depart, but they were common to all; and the patrician and his client, the plebeian and the freedman, struggled out of the Coliseum by the same vomitories. There was but one special door in the whole circus; and that was one, entrance through which was envied by nobody, for it was of iron and, on the inside thereof was a den where the lions that ate the gladiators lay.

The church has many doors. One for the worshippers who are lessees of pews, or are willing to pay one shilling-a-head for doctrine; one leading to the rickety gallery where the charity children sit; one which the parson and clerk more especially effect, for it leads to the vestry; and one—a dark, dank, frowning door—is a sort of shed in the churchyard; this last is the door of which the sexton has the key—the door of the bare room with whitewashed walls, the brick floor, and the tressels standing in the midst—the door of the house of death.

Then there is the great door of justice in the hall where that glorious comendity is so liberally dispensed to all who seek it; though to be sure, the dispensation is not in bright, sterling, current coin, but is ordinarily given in kind: horsehair, sheepskin, pounce (some while called devil's dust) words, stale jokes, wigs, and lies being (per force) taken in lieu of cash—as politicians also jince port wine and worthless pictures are from a Jew bill discounter. This is the great door that must never be closed against suitors; and never is closed—oh, dear no!—any more than the front door of the mansion inhabited by my friend Mr. Webspinner the Spider, who keeps open house continually, and—hospitable creature!—desires me to prove that he ever closed his door against a fly. Justice has more doors. There is the private door leading to the judges' robing room; the door for the criminals, and the door for the magistrates in the police court. There is the great spiked door through which the committed for trial enter into

Newgate; and there is the small black, iron-garled door, about the level of the street—the debtors' door, where the last debt is to be paid, and whence come in the raw morning the clergyman reading of the remission and the life, and after him the pallid man with his arms tied with ropes who is to be hanged by the neck until he be dead. After this there is but one more door that will concern him—the door that must concern us all some day—the door covered with cloth, neatly paneled with tin tacks or gilt nails, according to our condition; with an engraved plate, moreover, bearing our name and age; the door that opens not with a handle, or cloose with a lock, or has hinges, but is unspringingly fastened to its house by screws—the door that has no knocker, for its sleeper behind it must be woken with a trampet, and not a rat-tat.—*Household Words.*

#### THE MUSICIAN AND HIS PUPIL.

The wind was blowing boisterously without; but a still more furious storm was raging inside the house of Frederick Kummer, the clever German musician. It was a storm such as only a scolding wife can raise, but her violent gestures and noisy tongue. The poor unfortunate wight against whom it was directed had taken refuge behind a high music-stand, and stood there unmoved as a coral reef against which the waves are incessantly beating. In his head he had a trombone, which he blew rightistly to drown the noise made by his troublesome spouse. She, finding herself totally unable to make herself heard against the overpowering blasts of the instrument, had recourse to the language of signs, which, as the reader is aware, is carried on by the use of the hands; and even this more impressive mode of conveying ideas had no effect upon the impetuous musician. But what trumpeter's lungs can hold out against a scolding woman? As soon as the exhausted performer removed the instrument from his lips, a volley of force invectives was poured upon his devoted head.

Just at this critical juncture, a young man with a violin-case under his arm came to the rescue. He was one of Kummer's most diligent pupils, named Ferdinand Liebert. The professor, picking to a trumpet that was hanging by the wall, and resuming his trombone, said laconically, "The chromatic scale!"

The young man cast a glance of his bright blue eyes upon the woman, who stood there pale with anger, as if to inspire indifference for what he was about to do; and then proceeded to fulfil his master's command, which to him was not difficult, because he could handle almost every musical instrument tolerably well.

Trombone and trumpet now commenced the chromatic scale, making a noise which was all the more harrowing to hear because Kummer purposely kept half a note before his pupil.

The good woman was obliged to give in. The chromatic scale was too much for her, and she was glad to escape by flight.

As soon as she had gone out of the room, Kummer put down his trombone and spoke as follows, with frequent pauses:—

"Whatever you do, my young friend, pray don't marry. Beware of such a wife as mine more than of a poisonous snake or a discordant note. The wise Socrates was immortalised even more by his bewitching Xanthippe than by his wisdom. Instead of being as I deserved, a distinguished musician, I am now merely a poor teacher. I had a violin, a 'Stalder,' which it was a pity not to take up at any time. By its magic tones I could easily have surpassed every rival. Once when Mr. Xanthippe was overbearing me with an shower of abusive language, on account of my having offended her in some trifling matter, I got out of temper, and in my rage gave her a good

knock on the head with my 'Steiner,' and from that time I have been deprived of my greatest treasure. It was suddenly missing; nor have I been able by any importunities or any threats to extort from my Xanthippe what she did with it. My despair at this loss led me at last to folly. I lost all interest in my musical studies, tried in vain to find comfort in the glass, and continued henceforth a banger in my art. It is a wonder I am alive after having been a married man for sixteen years. Look around my wretched place; here you see fragments of plates and cups, there the hair-broom, the sugar clippers, my music-box and ruler, my wife's night-gown rolled up,—a heap of rubbish of all sorts, which she in her fury has thrown together without rhyme or reason. And what is all this wasteful expenditure of violence about? Because at dinner I let a little broth fall upon my clean shirt-front? Shed a tear of silent compassion for the woes of your antipathetic teacher, and beware of his fate!"

As this was not the first time Ferdinand had listened to his master's complaints, and tears do not come to order, his eyes remained quite dry. Besides, he was not yet artist enough to be able to estimate the full value of a "Steiner" violin. He was quite satisfied with the loss of his second-hand one, which he had bought for a small sum, and from which he managed to elicit by no means contemptible music. He was the eldest of a musical viceroy's family in Saxony, every member of which, with the sole exception of the mother, devoted their leisure moments to the practice of music. The father was the instructor and leader of the little choir, comprising six sons and two daughters, who performed on Sundays and festival days, and at marriages, baptisms, and other family rejoicings. Catherine, the eldest daughter, a blooming lass of sixteen used to play the bass viol with her plump bare arms, while her younger sister, a girl named Mary, about eight years old, handled the viola as well as she could. The father, conscious of his own imperfections, acknowledged the superior talents of his eldest son, and had removed to Dresden for the purpose of having them properly cultivated, and it was an object of general concern to every member of the family to try and obtain the necessary means. How then could Ferdinand do otherwise than put forth all his strength and use every effort to obtain the object of his family's wishes, when he knew that he was depending upon their laborious exertions?

When Ferdinand had finished his lesson, and was about to leave his master's house, the mistress, who was waiting for him, asked him to step into her room. She was now quite a different woman. Tears were in her eyes as she thus spoke, with agitated looks and frequent sighs:—

"Don't deceive me, Ferdinand, but tell me candidly whether my husband has not plotted me to you as a heretic wretch! Now he got enough to hear my side of the question. I ask nothing more of my husband than good order and propriety of behavior. He shall not come into this house in a disgraceful state of intoxication. I assure you I would long ago have been appointed court musician if he had paid more attention to his conduct and dress. But the Court marshal was afraid he might go to court in an incompetent state, with wine stains on his light blue uniform, with his hair uncombed, and his nose ungartered. This was the true cause of his not being promoted,—not the loss of his old violin, which he broke about my head. A violin, even though it be a 'Steiner,' or an 'Amati,' is still nothing to a child, and my husband took my child from me, and put it out to nurse, I don't know where. 'My dear Lina, our only child,' said he 'shall not be a witness to our disagreements, and thus lose all respect for her father.' Ah! if I had but my daughter about me I should be better able to put up with my husband's shameful behavior; but he will not be contented, he will go on his own ways. But it is not handsome of you to take his part, and help him to make that horrible noise, as you did just now."

"How can I help it?" said Ferdinand; "If my master gives me orders, it is my duty to obey. Oh! what would I give to make peace between you. Could you not be a little more indulgent?"

"Silence!" interrupted the angry woman: "Is it for a child like you to presume to dictate to me? Begone!" The youth went off with a sigh over the failure of his well-meant attempt.

Not long after, the music-master was again compelled to exercise the furious spirit of his wife by recourse to the chromatic scale. He again invoked the aid of his pupil, who without hesitation, took down the trumpet, and put it to his lips. His master tried the same with the trombone; but a glance of malicious satisfaction now flashed from the eyes of the storming virgin, as she scornfully cried, "Blow away!" Both pressed their lips to the instruments, and knew full well they were black in their face, but not a note was heard. Their attempts to produce a sound were as futile as those of the frog in the fable, which tried, by swelling itself out, to become as large as the ox.

"Blow away!" repeated the aggravating women. All her husband was infuriated to frenzy. Ferdinand, too, looked very foolish, as he stood by the side of his master, whom he could not help saying with suspicion, for he observed that he spoke thickly, and that the redness of the nose testified but too plainly to the truth of the woman's charges of intemperance. The portified music-master stood speechless, with his head hanging down, submitting patiently to all his wife's reproaches, as long as she chose to heap them upon him. But no sooner had she finished, and left the room, than he exclaimed in a deprecating tone:—

"She had put cork plugs in the instruments! I can hear it no longer. It is all up with me."

The unhappy man would not be comforted, not withstanding all his sympathizing pupil could advance. But a few days afterwards, when Ferdinand came to receive his lesson, he found the wife in utter despair. Before her stood a poor woman with Kammer's coat and hat in her hands, both of which she had found close to the side of the river. There was a piece of paper in the coat-pocket with the name and address of the wearer written in pencil, which had enabled her to find out the place. As Jacob's man took him Joseph's coat of many colors covered with blood, and asked him to see whether he knew it, so this woman had thrown the musician's wife into consternation by taking her his coat and hat. Overcome with distress, she reproached herself, though now, also, it was late, with her harshness to him, and vowed she would put up with all his faults, if he could but undo what had been done. That he had committed suicide, appeared evident enough, for all her efforts to trace him were of no avail. She now tried her utmost to remove the unpleasant impression produced in Ferdinand's mind by her last interview with him. Besides the fate of her husband, she deplored the loss of her daughter, who, as she said, she could not discover, though she searched diligently among her husband's papers, and identified in the public journals.

Six months elapsed, during which Ferdinand pursued his studies under another master. One day he was startled observing a loud cry as he was passing by the house of his late mistress. He hastened to see what was the matter, and behold a strange but agreeable sight. A young maiden of fifteen lay in the embrace of the musician's wife, who now, for the first time these ten years, clasped her daughter to her heart, and gave vent to her feelings of affectionate surprise and delight in loud exclamations. The foster-parents of the girl had sent her back because they had received nothing from her father for six months past.

Lina was a simple girl, but had been brought up in habits of industry. She soon rendered her mother valuable assistance by needlework and millinery, and was quite a treasure to her in various ways. As neither Lina nor Ferdinand ever gave the former woman any ground for displeasure, she completely

laid aside her scolding habits. The young man found his intercourse with the family much more agreeable now, and his only source of regret was the thought that it must soon come to an end, as his father required that he should begin to turn his musical skill to account by making a tour through the principal towns and baths of Germany. His performance elicited the warm commendations of his new master; and the only thing wanting to ensure his success, was a better instrument than he possessed, but unfortunately he had no means of obtaining one.

A few days before his departure, on his return from a walk by the side of the river near the spot where his master's coat and hat had been found, he went into his room intending to amuse himself by experimenting on his violin. It was dusk, and he opened the case and took out the instrument in an exhausted mood, without noticing any thing unusual. But the moment he began to play he was struck with an unaccountable alteration. It could not be his old violin, nor his old bow, for he had never before produced or even heard such delicious tones. Delighted with the unexpected acquisition, he immediately inquired for an explanation of his mistress as she entered the room. In reply, she said with deep emotion, "My vow is fulfilled. I declared that the violin with which my husband struck me on the head should never come to light till my lost daughter returned. Take the instrument as a memorial, and make a better use of it than my poor husband did."

"But this violin," replied the delighted youth, "is very valuable. You might easily get a large sum for it. Why should you make me so costly a present?"

"If you regard it as such, so much the better," replied she. "It is of no use to me, and you are pleased with it; that is enough for me." The young man could not find words to express his gratitude and delight. He rushed to his chamber, and set up a great part of the night playing all his favorite pieces upon his new instrument.

A few days afterwards the generosity of the widow was rewarded with some property which came to her. Though not sufficient to make her rich, it was yet ample enough to supply all her own and her daughter's wants in future.

On the other hand, Ferdinand set out on a professional tour, taking his highly-prized violin with him. He played well, but it happened to him as to young authors whose first productions are not appreciated by the book-sellers because their name is not yet known. Hence our young violinist received but scanty pecuniary reward, though he was abundantly honored with approbation and compliments. After a concert which he had given near his native village, he took the opportunity of visiting his home, which he had not seen for three years. He was received by his father, mother, brothers, and sisters with the warmest expressions of delight and affection.

A few evenings, which he had with some difficulty saved from his seraglio, formed the first fruits of the capital which had been laid out upon his education. Crowded with the blessings of his family, he set out again after a few days, well knowing that a prophet has no honor in his own country, and therefore intending to go out of Germany. After roaming about a good deal, he at last went to the Netherlands, and gave a concert at the Hague. He soon began to get a name, and was engaged to perform at all the principal musical entertainments that took place. At a rehearsal for one of these he met with a strange adventure. He had just left his place in the orchestra to speak to the conductor, having laid down his violin, when he suddenly heard a great uproar behind, and on looking round saw a musician rushing down the steps of the orchestra with great violence, and snatching up the instrument he prized so dearly. The person in question gave a hasty glance through the holes in the sounding-board, and immediately cried out, "This is it! It is my 'Steiner' violin! Here is the mother's name inside! I have you again, my much-deplored, my incomparable violin!"

mediately on hearing the first tones I recognized the lost treasure." At the same time he pressed the instrument passionately to his heart. Ferdinand had not observed him long, before he was still more anxious to recognize in him his missing master, the unfortunate Kammer. Yes it was he, and no other is the course of the four years during which he had been thought dead he had so much cleared that Ferdinand did not at first recognize him among the rest of the band. He himself also had altered even more, having grown fatter and stouter, as was natural at his age. He was delighted to meet his preceptor once more, who was on his side not a little proud to witness the wonderful proficiency of his pupil. As soon as they could they got together alone they recounted to each other their adventures during the interval that had elapsed since they last saw each other.

"As for my wife," said Kammer, "I could not bear with her any longer. Partly to revenge myself, and partly to elude all enquiry, I made her believe I had drowned myself. In reality, however, I had set out in answer to an advertisement, to play the hautboy to a regiment here. It was the distance from home which prompted me to take this step. But when I came, I was considered too old for that post, and was accordingly placed in the band with which you found me."

When Ferdinand told him of the great change which had taken place in his wife, the return of his daughter, the little property they had inherited, and the comfort in which they were living together, he gave no other sign of emotion than a suppressed sigh. But when both of them, after a successful performance, were regaling themselves in merry mood, he suddenly turned to Ferdinand, and said, "look me in the face, and tell me whether you see improvement in my appearance. In my eyes as red as it used to be!" Ferdinand examined him attentively, and confessed he saw a decided change for the better, an acknowledgment which afforded him evident satisfaction. He then thus continued questioning him—"What do you say to my dress? Is it clean? Is my shirt front crumpled or stained?" To all these questions Ferdinand was able to give a satisfactory answer.

"Ah," rejoined he, "I saw admit that my wife had good reason to reproach me as she did. Perhaps she would not now so see me now as she had her daughter with her. If I did but know—"

As he was going on in this tone, Ferdinand saw clearly it was no difficult matter to induce him to return home. Accordingly he did his best to persuade him, and soon succeeded. After a few weeks, the reformed husband was once more in the arms of his wife and daughter, who, with his pupil, spared no exertion to make him happy. Nor was it long before a union was celebrated between Ferdinand and Lisa, which was a source of happiness to both. This took place after the young violinist had attained to the post of court musician, for which Kammer had sighed in vain. And the former master, who in bestowing upon Ferdinand his daughter, had given him his most precious jewel, added also the "Stalder" violin, which to the young artist's hands would, he said, out fall to be duly appreciated. And such, indeed, proved to be the case. In a very short time, he was able to repay his parents for all the sacrifices they had made on his account.

Let this simple story carry the moral for all of the "Kammer" class of husband, and never let them break off to follow the wonderful fiddle of harmony, if they break it over the head of an enduring wife.—*Eliza Cook's Journal.*

## MISCELLANIES.

EXTRAORDINARY IF TRUE.—According to some Italian journals, a new organized being has been discovered in the interior of Africa, which seems to form an immediate link between vegetable and animal life. This singular pro-

duction of nature has the shape of a spotted serpent. It drags itself on the ground; instead of a head, it has a flower, shaped like a bell, which contains a viscous liquid. Flies and other insects, attracted by the smell of the juice, enter into the flower, where they are caught by the adhesive matter. The flower then closes, and remains shut until the prisoners are transformed into chyle. The indigestible portion, such as the head and wings, are thrown out by spiral openings. The vegetable serpent has a skin resembling leaves, a white and soft flesh, and instead of a bony skeleton, a cartilaginous frame filled with yellow marrow. The natives consider it delicious food.

POWER OF WOMEN IN TURKEY.—A man meeting a woman in the street, turns his head from her as if it were forbidden to look on her; they seem to detest an impudent woman, to shun and avoid her. Any one, therefore, among the Christians, who may have discussions or altercations with Turks, if he has a woman of spirit, or a virago for his wife, sets her to revile and browbeat them, and by these means not infrequently gains his point. The highest disgrace and shame would attend a Turk who would lift his hand against a woman; all he can do, is to treat her with harsh and contemptuous words, or to march off. The sex lay nobles on this privilege, that they are frequently apt to indulge their passion to excess, to be most unreasonable in their claims, and violent and irregular in the pursuit of them. They will importune, tease, and insult a judge on his bench, or even the vizier at his divan; the officers of justice do not know how to resent their turbulence; and it is a general observation, that to get rid of them, they often let them gain their cause.—*Sir George Larpent's Turkey.*

—In former times it was customary for the Indians to attack a village on Sunday, when they thought the men would be in church, and unprepared to receive them. The savages having been successful on several occasions, it became a necessary precaution for the males to go armed, and have sittings near the door of a pew, to be enabled on the first alarm to leave the place where they were congregated, and repel the attack of their enemies. The custom of the male members of the family occupying the first sittings in a pew, is supposed to have originated in this manner.

—A western editor speaking of a concert singer, says her voice is delicious—pure as the moonlight, and as tender as a three-shilling shirt.

## ADVERTISEMENTS.

## SPECIAL NOTICE.

Musical and Musical Instruments of all kinds will be selected and forwarded by the Editor of this Journal, on receipt of the money, with statement of the style of instrument, the manufacturer, (if any particular one be preferred), and the address to which the instrument is to be forwarded; no forwarding charge is added.

MODE BUTTAL KOUSHTH HAS ON HAND FRENCH and English Sewing Machines, of the latest and best make, at low prices. Sewing and other articles made to order. 125 North street, near Broadway.

THOMAS BRYAN'S FORTY-SIXTH, FIFTH AVE. No. 125th Street will take place at HODGSON'S ACCOUNT, No. 88 Broadway, on TUESDAY, February 20th, 1855.

GENTLEMEN AND LADIES, A FRENCH KNIGHT as Professor of Music in a French School, is willing to accept of a more lucrative situation in some large establishment, where the exert of a first rate French Musician would be required. The lady is also anxious to teach the languages. The best of references can be given as to qualifications. No payment could be made until effectually June next. Address 137 2nd MILLER & BRACHMAN, Baltimore, Md.

## NEW YORK ADVERTISEMENTS.

WANTED, IMMEDIATELY, A TENOR SINGER, to take charge of the choir in the city of Montreal, C. E. Agley & Co. of the office of this paper. 139 11th St.

A KNOX BAGGAGE, No. 14 EAST FIFTEENTH STREET, between 11th and 12th Avenues, New York.

C. BASINI, 30 BROADWAY, N. Y. RESIDENCE, 230 Atlantic St., Brooklyn.

GEORGE W. WARREN, MUSICIAN, ALBANY, N. Y.

J. H. CURTIS, JR. 60 SALARY STREET, TROY, N. Y.

A FOWLER—CHERRY VALLEY FEMALE ACADEMY, Cherry Valley, N. Y.

MISS AUGUSTA BROWNE, PROFESSOR OF THE PIANO-FORTE, Singing and Harmony, No. 87 East 12th Street, near Lexington Avenue.

MRS. CLARA M. BRINCKENHOFF, No. 200 Prince street, New York.

JOHN F. BROWN & CO., MAKERS & IMPORTERS OF Grand, Grand-Grand, and Six Octave DOUBLE ACTION PIANOS, Waterhouse 50 Broadway, New York. A list of prices and descriptions can be received by mail.

LIGHTS NEWTON & REDBURN, 14 NASSAU ST. N. Y. LA MANUFACTURERS, Waterhouse 40 BROAD STREET, N. Y.

PIANO—WERNER SCHULZE & LUDWIG REQUESTED to examine their pianos in order to see with their satisfaction, I must testify that I had the same satisfaction of the piano. With the same satisfaction, I must testify that I had the same satisfaction of the piano.

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Extract from the last Report of the Committee on Exhibition given by Franklin Institute, at Dr. Jayne's Building, Philadelphia.

We find the following valuable features in the Pianos made by Hallet, Davis, & Co.

I. Increased size of sounding Board, with large curve or sweep to the scale, thereby producing greater power.

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III. By an ingenious arrangement of the Bridge, the strings of each particular note, (say middle A & C, &c., which, as you know, have two strings), are of nearly the same length, which in all other pianos we have examined, are (from the sweep of the scale) of unequal length. This, we think, is of great moment in the attainment of what is so desirable—Equality of Tone.

IV. The objections which have been urged against the Iron Frame, viz: that it produces a metallic tone, (not correct in our opinion) are done away with by the introduction of a copper bar between the bridge and the strings, thus giving the tones a purer and more liquid quality than can be obtained by the old arrangement, and from the pointed bearing of the strings over the bridge, anything like a jar is effectually obviated.

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#### SILVER MEDAL.

Extract of a letter received from Wm. Mason  
Buffalo, Dec. 24, 1854.

Messrs. Hallet, Davis & Co., Gentlemen,—  
Your letter of Nov. 29th is received, making enquiries in regard to the Grand Pianoforte used at my first concert in Boston. I would say that it got somewhat out of tune, owing to the dampness and oppressive heat of the atmosphere. I used the same Pianoforte at my second Concert at Boston, and played my whole programme on it, without in the least throwing it out of tune. I was perfectly satisfied with the instrument. I have since used and am now using one of your Grand Pianofortes, which stands in tune as well as any instrument I have ever seen. Owing to the beautiful elasticity of the action of your Grand Pianofortes, (which possess the same qualities as the action that has contributed to give Edward his world-wide reputation,) I think it would be impossible for any pianist, who plays properly to break either a string, or a hammer. I certainly never have broken them. In conclusion, I beg to express to you, my perfect satisfaction, in every respect, with regard to your Grand Pianofortes. Very truly yours, (Signed) Wm. Mason.

OCTOBER 20th, 1854.

GENTS.—You wish me to state my opinion of the *Æolian Piano Forte* made by Messrs. Hallet, Davis & Co., purchased of you. I am very happy of the opportunity thus afforded me to say that, in every respect, myself and family

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are delighted with the instrument. After an experience of many years with other pianos, both with and without the *Æolian* accompaniment, I am free to say that the instrument we had of you surpasses all others in every thing essential to a good piano. The Piano and *Æolian* stand in tune well together, and I would under no circumstances be without the *Æolian*. Respectfully yours, J. L. EYKHAIT.

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# Musical World.

A Journal for "Heavenly Music's Earthly Friends."

Richard Storrs Willis, Editor and Proprietor.

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## MUSIC IN THIS NUMBER.

### GAUDEAMUS:

A Latin song, sung by German Students; arranged as a Solo, and also as a Quartet for two Tenors and two Basses, by the editor of the *Musical World*.

## EDITOR'S BUDGET.

Signorina Vestrali (whose eponymous name is suggestive of all-pleasant music) met with very positive success on Saturday evening as *Arcane* in Rossini's *Semiramide*. She is, personally, a fine specimen of symmetrical womanhood, possessing a degree of nervous vitality and power which admirably suited the character of the young commander, and threw fresh life into a part which we have heretofore but feebly and imperfectly seen represented. Vestrali came on the stage in an gallant and effective manner as ever a woman could—in perfect keeping with the dramatic subject and forming, in itself, a very handsome and calibrating picture. So far as personal presence and action are concerned Signorina's success is, we think, a *predetermined* thing. Having first censored her powers in Europe as a tragic actress, she combines the two unusual qualities of thorough-bred acting with fine singing—unusual at least until Madame Grisi presented us the same combination.

Her vocal voice is an excellent contralto, effectively managed. It is sufficiently voluminous in tone for power, and being sustained and invigorated by her unusual nervous vitality and vividness of dramatic conception, it is actually far more effective

than a voice of much greater natural volume. We presume Signorina makes no pretension to any unusual feat of vocalism,—florid embellishment and so on; but, possessing sufficient of this for all purposes, she pursues her straightforward and effective path in the action, bent upon *success*—and sure of it.

There were several remarkable circumstances connected with the performance of Saturday evening. The celebrated duet between Grisi and Vestrali, which so exceedingly moved the audience, was not only sung *without previous rehearsal*, but the cadences were all changed and presented to Vestrali on a slip of paper, only a short time before the performance—and yet everything went on so smoothly and consentaneously as though the two had been in the habit of singing it for years!

The entire opera, indeed, even with this new prima donna, was presented without previous rehearsal; and yet important exigencies were made in the music, destroying all those little *data* as reminders of the moment when to come in, upon which all singers have to rely. So that musical instinct and presence of mind, and an immediate recollection of the point where the music was taken up, was the only hope of the singers.

The result certainly shows a little power of concentration and artistic cleverness on the part of—at least—the new prima donna.

If any one ask *why* the rehearsal was omitted, (as has generally been the case in these later operas) it need only be remarked that a rehearsal costs no little wear-and-tear of solo voices, and—about \$140.

Another remarkable feat of the evening was that performed by the orchestra in the one act of *Lucia*. Sig. Mario was fatigued, and the leader Arditi came into the orchestra with the startling observation, "Boys, have your wits about you—we must transpose this act half a tone." "Oh—impossible!"—was the immediate exclamation. "We must maintain the honor of the orchestra—it must be done."

Down went the *baton*, and off started the orchestra at a venture upon this musical terra incognita, transposing at sight the entire orchestral score. There was a little floundering at first, but they soon got into smooth water, became used to the thing, and played on as though there were "nothing in it."

So that, on the whole we do not know whether to award the greater praise to Signorina Vestrali, or the members of the orchestra—or the cool Arditi himself, in accomplishing such a musical *coup d'état*. Signorina Vestrali has been definitely engaged

for the Academy season: a fact which will, if anything, secure its success.

Between the preliminary "farewell" of Grisi and Mario, (for farewells, it is pleasant to think, may be *rehearsed*, like any other music, for an intended after performance) the opening night at the Academy, the soirée of the N. Y. Harmonic Society, and General "Sam's" address at Niblo's, one was torn with conflicting emotions on Monday evening last. *Wahl'et Qual*. But *Rigoletto*, a new opera, (delightful novelty in New York!) new singers and a new operatic adventure allayed the strife of feeling and decided a visit to the Academy. The house was as well filled as it has generally been this season, except during the closing performances of Grisi and Mario.

As we looked down upon the parquet before the gas was raised, the large dusky backs of the opera-chairs looked like people—and the house seemed quite full. This suggested to us the idea why it would not be a good plan to have the backs of the chairs fashioned after the shape of the human figure and about as large; in order to deceive the rear audience, and perhaps the singers, with the pleasing illusion that they were always in the midst of a large assemblage.

*Rigoletto* has a strange and in some respects repulsive plot. The exhibition of crime when the guilty suffer, as in Mozart's *Don Juan*, may impart sometimes, and at certain stages of life, a useful lesson. But when crime, and of the character found in *Rigoletto* is depicted, and the innocent suffer, while the guilty escape, the plot we consider objectionable. There is great latent power and an intense (too intense) appeal to the feelings, in the sufferings of a father for the infidelity of a daughter, (an infidelity to which he is unwittingly brought to assist) this father being by profession a jester, and in turn made the jest of a profligate court: while, still further, at the last, he is made indirectly to plot the murder of the same daughter instead of the destroyer of her peace, at whom he aims. The cruelty is too refined and dreadful to dwell upon. The Shaksperian suffering, ("sharper than a serpent's tooth,") at the simple ingratitude of a daughter (surely in itself bad enough) dwindles in comparison.

Rigoletto was admirably put upon the stage. The division of scenery, presenting a court yard on one side and a forest on the other, the interior of a hut on one side and a sea and city view on the other, was a pleasant variety in stage effect. While the moving cloud, the breaking forth of the moon to illumine the face of the dying *Gilda*



to her father, was a very effective thing, for which *Allegri* deserves praise.

The new singers, Signor Bolelioni (tenor) and Barilli (bass-tenor) were of highly respectable ability, sufficiently so for any audience who are content to forget stars of the first magnitude, and be satisfied with simply good singing. Barilli is a supple and adroit actor in his part of *Rigoletto*, the buffoon: in this respect surpassing Bolelioni as the duke, whose action is restrained and somewhat awkward.

Signora Maretzek is a good musician, and makes the best of her vocal resources. She has great taste in dress, which united with address, makes her a welcome personality upon the stage. Signora Patti-Strakosch is a pretty gipsy, and will always be a favorite.

Mr. Maretzek has a competent orchestra, and makes it doubly effective by skilful conducting. On the whole, with the addition of the superb *Vasceli* to the corps, and considering the numerous audience of Monday evening when there were such strong counter attractions, we think the new opera has bright prospects.

We were sitting in our sanctum the other evening straining our eyes through the good and bad, large and small print, of an up-to-knees pile of exchange newspapers, by the difficult light of two glass, camphreous lamps. We had just looked up at the four burners over our right shoulder, wondering if we were getting old, or if those two lamps really gave forth so little light, or if the print of newspapers were growing worse and worse, or—if we were sleepy. (We forget which newspaper we were reading—we never read our own after the revise proofs.) A friend cowered with another friend who bore in his head, (strange coincidence)—a lamp! We thought the two gentlemen looked pliantly at us—we are sure, in fact, they did.

The lamp that had entered our sanctum was not an Aladdin lamp: but a very much more practical and useful lamp than, at this distance from our boyhood, we have ever found that lamp to prove in our hands. It was the lamp which has lately been constructed to burn the new Rosin oil; the cheap—the hereafter-indispensable—the only 50-cent-a-gallon oil. This oil, until recently, has been used only for lubricating purposes in machinery, because no lamp had been constructed of draught sufficient to burn it. But now the right lamp is constructed and the oil is in successful use as a light in this dark sanctum-world of ours.

The lamp in our friend's hand was adjusted and enkindled. Presto! what a beautiful change. Our two wretched little camphreous lamps seemed to go out. Their flame was extinguished, or smothered, or snuffed, altogether. We gazed at the light too long, and had a large-sized moon in our eyes for a quarter hour afterward. We tried, subsequently, the smallest print in our exchange—the fine nonpareil and the agate—and it read to us even at some little distance, like *brevier* by the other light. We were (and are) enchanted. We burn the "diamond light." It takes, to us, the place of gas in our office. Our friends in a fine old country house burn it: where they cannot get gas. We should wonder that everybody did not burn it—at least such as cannot control gas—if it were not a new thing and everybody has not yet heard of it. The new oil is not explosive—it gives a clear, soft, moony light (only whiter)—consumes very slowly—in one fourth the price of other fine oil, one half

the price of dangerous camphre—and is a successful and cheap substitute, we think, for every other burning material (except gas) now in use.

*Favorita* was given at the Metropolitan Theater on Monday night, on the occasion of Mr. Hackett's benefit. The house was crowded to overflowing; chairs were placed to the sides, and all the standing room was occupied from the floor to the ceiling. The opera went off finely; Madame Grisi and Signor Mario were in excellent voice and exhibited their utmost vocal and dramatic power. The enthusiasm of the audience was immense.

Mr. Hackett was called for after the performance, and responding to the call, expressed his thanks to the audience, and said that when he concluded his engagement with Madame Grisi and Sig. Mario, new two years ago, this country was in a high state of commercial prosperity; but on the arrival of these distinguished artists, the monetary distress was so great that he almost despaired of the success of his enterprise. He had, however, persevered, and now, as this engagement was drawing to a close, he was happy to announce that it had been successful far beyond his anticipations, in a pecuniary point of view. He had to thank our neighboring city Boston for twelve thousand dollars at least; and New York, too, had contributed her share. He concluded by saying that Madame Grisi and Sig. Mario had kindly consented to appear once more before their departure for Europe, which would take place on Wednesday, and announced the opera of *Lucrezia Borgia* on the following (Tuesday) evening.

The audience on this, the last appearance of Grisi and Mario in America, was not so large as on the previous evening, but it has never been equalled in enthusiasm, since the arrival of these great artists upon our shores. They were assisted by Signorina Vestrali, the beautiful and charming contralto, who was as warmly received as on her previous appearance. Mr. Hackett appeared at the close of the opera, and thanked the audience in behalf of Madame Grisi and Sig. Mario for their kind reception and promised to be at their service in future, whenever they should require him either as manager or actor.

The new restaurants in Paris imitate the theaters, those announce the dinner as these the play. If two bachelors meet, the following short dialogue usually occurs:

"Where do you dine to-day?"

"I do not know. I have not seen the placards."

"Let us go and look at them."

Four dishes are usually announced, as the vaudeville theaters announce four pieces. Amateurs decide for those which suit their appetite best. These placards will undoubtedly multiply, and perhaps the newspapers will end by inserting the programme of the dinners as well as of the theatrical performances. Who knows if there will not be a department devoted to this subject, treating it in an artistic manner, and criticizing the oveliness offered to the public. But, to complete the resemblance to the theater, the restaurants should put on their placards the names of the artists who will prepare the dishes which they offer to their customers. Much will be gained by saying, for example: "The restaurant de — has just succeeded in engaging the celebrated X.; all the dishes will be prepared by this skilful practitioner, honored by the suffrages of various foreign courts—former

cooks to M. de Rothschild—who made his first essay under the late Prince Talleyrand—pupil of Carême—the sole possessor of the great recipe of the illustrious Balaize!" Our best dramatic and lyric works are attractive as much by the merits of their interpreters as of their authors, and the name of a skilful cook thus displayed upon a placard will have an excellent effect.

It might be well also to add the amount of their salaries. The multitude have a respectful admiration always for well paid talent.

One of the Parisian eccentrics, a foreigner, wealthy, and a great epicure, lately took a new cook into his service.

"I shall give you a salary of fourteen thousand francs," he said to him, after some explanations.

The artist inclined his head with a satisfied air.

"But," added the gentleman, "you will have to pay for the visits of my physician, and also my apothecary's bill."

Some surprise being manifested at this strange condition, the gentleman continued:

"All diseases have their origin in the kitchen, especially for me, whose only passion is the table. It is for you to compose your dishes in a hygienic manner; yet they must be good and savory—then your intellect in the matter—study—combine—meditate—execute—you will answer for my health."

"I will do my best," replied the cook.

"This is not all!" continued the eccentric foreigner. "I wish neither to grow stouter nor thinner, and this, of course, depends on you. I weigh at present a hundred and fifty pounds, if in a year from this day, my weight varies more than a pound (which I allow for accidental circumstances) I shall dismiss you."

Last Monday night Dodworth's Hall was crowded with a truly *recherché* and appreciative audience, to listen to the N. Y. Harmonic Society's Recital. Considering the heat, and to thousands the greater attractions at the Academy of Music and Metropolitan Opera House, that night, the Harmonics may justly feel flattered with the attendance, attention and applause they received.

Mr. Geo. F. Bristow was the Conductor, who accompanied the performers with the piano. We counted twenty-five Sopranos, twenty-two Tenors, six Altoos and twenty-seven Basses in addition to the Soloists, who numbered twelve. The Society's Alto might as well have been any where else, for it was not heard ten feet away from the stage! At rehearsal, in which one must pay, one has a right to expect at least a decent compliment of parts, to make up and sustain a respectable chorus. This, of course will be remedied at a public concert. The fact is, there were too many basses for the other parts. The sopranos were weak and hesitating: we noticed this especially in the closing piece of Part 1st, being No. 5, *Chorus, Lord, then sleep art God*, (St. Paul.) Mendelssohn.

Of the first Part, we will briefly comment concerning each piece. No. 1—Hymn of Praise, by Mozart—the chorus was well performed: the solo parts, ditto, with the exception of an occasional false note in the tenor and alto. No. 2—*Triumphant Hymn*. Here Mrs. Lyon's highest notes were weak and flat—perhaps flat, because weak. No. 3, *Chorus* by Mendelssohn, was well sung; one of the gems of the programme. The audience enjoyed it. We hope to hear it again. No. 4, *Duet*, by Marcellini, was admirably sung by Mrs. Stuart and Miss Comstock. Each performer triumphed, though

their triumph would have been more marked, if their voices had been of a more equal caliber. Mrs. Stuart's voice is so powerful along side of Miss Comstock's in a simple duet. We never heard the movement *O put thy trust in God, better tendered*. No. 5, Chorus by Mendelssohn. Parts of it were exceedingly difficult. More practice on it will remedy all defects we observed. We have already spoken of the *dragging and uncertainty* of the soprano in this chorus. No encores in this part-time, about forty-five minutes.

## PART II.

No. 1, Quinlet, by Bishop.—In this beautiful piece, Mr. Tucker (basso) sang well, true and with spirit. No. 2, Bravura, by Gagliemo, was omitted, and Miss Comstock sang "Where the bee sucks," with great credit to herself. No. 3, Trio, by Atwood, was not well sung. This is a peculiar composition, and requires much practice and boldness to render it acceptably. Mr. Jones accompanied on the piano. No. 4, Aria, from Lucia Borgia (Donizetti) was well rendered by Mr. Alden, with spirit, yet dignified. No. 5, Aria, from La Favorita, (Donizetti) was exquisitely rendered by Mrs. Stuart. This was *encored*, and Mrs. R repeated the last half of the Aria. No. 6, Quinlet, "Opening Day" by Bristow, (for male voices) was absolutely murdered. The while, the mortified but accomplished composer, sank under the floor, or somewhere else, to hid his ears,—for he was not seen for some minutes afterwards. Finally, he turned up with a forced good humor, as if conscious that No. 7, song (drinking) from the opera of Rip Van Winkle, would set himself and the good-natured audience all right again. This opera was composed by Mr. Bristow, and Mr. Wooster with his "mug of beer," was particularly happy in singing the song. This is a bass song, and we very much doubt if the composer finds any one to sing it better. It was *encored very uproariously*, and when Mr. Wooster returned to the stage, covered with blusher, Mr. Bristow took his hand, and thanked him with a full and glowing heart. It was a triumph both for the composer, and the accomplished singer. No. 8, Chorus, "Daughters of Israel" (David Neukomm)—was omitted, and the chorus, "Oh how lowly are the messengers that preach the Gospel of Peace," was substituted. On the whole, it was a rehearsal worth hearing; and gave us a hopeful earnest of forthcoming concerts, by the Society. May success attend it!

We have received from the publishers, Leonard, Scott & Co., a new number of the Edinburgh Quarterly Review. It contains articles on Parliamentary Opposition, Cardinal Mezzofanti, Charles the Fifth, Modern French Literature, The Siege of Rhodes in 1840, Private Bill Legislation, Mount Athos and its Monasteries, Marston's History of the Puritans, and the War in the Crimea.

## ITEMS FROM FRENCH JOURNALS.

The *Courrier des Etats-Unis* quotes from the Parisian chronicle of M. Jules Lecombe the following astounding account of the contract said to be made with Mdle Rachel.

She is to receive 1,200,000 francs for 200 representations, to be given wherever upon the American continent the managers shall choose to conduct her.

600,000 francs are to be deposited with a ban-

ker at Paris, before her departure. From the day of the deposit, this sum belongs to Mdle. Rachel and her family, so that if she is shipwrecked on the passage it shall be the property of her heirs. But, here is the surprising, irreducible, part of the contract. If Mdle Rachel dies during the course of these representations, the managers will have the right to embalm the body, and expose it, in a *chapelle ardente*, to the gaze of the curious crowd. Mdle. Rachel or her remains will be restored to her family, only when the artist, living or dead, shall have procured for the managers the sum specified in the contract!

L'Independence Belge of the 21st of January says: "A frightful misfortune has just befallen the city of Brussels, the theater de la Monnaie is in flames. In less than two hours, the ravages of the fire have been so rapid, that nothing remains of this splendid building but crumbled and blackened walls." It appears that the fire caught from the candle of a machinist, named Simon, who was at work Sunday morning upon the decorations of the *Prophete*, which was to be represented that evening. The machinist and two other persons perished in the flames.

The weather, which the negligent have associated with ladies in point of fickleness, has of late resembled them in another respect, their devotion to Paris fashions. The weather of January in Paris has been exactly copied in February here. M. Gaillardet, writing from Paris to the *Courrier des Etats-Unis*, on the 27th, says, "The intense cold of the last few days has made Paris an ice mantle bordered with snow for ermine, the circulation of wheeled vehicles has become impossible, and only pedestrians have been seen. Their majesties themselves, have been obliged to submit to necessity. The Empress, having engaged to give a sitting to the celebrated painter, Winterhalter, who is representing her in a grove surrounded by her maids of honor, had so much difficulty in reaching his apartments that she ordered the carriages to be sent back. During the sitting, the Emperor arrived, who had come on foot from the Tuilleries, with M. de Montebello, and, owing to the severity of the cold, or the height of his muffer (cachet-nez) no one, he said, had recognized him. After the sitting, the Empress accompanied by Count Tassher de la Pagerie returned on foot to the Tuilleries. Her ladies of honor followed at a distance, in separate groups, and no one discovered, or every one respected, this incongruity. The next day the Emperor and Empress appeared in a sleigh in the *Champs Elysees* in the midst of a crowd, drawn together by a spectacle so rare in Paris. One sleigh which attracted much attention, was drawn by Russian greyhounds brought from the Crimea by an officer in the army. But the sleighing did not last long; a thaw came, and, in twenty-four hours, Paris from a mirror became a quagmire."

It is the fashion in Paris to lend money just now, (to the Government) and as much emulation and ingenuity has been employed in loaning as is usually exercised in borrowing. M. Guinet says: "The great affair of the last few days has been the national loan. The office open to receive subscriptions have been besieged

by an immense crowd. Thousands of persons, with pockets full of bank notes, have formed lines at each door—in spite of the severity of the weather, some have passed the night there, either to subscribe or to sell their places—all places were sold early in the day, and before the opening of the office not one was to be had for any price. The late comers were condemned to a long patience, unless they had acquaintances in the place, or resources in their own ingenuity. One of our most distinguished artists, recollecting that he had a friend in the building, entered by another door and penetrated without any difficulty to the quiet office where his friend sat, far from the crowd and tumult. But when he mentioned the reason of his visit, "Impossible my dear friend," said the bureaucrat "more than fifty persons have asked the same favor, and I have refused, but," he added, "you are here—you have wit—try and devise some expedient to accomplish your purpose." The expedient was soon found. Taking some refuse papers in his hand, and putting a pen behind his ear, he left the office and walked through the passages with a gait and air so suited to his part, that a comedian could not have done better. No one would have suspected that he did not know the way, he sought it so skillfully and carelessly—the door keeper, taking him for a clerk left him a free passage, and he reached, without obstacle, the blessed spot where the subscriptions were received. The same eagerness, Mr. Gaillardet says has been shown in the Provinces—the secret hiding places of the peasants have given up their treasures—pieces of gold and silver which have not seen the light for long years, some of them blackened by long concealment in jars and cellars. At Tarbes, out of a hundred thousand francs, two thirds were composed of ancient Spanish and French coins long unknown in the place.

## A LEAF FROM STUDENT LIFE.

Translated from the French for the Musical World

By ARNE T. WILKES.

"It is nine o'clock and you are not dressed."

"We have time enough before us."

"These memories of youth, which chance has recalled to us; those days which we spent without numbering them, at that age when one thinks years and happiness are inexhaustible treasures, hold my mind under such a spell, that I hesitate to break it. Life is divided into two parts, the one full of hopes destined never to be realized; the other, given to us for the pleasures we have never enjoyed; for that which seems so beautiful to us in the future, that which when we have attained, it affords us only disappointment and disgust, removes its magic in the past. Hope and memory have the same charm and the same prestige: it is distance. Certainly, youth has also its troubles, and they are the more bitter that we think we have a right to expect much from life; that we mistake our desires for promises, our hopes for pledges which must one day be redeemed; but youth has so much courage and a power that to live and strive have such a charm and a poetry that to live and strive is for it a source of enjoyment; like children whose bodies are incessantly in motion and who fatigue themselves more involuntarily, than a gallop slave under the whip. After all it is the happiest age; it is that in which man lives most at once."

"To return to what we were saying, do you remember when we lived in the Rue de la Harpe, the day we gave the ball?"

"As it were but yesterday. I see still our two adjoining chambers, furnished with a large trunk and a pair of *seurets*."

"You remember of what use our great trunk was on that day?"

"Perhaps, my father came to lecture me; as I had recognized him through the window, I shut myself up in the trunk; you told him I had gone out; and as he did not appear to put entire faith in the assertion, you kept yourself seated on the trunk to prevent him from looking into it."

"Yes, and that sermon might not be lost, he thought proper to inflict it on me; when I manifested one of the greatest evidences of friendship which history has transmitted to us, by listening to it with patience and resignation."

"While I, stilled on the trunk, was a prey to all the pains of martyrdom."

"Apprope of troublesome visitors, do you remember a visit we received that same morning?"

"I remember a roof on which we climbed to reach a sort of platform between two chimneys; thither we carried books, cigars, &c., and warmed ourselves by the heat of the neighboring chimneys. When your tailor arrived, you were on the roof; he inquired for you. 'Is the gentleman here?' 'Yes sir take the trouble to enter,' and I pointed to the top of the roof. It is impossible to imagine a more bewildered, more stupefied physiognomy than that of the honorable creditor. 'The gentleman seems to be occupied,' said he, 'I will not disturb him; only have the goodness to say to him, that if he does not pay my bill by noon, I shall summon him before the justice.'"

"Then, when he had gone, we remembered that we were to give a ball that day, and that we had invited twenty persons; we asked ourselves; what do we need for the solemnity of this evening? We reflected some time, and the result of our reflections was that we were in want of everything; then we examined our resources. They consisted of a watch, which had until then escaped shipwreck, and a few small coins; it was necessary to resort to expedients. In the first place our two chambers would not hold twenty guests; we therefore took from an attic old screen which somebody had banished thither, and, by means of said screen, succeeded in concealing the landing-place, which we usurped to make of it a third room, in which we placed two chairs and a table."

"Then I went to seven or eight friends to collect the twenty glasses necessary, and we bought a few bottles of wine, whose number we doubled by reducing it with water; after which this wine was corked and sealed."

"And our orchestra?"

"A young musician, who had just arrived from Rheims, and who suffered himself to be persuaded that he was in the presence of the most celebrated artists in Paris, and for the sake of introducing himself into good society, played the violin all the evening."

"And the carpet you want to speak for too at the furniture store on the Place St. Louis; they were brought that you might choose from them. I remember still the hesitation of the clerk when I told him to leave them and we would send an answer; then he went away and we hastened to nail the carpet in the second room."

"And our only candle, how we ornamented it with cut paper, how we put it on the card-table, how we were careful not to light it till we commenced playing."

"That reminds me of the rest of our lights. I put two nails into the ceiling, and at night unhooked the two argand lamps that lighted the stairway, and placed them in our saloons. When our guests arrived they complained that the stairs were not lighted. To which we replied that the proprietor was very negligent, and that we were about to leave. And again, for supper, as we could afford no more cheap eaters, we stole the cage in which the porter had a dozen canaries, with the intention of having them cooked like larks; but our ignorance of cooking saved the lives of the birds. Then, in a cabinet adjoining our apartments, you dropped two or three old cups, after everybody had arrived, with as much noise

as possible, and came to inform me that the ice was spilled; to which I replied by quoting the German proverb: *Ein gericht, und ein freundlich gesicht*. A single dish and a friendly face. You will have only cakes and sawdust; but a number of friendly faces."

"You have perhaps forgotten the preparations of our toilette? We had but one pair of boots and one pair of shoes. Both of us wished to wear the boots because the Latio Quarter the boots are more dressy than the shoes. We resolved at last to leave it to choice and to stake the boots against a pile of money. But a single coin was all that was left to us so we fenced for them as all I touched you first, I wore the boots."

"It was I who invented the bouquets for the ladies. By means of a cord and a slip knot, I brought to us all the flowers which covered the windows of a woman who lodged beneath us."

"Then in the evening, came unexpected misfortune and tribulations, the musician ate like a glutton and though we had asserted that we were not hungry, that we might refrain from diminishing the already limited number of cakes, there were not enough for every body," and we perceived there were no napkins for the ladies. Those who had embroidered handkerchiefs profited by this occasion to display them complacently; but those whose handkerchiefs were more simple, appeared to be at a loss. I went secretly and took down the curtains, which I brought under the denomination of napkins. And the candles began to grow low; there was no means of replacing it. We were very much perplexed when an accident saved us. I do not remember what incident."

"Nothing less than the arrival of the clerk of the carpet-warehouse. He had been censured for leaving the carpets with strangers; and but for some urgent errands, would have come sooner to get the carpets or the money. The second condition it was impossible to fulfil; the first was only difficult. I prayed the clerk to wait on the stairs, as we had contested the landing place for our profit. On re-entering I pretended to catch my foot in the carpet and stumble. It is very fortunate, said I, that this accident did not happen to one of these ladies, I have saved them a cruel sprain. This carpet prevents our being able to dance in this room, and confines us to the two others. I will take it up. I removed the rails and took up the carpet which filled our saloons with a thick dust. Then the dancing began."

"Do you remember the denouement of the ball? How our neighbor beneath struck the floor with a broom, to demand silence and the liberty to sleep, and our scorn for the request of the neighbor. The porter irritated because we made him sit up so late, maliciously showing the writ that my tailor had punctually carried upon me; the mystery with which I concealed it; the curiosity of Adele, supposing it to be a love-letter; my imprudent reply, *quitting the contrary—This it is a challenge*.—The ill success of my denials, the anger of Adele; our quarrel; the departure of our company, the porter recognizing the entry lamps. And our dismissal the next day by the proprietor, upon the nailed complaints of all the neighbors."

"Do you know what time it is?"

"No."

"Half past twelve, nearly the hour for leaving the hall, for which you are not yet dressed."

#### MUSICAL WORLD CORRESPONDENCE.

Boston, Feb. 19th, 1866.

DEAR WORLD.—The musical budget of the past week has been as follows:—On Thursday evening the Quartet Club, which is constantly increasing in numbers, gave the seventh of their series at the Messers. Chickering's Rooms. The programme consisted of two Quartets, a Violin concerto, a Quilato, and two songs by Mr. Arthurson. The Club gave their parts with an attention to light, shade, and grace, which, this season, marked their constant practice and thorough acquaintance with classical music,

Mr. August Fries in his morgan, gave evidence of good bowing, and conception of the sentiment of Bruck's op. 13; yet, his intonation lacks a something which keeps on a subdued sadness by the power of the theme. Mr. Arthurson's good vocalization is always commendable, and on the old English and sacred songs, he is at present without a rival. His voice betrays for blossoms in his upper, soft, and head tones; but his expression and good taste render him a very valuable singer in chamber concerts.

On Saturday evening Mr. Perkins presented his Cantata of *The Pilgrims*, in aid of the Musical Fund Concerts, with the Messrs. Bethamy and Trisler, and Messrs. Mather and Wetherbee in the solo parts, a volunteer chorus from the Handel and Haydn Society, and the full orchestra of the Fund, the whole under the direction of the composer. You will see in our local papers a full analysis of this composition of one of our own citizens. It is truly Portland in its conception, and well carried out in its melody. The choros choros was indeed beautiful, and although some of the harmonies appeared thin with its mode of instrumentation, yet, it bears marks of talent which is so young, augurs favorably for the future, when we know his devotion and encouragement to the art of Music.

The Fund and the Handel and Haydn Societies deserve credit for the aid rendered in as well presenting for the first time in his native city his first essay to Cantata style.

On Sunday evening the *Oratorio of Moses in Egypt* was presented at the Music Hall, to an audience of nearly three thousand persons, by the Handel and Haydn Society, with Miss Anna Stone, Mrs. Westworth, Mrs. Hill, and Messrs. Arthurson, Whistler, Allen and Adams. Following immediately after the *Oratorio of Moses*, with the first and Mario troupe, it undoubtedly excited the most attention from the fact that the same company's music was on this occasion entrusted almost wholly to native artists. And from the approbation quickly though unity expressed, and the countenance of the entire audience unto the end, we are disposed to think that the concert gave our citizens far more satisfaction than the last named work. It is to be repeated; and, if its second performance satisfies us as well as its first, I will extol it and deal more in detail with its sole and some times.

Till then, I am yours, very truly, F. E. U.

PITTSBURGH, MARCH 14, 1866.

MR. EDITOR.—During the last summer the directors of this place organized a Society by the name of the Pittsburg Harmonical Society, for the purpose of giving the members of our church choirs an opportunity of practicing a more difficult kind of music than they were accustomed to in their rehearsals. We commenced with *Haydn's Creation*, and on the evening of the 8th it was performed entire, the solo parts sustained by our own troupe. The house was overflowing, and among the audience were the Rev. Drs. Humphrey, Porter, Agnew and Brown; the Rev. Messrs. Harris, Howard, and Harrison and the Hon. Julius Rockwell of the U. S. Senate.

The execution of the music was no more than the audience expected, that at the close of the second part, the latter gentleman on behalf of the attendance requested a repetition. The society of course complied, and it was performed again on Monday last to a full house. The accompaniments were performed by Messrs. Knapp and Kiersting of the Young Ladies Institute, with two pianos in the church. I saw you these past few weeks because I think it advisable to the committee of the town to perform such a work entire at their first public performance, and to the interest taken in it by the attendance of a very respectable and distinguished audience. The Society feel so much encouraged by their success that they have selected *The Messiah* for the practice of the following six months, after which time we hope you may hear from us again. E. L. J.

#### OPERA IN CALIFORNIA.

(From the Pioneer.)

Since our last notice, we have been favored with a continuation of the representations of the Italian troupe, which have presented a number of operas which had not been before exhibited in this city. The present engagement closed on Monday evening, December 18. We regret to learn that the company are not so well pleased with their success as they anticipated.

There is but little about the troupe to create a favor in their favor. It does not include any great star. Taken as a whole, it is, perhaps, the best that has visited us, simply, because it is more complete. But a fair estimate of the individual merits of its several members must place them in the highest rank. Signora Belli, as

*opere*, stands at the head of the troupe. But she cannot, as an artist, be placed at the head of her profession. She has grown steadily in favor with the audience, and can boast a large circle of warm admirers and friends. Since her arrival, her voice has improved in tone and power, though we believe we have not heard it in its perfection. She has been more or less troubled with a hoarseness, which attacks all strangers on their arrival, and it has only been a rare occurrence, that we have been permitted to enjoy the purity of her voice unaffected by this obstruction—Signorina Bedel appears to us to present rare promise of future excellence, that claims to present distinction. Her vocal possessions still less power than that of Barilli. Her execution is correct and smooth, but it lacks force and brilliancy. Her action is inferior to her singing. Her positions lack dignity, and her gestures can scarcely be dignified with that name.—Of Signor Boles we have already spoken. The tenor soloist, generally, the principal role in the opera after the *opere*, and he should be, at least equal to any artist in the troupe. Both Signor Boles, by general consent, is not. Legitimate possession of a magnificent voice of considerable power and compass. His execution is generally accurate and tasteful. The *fioriture* are introduced with taste, and always executed with care and smoothness. He dresses and looks like a character well, and while always showing sufficient energy and dignity, does not over act his part. Leonard! we need not criticize: an excellent bass, yet with some very prominent faults. Individually, then, the present company present no claims to extraordinary success; but if they were willing to be satisfied with a moderate success, they might continue their career here with increasing popularity, and with the assurance of a fair remuneration. We shall regret their departure accordingly.—The opera of *Nabucco* was placed upon the stage with great expectation; much of the music has been rendered familiar to the public ear by the opera of *Judith*, which was mostly compiled from *Nabucco*; and with many this diminished the attraction. But music of this character is never so beautiful, as in its proper place in the opera for which it was written. It was generally well performed. Signorina Bedel made her debut in this opera, and was well received.—Mrs. Voorhies surprised all, and in the last act elicited warm applause. The choruses were the best part of this opera, and the triumphant march, played by the military band upon the stage, and the funeral march behind the scenes had a grand effect. The part of *Nabucco*, portrayed by Leonard, was, however, the feature of the opera. In the last scene of the second act, when the king lingers his throne and his reason—in the aria and prayer in the fourth act and in the last scene and *finale* of the fourth act, he was truly admirable.—*Maria de Roken* is one of the many opera of Donizetti, which is seldom performed. For some reason, best known to the company, a portion of the opera was omitted. This left the development of the plot somewhat obscure.—Our old favorite, *Her Mesquita*, appeared before the public again in this opera, after a long repose, and was warmly welcomed. His voice preserves its quality quite well. The aria in the fifth scene of the first act, is familiar to our ears, but this did not detract from the pleasure with which it was received. His execution was warmly applauded.—Mrs. Voorhies appeared in this opera. The recitative was sung badly, but the aria in the fifth scene of the first act was much better. Mrs. V. dresses with great taste, her carriage is graceful, and she is not inferior, as so actresses, to any member of the troupe.—*Il Barber di Sevilja* has probably been played more times than any opera of Rossini. Boles was better received in the part of Il Conte, than any he has yet presented, but seemed to us to fail. Signor Barilli rendered the music of her part generally well.—After the opera, we had two evenings of operatic pot-pourri, which went off rather tamely. There was lack of spirit in the company, and the music was rendered generally in a very slipshod manner.

We would remark before closing, that in giving a list of members of the troupe last month, we inadvertently alluded to Mrs. Voorhies as "Secundo Donna," instead of "Contralto." The mistake arose from the fact, that we found a list of the troupe in one of the daily papers, and, having cut it out, leaving the extract as it was, into one of the pages of our manuscript.

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

G. D. S., Wayne, Mo.—We are afraid the "Know Nothing March" is not exactly the thing for the *Musical World*.  
G. D. Winchester, Ky.—The manuscript Berthoven

Waltz, supposed to be original, a copy of which you have been kind enough to send us, would hardly pass muster for fear among the knowing ones as the original. The movement of the bass at the close would show itself the matter with us. However Berthoven would never have written a waltz in B flat minor with only four flats in the signature, which is the case in the copy sent.

R. R. N. P.—The tune "Ranah" is a pretty composition, but it would have no time to wait its turn for publication in the "procession basket" that we fear you would get out of patience.

R. Geneva, N. Y.—We receive, but cannot undertake to report upon or return manuscript music. If good it is tied for insertion; if not, the composer must run the risk of never hearing from it more.

H. C., Cincinnati.—We recommend to you Berthoven's

H. B. C., Geneva, Wis.—You have the choice of any two portraits, or extension of subscription has been attended in. Thanks for your life subscription.

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*The Practical Violin School*: A new and complete system of Violin playing, in an easy progressive and practical form, and designed especially for the Academy for the purpose of teaching the beginner valuable lessons and exercises, and beautiful arrangements, as solo and duets, of the popular melodies of the day, selected, arranged, and composed by U. C. Hill, Pupils of Spohr, and late President of N. Y. Harmonic Society, &c.

This valuable book is just published. Its contents are the result of much study and patient experience of one who ranks highly as an artist. The execution, reflects great credit on the *editors* Publishers who we hope will be richly rewarded for their output. The opening of the book displays two plates, setting forth the accurate posture of the body of the player, the proper position of the fingers, and the holding of the bow. The elementary parts are well and carefully written, especially that portion which treats of *Position*. Part 2d, consists of *Exercises*, Part 3d, consists of *Exercises and Studies*. In which are explained the *Pizzicato* and *Staccato* movements, Double Stops, Chords, Arpeggios, Trills, Harmonic Tones, Tremolos, &c.—in all, embracing one hundred and thirty pages of beautifully printed music. Part 4th, treats of the Arrangement of the Violin, strutting the bow, and the construction, preservation, repair and improvement of the Violin, by Jacob Aug. Otto; a Dictionary of Italian, French, German, English, and other Musical Terms, Last, though not least, is an Index—This is the most complete treatise on the subject, ever printed in this country. Price, not named; which omission will doubtless be remedied in the next edition.

*Keenings of the Opera*: A selection of the most favorite operatic melodies sung by Grief and Mario at the New Opera House, 14th N. Y. Arranged for the Pianoforte. 1st. *Keenings with Grief*: Consists of Introduction *Musique* by Charles W. Glover. *De Colma O. Cui*. (Ottello) Rossini. *La Morte in Tulle* Canto, (Don Pasquale) Donizetti. *Non Pa Sogno*, (Il Lombardi) Verdi; and *Ala! Ritrone Qui Tu Spira*, (Roberto il Diavolo) Donizetti. 2d. *Keenings with Mario*: Consists of *A. T. O. Cui*, (Il Portanti) *Ch. Fies*, (L. Lucretia Borgia). *Il Mio Tesoro*, (Don Giovanni) *Ma Qui Fanci* *Ch. Adrien*. (La Gasse Ladré). *Un Angelo*, *un Grief d'Amor*. (La Favorita) and *Fame, Fame*, (La Favorita) *Reich* No. 30 cents. These are the only sources of the two great Artists who have just left us, that thousands who never enjoyed their singing, can obtain. As such, they will be bought.

*Hard Times Come Again No More*: poetry and music by Stephen Collins Foster, being No. 28 of Foster's Melodies. Solo and chorus. 25 cents. Pleasant and not difficult.

*Tun O' Blunder*: A March, illustrated of the celebrated Opera by Robert Burns. Composed by George Warren, 25 cents. One is immediately possessed in favor of this March, because the tale itself in *extenso*, is given as the first thing that catches the eye. The music is in 5/4 time and commences with an *Allegro Pesante* movement, which continues for the most part throughout. Whoever learns it, will find it no child's play; it displays talent of a high order, and will place the appreciative ear.

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### INNER-EDITORIAL BUDGET.

We often, in looking over our foreign monthlies and quarterlies, feel very Jack-Hornish; as if we would like to pick out a plum or two for the readers of the *Musical World*—a sentence here or there which pleases us, or which could easily be detached from its context—such as we should be likely to read aloud if we had an appreciative listener by our side. In the last number of the Westminster Quarterly, for example, we think we should read aloud the concluding paragraph of the article on the Anglo-French Alliance.

If all French and English men and women (with very few exceptions) disliked one another but a few years ago, it is necessary that, as individuals, they should now learn, without any exception at all, to appreciate one another in their fairness and geniality of spirit which is sure to bring liking after it. If there are any of us old enough to have any of the ancient prejudice clinging to our minds and feelings—prejudice from which a younger generation is free; or, if we have damped some youthful fervor, or dimmed its liberality by the infection of our own distaste, let us grow wiser, and be at once more dutiful to the spirit of our time. In order to grow wiser, perhaps we could hardly do better than recur to a little parable spoken some time since on the borders of Wales, by an itinerant preacher of the Evangelical Alliance:—"I was going towards the hills," he said, one misty morning. I saw something moving on a mountain side, so strange looking that I took it for a monster. When I came nearer to it, I found it was a man. When I came up to him, I found he was my brother."

Of the article on Prussia, we should select first the opening paragraph.

The ruffie that disturbed the smooth waters of the Golden Horn when Prince Menschikoff dropped anchor under the Seraglio has spread its circles from shore to shore. Small and restless they were, but they have shown a wonderful power of destroying shame, baseless fabric as well as senseless words. One wave has washed away the "traditional jealousy of England and France;" another one has knocked down the "solidarity of conservative interests." The granite walls did not resist the shock, nor the Holy Alliance stand the strain—down came the rubbish, out came the lie. Winter is now protecting the coast of Prussia, but the day is not far off when the ripple will reach her shores also. With its usual misplaced jealousy the monarch of that country is said to have remarked that he could not answer "the Eastern Question." Before many weeks Prussia herself will be compelled to give answer what she is.

Then, the description of her territory.

There is no territory more straggling and intersected, none less circumscribed by natural frontiers. Without having calculated the geometrical figure of every realm on the globe we are inclined to think that there is no state in the world that shows such a length of frontier compared with the square surface of territory. It is a well known diplomatic saying, that Prussia, by the irregular, and, as it were, thin appearance of her geographical body, has the historical mission of devouring. One cannot look at the map without approving of the sentence and complaining it by the alternative—or of being devoured.

Again, the notice of her population.

There is no unity of race. Besides the numerous

German tribes that give their continent to the population of Prussia, there are Lithuanians, Poles, Wenden (Vandals), and Wallones. There is nothing common but the name of Prussian between the smuggler who fights the Russian frontier-guard in the gloomy forests of Masuria, and the vine grower who carries manure in a basket up the sunny backs of the Rhine; nor between the Pomeranian girl steering her father's boat through the surf, and the Silesian weaver who has lost all ancestral action besides, throwing the shuttle. They are different in race, in religion, in habit, in language.

And lastly, those two extracts concerning their notions of nobility.

The Prussian kings even performed the wonderful feat of knighting the forefathers of any given person, in their graves. They gave diplomas of nobility, "with four, eight, sixteen noble ancestors."

There are, in a province formerly belonging to Poland, many villages, every inhabitant of which, above the rank of dog and cat, is noble—laborer, blind, and pig driver—their ancestors having fought valiantly under Sobieski were knighted in placards. A relic of one of these noble houses, being a sensible fellow, betook himself as apprentice to a carpenter, and being settled, was accepted as a sutor by a German farmer's daughter, who was deprived of the prefix to her name, but blessed with superior education besides some money. He applied for a dispensation but was refused. His Majesty's government objecting to the *mésalliance*. The disappointed lover went before a magistrate, and deliberately renounced his nobility and privilege attached thereto. The magistrate executed a deed accordingly, and was severely reprimanded by the Minister of Justice, who contended that noble birth giving a character *indéfectible*, and the nobility being the support of the monarchy, it was not competent for the carpenter-knight to become *felo de se*, and to destroy one of the pillars of his Majesty's throne. The young man consulted a solicitor, and got advice which conveys an admirable criticism of this legislative whimsy. The lawyer told him to go and steal a handkerchief.

If our listener were of a poetical turn, we should certainly read some extracts from the articles on the Ballads for the People. There is a ballad quoted in this, which is not very well known, although written by Macaulay. It is entitled *The Battle of Naseby*, and "is supposed to be hymned by Obadiah Bind-your-kings-in-chains-and-your-noblemen-in-links-of-iron," Sergeant in Ireton's regiment. This is the conclusion.

First: comrades, sever the pike, and are you strip the slain,  
He gives another stab to make your quest secure:  
Toss shake from sleeves and pockets their broad pieces  
And lockets.

The tokens of the wanton, and plunder of the poor.  
Fools! your doublets shiver with gold, and your hearts  
were gay and bold,

When you kissed your illy hands to your imams to-day:  
And to-morrow shall the fox, from her chamber in the  
rock,

Lead forth her tawny cubs to howl above the prey.

Where be your tongues that late mock'd at heaven, and  
hell, and fate,

And the fingers that were once so busy with your  
blades;

Your perfumed satin clothes your watches and your oaths;  
Your stage-japes and your sonnets: your diamonds and your  
spades?

Down, down for ever down with the mitre and the crown;  
With the Bull of the Court, and the Mammon of the  
Pope;

There is war in Oxford halls: there is war in Durham's  
stalls!

The Jesuit smites his bosom, the Bishop rends his cope.  
And the of the Seven Hills shall mourn her children's ill,  
And tremble when she thinks of the edge of England's  
sword;

And the kings of earth in fear shall shudder when they  
hear

What the head of God hath wrought for the houses and  
the word.

We will quote one more which we have not  
seen before. *The Pauper's Drive*, written by  
Thomas Noel.

There's a grim one-horse hearse in a jolly road trot;  
To the churchyard a peep in gotag, I wot;  
The road is so rough, and the hearse has no springs,  
And hark to the dirge that the old driver sings.

Rattle his hoars over the stones;  
He's only a pauper that nobody owns.

Oh where are the mourners? 't is there are none;  
He has left not a gap in the world now he's gone;  
Not a tear in the eye of child, woman, or man—  
To the grave with his carcase as fast as yon can.

Rattle, &c.

What a jingling and creaking and splashing and din!  
The whip how it cracks and the wheels how they spin!  
How the dirt right and left o'er the hearse is buried!  
The pauper at length makes a noise in the world.

Rattle, &c.

Poor pauper defunct! he has made some approach  
To gratify one that but stretched to a creak;  
He's taking a drive in his carriage at last,  
But it will not last long if it goes on so fast.

Rattle, &c.

But a trace to this strain, for my soul it is sad  
To think that a heart so humanly sad  
Should make, like the brute, such a desolate end,  
And depart from the light without leaving a friend.

Rear softly his bones over the stones;  
Though a pauper, he's one whom his Maker  
yet owns.

### OPERA IN CONSTANTINOPLE.

It is about seven o'clock in the evening of a pouring December day, and the polite or unpolite world of Pera is going as best they can to the opera. I cannot say that the opera of Pera absolutely claims a visit from the connoisseur. There is an unhealthy smell of dead rats about it; a prevailing dampness and gloominess; a curious fog; a London, a dirtiness, which induces me generally to prefer an arm chair and a dictionary, a cup of tea and a fire; but I am going to-night, because all my books are packed, and my servant has gone out for a holiday, to carry small comforts to his acquaintance. I have also been eating a most delectable farewell dinner at a rough *patryook's*, and my companions have borne me off whether or not.

The howling and steaming of the unwashed crowd at the theater doors is altogether so powerful that we adjourn to the theater office-house, and discuss a glass of punch and a cigar till the hall has subsided. Some British sailors and French soldiers are fraternizing. There is a singing Wapping songs and French chansons at the same time. They are happy, noisy, and drunk. A waiter mildly suggests to one of them in Italian that the temple of harmony is next door, and that they are disturbing the rest of the company. He persists in howling and smiling these objections whilst a discussion is going on under his nose as to the propriety of his being promptly "spiffited," or *cracked*—and the debaters are men of few words. At last, however, he relents, still smiling, though rather sullen and with a sense of failure: for he presently sees the meaning of the fishy eyes of the Frenchman, and the creaked staff of the star. It is some time before a naval officer and I, who have taken great interest in the proceedings, can so far tranquillize the sailor and soldier as to prevail upon them to resume their strains instead of inflicting summary chastisement on the white-waisted official who has indelicately meddled with them. I shall not have half so much fun in the theater, where an English autumnal prima donna is tearing one of Verdi's operas *loto abreds*, and screaming in a manner which is inconceivably ear-piercing. However, I dare say

10 Pera is the foreign quarter of Constantinople.

she will not hurt us much after the first five minutes, and they say she supports an invalid mother and a brother who is a cripple, so that we may pay our money cheerfully, and go in prepared for anything.

We have got a box, but we must nevertheless pay about two shillings entrance money at the door. We pay our money,—after the handful of coin from all quarters of the world, which forms the currency of the East, has been duly deciphered and undervalued—and we pay on; but as we decline to hire opera-glasses at twenty pence for the evening, the box-keeper on his part declines to pay any further attention to us, and leaves us to find our way as best we can, merely putting a rusty key into our hands and telling us a number. In consequence of this we very naturally get lost to the wrong box. An extremely loud young Armenian, who is loud even for an Armenian, is seated here with a lady who devotes her intelligent leisure to the sale of walking-sticks and cigars. She is a French lady, and we have seen her in a shop of the Frank street somewhere. The Armenian suspects us of sinister intentions. He believes us to be Perotes, and charges down upon us vehemently.

"Vat saras here you vant? Vat saras you here vant?"

"No Bono Johnny," replies a Briton of our party, good humouredly; and we retreat, leaving the Armenian much pacified at having been obviously taken for an Englishman, owing to his perfection in the language.

Exclusive of a couple of ambassadors and the Duke of Cambridge, the audience is not very notable. There are a great many officers lately in the service of the King of Candy, and who have of course broken out in astounding military jockeys and caps; but they are fine dashing fellows for all that. These gentlemen are of course chiefly occupied with the Pera ballets, on whose success they are not perhaps making the lively impression that they too fondly believe. For the Pera ballet is a strange, odd, angular, convulsed sort of a lady, full of Greek sarcasm and pottier; who discovers chiefly about the wrongs of the oppressed Christians. They will lead the officers lately in the service of the King of Candy a singular, perhaps a weary dance; but there it will end, much to the bewilderment of those magnificently mounted gentlemen.

The audience in the gallery is indecorous, to say the least of it. The sailors and soldiers from the coffee-houses next door have come in, and are giving a private vocal entertainment of their own. Suppose we retire to the back of the box and sit down, cross-legged—a merry company of smokers. Most of us have a short day in our pockets, according to the fashion of modern times; and we shall only be doing as other folks are doing in the other boxes, whence the frequent crack of lighter matches comes so refreshingly. There we shall go behind the scenes—not because there is any pleasure in doing so, but because it is also the fashion, and a very violent fashion in Pera.

There is a row at the doors. Mr. William Sykes, the Adonis of Galata, is threatening to punch the head of a meek gentleman in Jean boots, whom he has never seen before; and then bellows out that he has made a mistake, but that he will nevertheless punch the head of some person or persons unknown, who have in some way incurred his displeasure. A disagreeable threat where there is no police.

A crowd of humanity-mongers are talking with their usual authoritative pomp, even here; but startlingly ready to listen to invitations to dinner conversations. Here are adventurers with doubtful commissions from the Foreign Office, who have learned already the bullying of Oriental diplomacy, and are prepared to ride rough-shod over everything and everybody. There stands a man wildly asking people to champagne and truffles—to get contracts for the army, and a very good business too. Near him is a Russian spy, adroitly pumping some man in office; perhaps the butler of the British Embassy.

Let us make a night of it. Let us go to the roguish pastrycook, who has established a sort of English club, which he shall find full of midday, who have just received a "tip" from home, and our golden young friends from the theater, who belong naturally to all places of Pera revival. Everybody will be talking together, and there will be an immense consumption of cold game pie, prior four shillings each, and botled beer at a shilling. There will also be some bets about the taking of Stenopol, and some vainglory. But we need not stop long. We can go plucking with our lantern through the sloppy streets, back to the Palace of Silence, when we will. The stare of the rheumatic watchman will smite the wet dark pavement with his clanking sound, and he will show his eight ory through a cold hoarsely. But we must not be too hard on him; exactly the same kind of functionary wandered through the streets of London not a generation ago.

#### A FATAL MISTAKE.

A citizen of France, who has an inveterate habit of confounding every thing which is said to him, and has been in vain endeavoring to acquire a knowledge of our vernacular, was about leaving his boarding-house for a more comfortable quarter. All the little mysteries of his wardrobe, including his last nether garment and umbrella, had been carefully packed up, when he bethought himself of the unpleasant duty now devolving upon him, that of hiding "as folks" good bye. After shaking his fellow boarders cordially by the hand, and wishing them, with incessant howling, "see verree best success in see viri," and "see benediction ad chief," he retired in search of his "dear landlady," to give her also his blessing.

He met her at the foot of the staircase, and advancing, hat in hand, with a thousand scrapes, commenced his speech. "Ah! madame, I am going to leave you. You have been very amiable to me, madame; I will never forget you for sat. If I am in my country I would ask ser government to give you a pension, madame." The good lady put down her head and blushed modestly, while our Frenchman proceeded: "Vel, I must go; you know in seeze life madame, it is full of pain an' trouble. If Got adopted as viri vich Lamartine make in his people, sen ere should be no more pain. Adieu, madame, adieu! perhaps forever. Thereupon the Frenchman was making his exit, when he was suddenly called back by his landlady, who interestingly inquired, "Why, Mr. C., you have forgotten to leave your dead-latch." Mr. C. appeared amazed, apparently not understanding his interrogator. "Yes," continued Mrs. M., "you know it is the rule for all boarders to give me their keys." "O, madame!" interrupted the Frenchman, with enthusiasm, "I will give you not one—not one, but thousands!" and applying the action to the word, he sprang towards Mrs. M., and embracing her tightly in his arms, kissed her most heroically. The frightened Mrs. M., recovering herself, at length cried out—"The key! C., the key!" Frenchy, looking confused and confounded, ejaculated, with heavy sighs—"O, madame! I set you ax me for one kees, an' I give it to you. Vat a fatale mistake!"—Trumpet.

#### THE DYING NEGRO MINSTREL.

It did not make any difference even when he took sick. He played away all the same. He used to have the banjo hanging against the

wall, so as he could reach it in bed. Most any time you went in you'd hear him talking to the old Cremona, as he called it, and making it talk back to him. But by'm-by he got so weak he could scarcely hold on to it, and I have sat by his bed and watched him till the sound became so faint, that it seemed as if he and the banjo were both falling into a dream. All the while, he kept a good heart—poor fellow; and we kept encouraging him along too, and every now and then he would raise himself up and say, "Ah! how I'll make 'em look around when I get strength enough, once more, to make the old hanjo speak!"

But at last he felt that he was gone; and after some straight, sensible talk, he told us when he died, to take the two banjos and pack them up carefully and send them home to his father and mother. An hour before he went, he asked me to hand him his hanjo. He took hold of it, and looked at it for a minute as if he was looking at a person whom he was going to part with forever; and then he tried to hit it. But he could merely drop the weight of his thin fingers on the cords. There was no stroke to his touch at all. He could just barely make a sound, and that was so fine that it appeared to vanish away like the hum of a fly. It was so dim that I don't believe he heard it himself, and he dropped his hand as if he gave it up. Then he looked at me as if he understood everything in the world, and, shaking his head, said, "It's no use—hang it up, Eph—I cannot hit it any more!" These were the last words that poor Tom Briggs ever spoke.—Piemer.

#### THE SULTAN'S SHREWEDNESS.

An incident which occurred soon after the accession of the present Sultan, shows that in some respects at least he is not disposed to follow up the strong traditions of his race. At the beginning of his reign the Ulema was resolved, if possible, to prevent the new Sultan from carrying on those reforms which had over been so distasteful to the Turks, grating at once against their religious associations and their pride of race, and which recent events had certainly proved not to be productive of those good results anticipated by Sultan Mahmood. To attain this object, the mufte adopted the expedient of working on the religious fears of the youthful prince. One day, as he was praying, according to his custom, at his father's tomb, he heard a voice reiterating, in a stifled tone, the words, "I burn!" The next time that he prayed there, the same words assailed his ears. "I burn!" was repeated again and again, and no word beside. He applied to the chief of the Imams to know what this prodigy might mean, and was informed, in reply, that his father, though a great man, had also been unfortunately, a great reformer, and that as such it was too much to be feared that he had a terrible penance to undergo in the other world. The Sultan sent his brother-in-law to pray at the same place, and afterwards several others of his household; and on each occasion the same portentous words were heard. One day he announced his intention of going in state to his father's tomb, and was attended thither by a splendid retinue, including the chief doctors of the Mohammedan law. Again during his devotions were heard the words, "I burn!" and all except the Sultan trembled. Rising from

his prayer-carpet, he called to his guards, commanding them to dig up the pavement and remove the tomb. It was in vain that the muffs interposed, reproaching so great a profanation, and uttering dreadful warnings as to its consequences. The Sultan persisted: the foundations of the tomb were laid bare, and in a cavity skillfully left among them was found—not a burning sultan, but a dervise. The young monarch regarded him for a time fixedly and with great silence, and then said, without any further remark or the slightest expression of anger, "You burn? We must cool you in the Bosphorus!" In a few minutes more the dervise was in a bag, and the bag immediately after was in the Bosphorus; while the sultan rode back to his palace accompanied by his household and ministers, who ceased not all the way to ejaculate: "Mashallah! Allah is great! There is no God but God, and Mahomet is his prophet!"—*Sketches in Greece and Turkey.*

#### MISCELLANIES.

**QUEER MATRIMONIAL BREAK.**—A letter from a citizen of Livingston county, Kentucky, to the *Danville Tribune*, relates the following bit of family history in that neighborhood:

"A widow lady took an orphan boy to raise, quite small, and when he arrived at the age of eighteen, she married him, she then being in her fifth year. They lived many years together, happy as any couple. Ten years ago they took an orphan girl to raise. This fill the old lady died, being ninety-six years of age, and in seven weeks after, the old man married the girl he had raised, he being sixty-eight years years old, and the eighteen.

**JENNY LIND.**—From a private correspondence, dated Stockholm, Sweden, Dec. 15, we learn that Mad. Jenny Lind Goldsmidt was in that city, attending to her property. She was unaccompanied by her husband, the laws of Sweden forbidding the presence of a Jew. The correspondent adds that Jenny had so changed in appearance and grown so old in looks that her oldest and most intimate friends did not recognize her.

**NOVEL INCIDENT IN CHURCH.**—In one of the letters printed in the autobiography of the late Rev. W. Jay, just published, he tells a story of a bull entering the church where the reverend gentleman was preaching: "The congregation was large; and just as I was concluding the sermon there was a general consternation and outcry. All was confusion, the people treading on one another, &c. It was rather dark and the pulpit candles only were lighted. I saw something moving up the aisle towards the vestry. It was a bull, we presume driven in by pickpockets, or persons who wished to disturb us. We were talking upon the affairs of the nation, and John Bull very sensibly came in. But imagine what followed:—the bull could not be made to go backwards, nor could he be turned round; five or six persons, therefore, held him by the horns; while the clerk, as if bewitched, gave out in order to appease the noise—

'Praise God, from whom all blessings flow,  
Praise him all creatures here below, &c.

O that the bull could have roared here in compliance with the exhortation! I looked down the pulpit, and seeing the gentlemen who held him singing with their faces lifted up, as if re-

turning thanks for this unexpected blessing, I was obliged to put my hand before my face while I dismissed the congregation.

—A French paper thus traces the sensations of a reader of advertisements:

The first advertisement—He don't see it.

The second insertion—He sees it, but don't read it.

The third insertion—He reads it.

The fourth insertion—He looks at the price.

The fifth insertion—He speaks of it to his wife.

The sixth insertion—She is willing to buy.

The seventh—He purchases.

—It is current talk in literary circles, that Edgar Poe's "Raven," (which has provoked as many parodies as anything ever written, with the exception of Wolfe's "Burial of Sir John Moore at Corunna") is a paraphrase from the Persian. It was Mr. "Mofussille" Lang who, hearing it repeated by a literary friend, is said to have looked up from his book with "Hallo! that's very good Persian!" instantly quoting the original. Poe was a good Persian scholar. —*Tait's Magazine.*

—It was Napoleon, or Madame de Stael, who said that "if you scratched a Russian, you would find a Tartar underneath." Jones (of Marylebone) goes further than this, for he says "that he has only got to scratch his wife, and he catches a Tartar instantly."

—Mr. Sheridan Knowles preached two sermons at Leicester last week; and, two nights afterwards, his play of the *Hunchback* was performed at the theatre in that town.

—It is said that a Singing School is to be introduced into the armies of the Two Sicilies. Thirty men from every regiment are to be introduced in choral singing.

—The culinary talents of the French soldiers astonished our people. The English soldier was half-starved upon his rations, because he could not, with three stones and a tin pot, convert them into palatable food. The pork and beef were often cast aside for this reason, and the man ate only his bread, or he was compelled to pay a woman of the regiment to cook for him. The Frenchman, on the contrary, caught tortoises and hunted for their eggs; gathered herbs of all kinds; made, in addition to the soup prepared with his ration meat, ragouts and "omelletes aux fines herbes;" and so dined on well seasoned and delicate dishes.

—The Sultan of Wadal Gaudah, pretending to fly, had marched round in the rear of the Forian army, and interposed between them and their country. They believed, however, that he was utterly routed, and loudly expressed their joy. One visier remained silent, and on being asked by his master why he did not share in the general joy, replied that he did not believe in this easy victory, and offered to prove that the enemy's army was even then marching towards them.

"How wilt thou do this?" said the sultan.

"Bring me a sho camel," replied the visier, "with a man who knows how to milk it!"

The camel was brought and well washed, and the milk was drawn into a clean bowl, and placed, with a man to guard it, on the top of the sultan's tent. Next morning the visier found the bowl to be brought to him, and found the

milk quite black. So he went to the sultan, and said:

"Master, they are coming down upon us, and have marched all night!"

"How dost thou know that?"

"Look at this blackened milk!"

"In what way has it become black?"

"The dust raised by the feet of the horses has been carried by the wind!"

Some laughed at this explanation, but others believed, and looked on anxiously towards the west. In a short time, the masses of the hostile cavalry were seen shaking in the eastern horizon. Then followed the battle in which the Forian Sultan was slain.—*Travels of an Arab Merchant in Soudan.*

—"Well Cuffee," said a minister to his colored servant, "what were you doing in meeting this afternoon?"

"Doing Massa? Taking notes," was his reply.

"You taking notes!" exclaimed his master.

"Sartin, massa; all the gentlemen take notes."

"Well let me see them," said he.

Cuffee thereupon produced his sheet of paper, and his master found it scrawled over with all sorts of marks and lines as though a dozen of spiders dipped in ink had marched over it.

"Why, this is all nonsense," said the minister, as he looked at the notes.

"Well, massa," Cuffee replied, "I thought so all the time you was preaching."

—A lady a few days ago being deeply enamored of one of the "lords," wrote him a very pathetic epistle, folded it up, and set out for the post office with it. Upon arriving at the office, an unfortunate act of abstraction came over her, and she popped the letter back into her reticule and slid herself into the letter box. She did not discover her mistake until the Postmaster before stamping asked her if she was single!

—An eminent London speculator, on witnessing the brilliant success of the electric light, as recently employed in Paris for the illumination of the night-works at the Louvre, was heard to exclaim with deep feeling, "By Jove! all I've got to say is, if I held any shares in the moon, I'd sell out!"

—Daniel Webster, used to relate, that in a suit he received eighteen dollars for a vast amount of labor; but afterwards was employed in an exactly similar case, and received a fee of five thousand dollars, though he used the same brief that he had prepared for the first case.

—Dutch girls skate, why should not our Yankee Misses enjoy the fun?—*Nashua Oasis.*

They do down this way. Any pleasant day in our suburbs any quantity of girls, all the way from 10 to the first blush of womanhood may be seen on runners.—*Boston Times.*

—Faddy's description of a fiddle cannot be beat:—"Twas as big as a turkey and as thick as a goose—he turned it over on its back, took a crooked stick and drew across its belly, and St. Patrick! how it did squall!"

—The great value of arithmetic for women is to add up the number of one's lovers and dresses."

Persons sending for *Badgers Illustrated History of the State*, will please write their address in plain hand and always name the town, county, and State.





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I. Increased size of Sounding Board, with large curve or sweep to the scale, thereby producing greater power.

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III. By an ingenious arrangement of the Bridge, the strings of each particular note (any middle A B C, &c., which, as usual, have two strings) are of nearly the same length, which in all other pianos we have examined, are (from the sweep of the scale) of unequal length. This, we think, is of great moment in the attainment of what is so desirable—Equality of Tone.

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V. We observe with much satisfaction a 74 octave instrument, (maker's No. 5583), the scale of which extends from A in bass to C in treble—the upper octave and a half has three strings, and the Suspension Bridge, which applies wholly to these extreme upper notes, has for some years given to the pianos made by Messrs. H. D. & Co., a deservedly high stand. The judges in this case most cheerfully award a First Premium.

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BUFFALO, Dec. 21, 1864.

Messrs. Hallet, Davis & Co.,—Gentlemen,—Your letter of Nov. 25th is received, making enquiries in regard to the Grand Pianoforte used at my first concert in Boston. I would say that it got somewhat out of tune, owing to the dampness and oppressive heat of the atmosphere. I used the same Pianoforte at my second concert at Boston, and played my whole programme on it, without in the least throwing it out of tune. I was perfectly satisfied with the instrument. I have since used and am now using one of your Grand Pianofortes, which stands in tune as well as any instrument I have ever seen. Owing to the beautiful elasticity of the action of your Grand Pianofortes, (which possess the same qualities as the action that has contributed to give Erard his world-wide reputation.) I think it would be impossible for any pianist, who plays properly to break either a string, or a hammer. I certainly never have broken them. In conclusion, I beg to express to you, my perfect satisfaction, in every respect, with regard to your Grand Pianofortes. Very truly yours, (Signed) WM. MASON.

OCTOBER 20th, 1864.

GENTS:—You wish me to state my opinion of the *Bellian Piano Forte* made by Messrs. Hallet, Davis & Co., purchased of you. I am very happy of the opportunity thus afforded me to say that, in every respect, myself and family

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are delighted with the instrument. After an experience of many years with other pianos, both with and without the *Bellian* accompaniment, I am free to say that the instrument we had of you surpasses all others in every thing essential to a good piano. The Piano and *Bellian* stand in tune well together, and I would under no circumstances be without the *Bellian*. Respectfully yours, J. L. EVERETT.

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Richard Storrs Willis, Editor and Proprietor.

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## MUSIC IN THIS NUMBER.

### 1. SERENADE BY MOZART:

for young players.

### 2. POLKA:

by Carl Eckert.

## BACHELOR SALE.

I dreamed a dream in the midst of my slumbers,  
And as fast as I dreamed it was coming into numbers;  
It appeared that a law had lately been made  
That a tax on old bachelors' palates should be laid;  
And in order to make them all wifely to marry,  
The tax was so heavy no man could well carry.  
But the bachelors chattered and said 'twas no use,  
'Twas monstrous injustice and horrid abuse.  
And aware that to save their own hearts' blood from  
spilling  
On such a vile tax they would never pay a shilling  
But the rulers determined their seal to pursue,  
So they set all the bachelors up at yeddo.  
A order was sent through the town, to and fro,  
To rattle his drum, and his trumpet to blow,  
And to cry out to all that he met in his way—  
'Ho! forty and bachelors send here to-day!  
And presently, all the old maids in the town,  
Each in her very best bonnet and gown,  
From thirty to sixty, white, red, fair and pale,  
Of every description, all flocked to the sale.  
The auctioneer then with his h-bone began,  
And cried out aloud, as he held up a man,  
'How much for a bachelor? who wants to buy?  
And the shores of maidens responded, 'I, I, I!  
And in short, at a very extravagant price,  
The bachelors all were sold off in a trice,  
And forty glad maidens—some younger, some older,  
Each tagged an old bachelor home on her shoulder.  
—MRS. JACK DOWNING.

## OPERA AND ORATORIO CONTRASTED.

The opera and oratorio are beginning to be such prominent styles of public performance in this country, that a brief comparison of the two may not be unwelcome to our readers.

The general features of musical structure are the same in both. In other respects they vastly differ. They are alike in the following particulars:—

1st. An instrumental overture or introduction: sometimes, also, in both this is omitted. Rossini once told a young man in pursuit of musical knowledge under difficulties, that the best way of writing an overture to his opera, which in other respects was completed, was to write none at all—a course which he had with great comfort and satisfaction to himself pursued in one of his own operas.

2d. The plot is generally a progressive one: but in the opera a sharper climax is oftener sought, the finale being an exciting catastrophe of some kind. This is often the case with oratorios; like Bach's oratorios of the Passion of our Lord, which close with his crucifixion. But, in the oratorio a succession of sacred scenes may also be presented, without any very exciting climax, such as we look for in works calculated for dramatic action—like operas.

3d. The subject, whatever it may be, is worked up into choruses; recitatives; duets; trios; and concerted pieces of all kinds, in precisely the same manner both in the opera and the oratorio.

But here the parallel seems to end. The two differ essentially in the following respects:—

1st. In the choice of subject. In the opera, human love, in its thousand changeable aspects of joy and sorrow; fortune and misfortune; success and failure, is ordinarily presented. The most elevated and dignified phase of this ever embodied in, perhaps, Beethoven's opera of *Fidelio* in which not the sentimental history of two lovers is portrayed, but the sublime fidelity of a wife to her husband, and her rescue of his life, at the last, from the hand of a powerful adversary. In the oratorio the Divine love is oftener portrayed: or such subjects and histories as delineate this love. To this distinctive choice of subjects—it must be added, however—there are exceptions. In a few instances sacred subjects have been selected by prominent operatic composers, and wrought up in opera form, with all the distinctive features, of operatic and dramatic treatment. Such, for instance, are the sacred operas of *Joseph and his brethren*, by Mehul; and *Moses in Egypt*, by

Rossini. These works, of course, it is understood, are only sacred in subject: they are essentially operatic in style of composition and musical effect.

2d. The opera and the oratorio differ radically (as stated in the foregoing paragraph) in style of composition and musical treatment. In the opera, the free or secular style is adopted; in the oratorio, the strict or sacred style. A consequent marked contrast of effect (which, after all, constitutes the difference between sacred and secular music) is thus produced. It is true that Mozart in his overture to the *Zauberflöte* treats a subject in a fogged style: but it is such a fugue as one might very well dance to, and exceedingly non-church like, and opera-like (as it should be) in movement. It is also true that in much oratorio composition we find music written in the free style: as in progression of parts, etc. But then the coloring, even here, is sacred and religious: unmistakably so, in all genuine oratorio composers.

3d. The subject of opera is always selected, and treated with a view to exciting dramatic action, and stage effect. In the oratorio we have no action and no stage effect. The climaxes in oratorios are all musical, except such intellectual or emotional climaxes as are induced by the sacred text itself.

In these important respects, therefore, do the opera and the oratorio differ.

We may state, that we often witnessed, while in Germany, the simple and touching opera of *Joseph and his brethren* on the Frankfurt stage. It was regularly given once or twice a year. The action and scenic effect were simple and quiet, while the music, though also simple and quiet, is conceived of course in the old opera style; such as we should expect from Mehul.

Works like *Joseph and Moses in Egypt* are always looked upon as sacred in subject only; they are essentially secular and operatic in musical style and in the effect produced upon the auditors. Such works can never be regarded, of course, as oratorios, having been originally conceived as operas by the composers, and intended for dramatic action. We never, therefore, ever heard in the land of oratorios—Germany—of a sacred musical association (like the celebrated *Cattilian-Verein* in Frankfurt, for instance, which Mendelssohn so much frequented,) undertaking the study of the opera of *Joseph and his brethren*, or *Moses in Egypt*—sacred as the subject is—for the purpose of presenting it as an oratorio. They would have incurred nothing but ridicule by so doing. We have heard however of Rossini's *Moses in Egypt* being performed

on a German stage by a musical association where simply the music was given without the action, use being made, however, of appropriate scenery as background. This is the nearest approach we ever knew the Germans to make toward turning opera into oratorio. They certainly never went so far as to substitute the name of one for the other.

It seems to have been reserved for this country (where, as the lord of Edwards, we have naturally, perhaps greater freedom of the musical will) to present an opera like *Moses in Egypt* as an oratorio—though of course no more so oratorio in musical style and in absolute effect upon the auditors than the *Barber of Seville*; or half as much so as the majestic opera of *Semiramide*.

The wish has often been expressed by the graver classes of our music-loving Americans, that operas might be presented to them in public performance musically only—the dramatic action being omitted. They wish to hear the music but do not care for, or approve of, the rest of it. We find this a very natural and reasonable idea on their part. And why not? It strikes us that it might prove a very successful enterprise. Only—let us not call the *Barber of Seville* and *Nasannelli* and *Norma* and *Faust* or even *Moses in Egypt* an oratorio: for the simple reason, that each of these, like others of their class, were conceived, and originally launched upon the world, and called operas, by their composers—who ought best to know what they are; for what they were intended; and what name belonged to them. Call them rather concert operas—if you will; or anything to designate that they are operas with so omission of the action and the scenery.

Indeed, there is no particular reason for giving them any name at all, aside from the one they bear. And the Boston Handel and Haydn Society, for instance, who are giving *Moses in Egypt* on Sunday evening, might just as well announce upon their bills a performance of *Moses in Egypt*, as the oratorio of *Moses in Egypt*—with the single difference that the first involves no artistic or moral error, while the second does. The advantage of calling such compositions only by their actual name would be, that the public would then have an opportunity of deciding, for themselves, whether the music performed (as well as the text) were sacred or secular, operatic or oratorical, in its effect upon their minds—which, after all, is the best method of distinguishing between sacred and secular music.

We call the attention of our friends to the attractive programme on another page of *Midlle*. Caroline Lehmann's concert, which comes off on Saturday evening, March 3d, at Niblo's. *Midlle*. Lehmann sings as handsomely as she looks—what is saying a great deal. The newly arrived pianist, Mr. Suter, also, is attractive enough to draw one to the concert. Go by all means.

We regret that we go too early to press to report the performance of (the oratorio!) *Faust* on Wednesday evening at the Academy, which takes the place of *Rigoletto*. *William Tell* we trust will soon be in readiness.

The brother of *Midlle*. Rachel in a letter to *L'Independence Belge* denies the statement recently made, that by the contract between his sister and the American manager, in case of her death before the completion of her engagement her body would

be embalmed and exhibited to the public. It appears that he alone has made a contract with his sister for two hundred representations at 1,200,000 francs, and he adds that these representations will be under circumstances perfectly consistent with artistic dignity, although in the classic land of humbug.

A gentleman asked a little girl of six years: "Which do you love best, your cat or your doll?" She did not answer till the question had been repeated several times, when she whispered softly: "I love my cat best, but don't you tell my doll."

A certain person who is no friend to the Maine liquor law, said, the other morning, boiling up his glass of wine: "Now, my friend, get a good place, for this evening you will be crowded."

#### PARISIAN GOSSIP.

The cold has not yet conquered the Seine, but the river in the Bois de Boulogne has become incrustated with ice, and a flying squadron of skaters has hastened thither. Last Saturday, it was a clear cold day, and all the fashionable world were there; horsemen lined the edge of the stream, and carriages filled with spectators were arranged in three or four rows along the banks. Many of the skaters were distinguished for the elegance of their dress, some of them in the traditional costume of velvet and fur. A young and beautiful lady mingled in the sport, now darting forward like an arrow, and again describing graceful curves or capricious meanders. Her toilette consisted of a robe of sky-blue moiré, a jacket ornamented with frogs, and a Hungarian cap with a blue feather, while her hands were enveloped in an ermine muff. After an hour's exercise, during which she was greeted with the unanimous applause of the spectators, the lady gained the shore; one valet took off her skates, another wrapped her in a fur cloak, a rich carriage with armoured bearings advanced, a footman let down the step, and the lady was soon whirled away by two beautiful white horses.

"Who is this wonder?" asked the curious lookers on.

"A foreigner, undoubtedly," was the reply.

"No, gentlemen, a *Parisienne* of the Faubourg St. Germain, a country, who bears one of the best names in France."

M. D.—, one of those jealous husbands who are pointed out in France as rare and exceptional individuals, carries his egotistical passion to the most tyrannical extremes, and the most trifling minutiae. He is a perfect type of his class. He takes his wife into society as little as possible, and forbids her receiving visits when he is absent from home. Madame D. obeys his appearance only. She indemnifies herself by dissimulation when it is necessary, and these mysterious precautions give all the savour of forbidden fruit to innocent amusements.

She received thus, one day, a visit from a gentleman who is distinguished for his conversational talent, and whose acquaintance she had made under perfectly proper circumstances, but without the knowledge of her husband. While the two were seated by the fire, conversing in a very agreeable manner, the husband

who was not expected home till late, unexpectedly arrived. On bearing his step Madam D. showed great uneasiness, though her fault was a very light one.

"Fear nothing, Madame," said the visitor, quickly, "your husband has never seen me, that is enough."

He instantly concealed all the elegancies of his toilette, buttoned his coat up to his chin, disarranged his hair, and before M. D.— made his appearance, had opened the clock, and begun to wind it up. The scene would have answered for a tableau. M. D.— motionless at two steps from the door, Madame carefully extended in an arm-chair, a book in her hand, which she appeared absorbed in reading, and the third actor in the scene tranquilly turning the key of the clock, and changing the hands after having consulted his watch. The pretended visitors afterwards went into another apartment, put in order a second clock, took his hat, bowled, and departed, and all this with an air so simple and natural, that not the slightest suspicion was excited in the mind of the jealous husband.

M. X. is well known at the Exchange—his name is first on the list for any bold speculation—for twenty years his life has been a series of alternations; one day living in great style, having a princely mansion, keeping equipage and an open table, and enjoying all the luxury of a millionaire; the next on foot, ill-dressed, ill-lodged, ill-fed, and reduced to all sorts of expedients for a living. But a rare thing among speculators, M. X. has withdrawn from business with a fortune of three or four millions.

Then, his vanity was excited, and he wished to ally himself with the aristocracy of the Faubourg St. Germain. He is but forty-five years old, young for a man who has made large fortune, and he has had the satisfaction of being accepted by a lady of distinguished family, but poor, who consents to marry his wealth. The noble family conceived the idea of a double marriage, and proposed to the financier to unite his only daughter to a cousin of his future wife. M. X. announced the good news to his daughter, who appeared by no means charmed with it, asserting that her affections were already engaged, and that she would marry one M. Lucien D., a young man without fortune, employed as teacher in a boarding school.

The financier was stupefied at this folly. He reminded her that this was a great alliance, that she would be rich and a countess, have diamonds, and carriages, and liveries, and boxes at the theaters, and invitations to all the balls; while, if she refused, she would be obscure and in straitened circumstances, for he should inherit her if she persisted in making this foolish marriage.

She did persist, for, thank heaven, there are hearts in Paris whatever the calculations of woman may say. Her father closed his door against her, and *Midlle*. Jenny obtained the situation of seamstress in the boarding-school where her future husband was professor. She submitted cheerfully to this humble employment, and they were soon married.

But the history does not end here. *Midlle*. X. had been educated by an aunt, an eccentric old lady, who was very fond of her, and who, before her death, gave her a sealed parcel. The

der this envelope, she said, you will find my memoirs. I have written them expressly for you. But, as they contain things which you are too young to read yet, keep them carefully, and do not mention them to any body, till you are twenty-one; but, if you marry before that time, open the envelope on the day of your marriage, and commence the reading of my memoirs.

On the day of the marriage, the envelope, sealed with five seals, was opened. It contained bank notes amounting to three hundred thousand francs.

Mlle. X. had been formerly appointed heiress to her aunt, but the good lady had left her at her death, only a few ornaments and a small annuity. She had been always very secret in her affairs, and no one knew what fortune she possessed, still she was supposed to be in good circumstances, but some lottery tickets, found among her papers, explained the apparent diminution of her property.

Among the bank notes in the envelope was found a letter addressed to her niece. It said, "If I leave you my fortune openly, your father, who is your natural guardian, will employ it in speculations and perhaps lose it. I prefer, therefore, to give it to you secretly. I am sure that you will keep your promise, and my legacy will be safe in your hands."

A young French artist, just arrived from Italy, related the other evening a curious circumstance which happened to him at Milan. He had been taking lessons in singing for a year, and was about to make his debut, when, one morning, a Signor presented himself.

"Monsieur is about to make his debut as a barytone?"

"Yes."

"Does Monsieur retain his French name?"

"No."

"Has Monsieur made choice of the appellation he will assume?"

"No."

"Then I have a little proposition to make to Monsieur."

And, upon this, the visitor drew from his pocket several pieces of paper, each of which was labelled with a name. On one was seen Arnoldi, on another Raimondi, on a third Bramanti, and on a fourth Alberti.

"Monsieur," said the stranger, "here are names which have a reputation in some degree established. They are all barytones, you will understand. I have brought you no others. Arnoldi is well known for his fine voice and figure. Raimondi has much fire and a natural *bel canto*. Bramanti is an excellent actor, a handsome man, and possesses admirably, and Alberti is already celebrated; he was recalled four times at the last opera."

"Where was that?"

"No one knows, or can know. Alberti, Bramanti, Raimondi, and Arnoldi have never existed. They are myths. It is necessary to embody them. You can be either at your pleasure. I invented them three years since, and have familiarized the public with their names by proclaiming their successes in all sorts of well known operas, but concealing always by skilful circumlocutions the name of the cities which applauded them. I have three newspapers, in which I cultivate the reputations of a

dozen tenors, barytones, and prima donnas, whose names and rising celebrity the public are therefore acquainted with. As soon as a stranger arrives, and is about to enter upon his career, I present him the list of my men of straw. Your name is Durand, Monsieur. Instead of Italianizing it into Duranti, and expending three or four years in making it known to the public, take Alberti, for example, Alberti has never been heard by any one, yet he is very well known. Look at these journals in which for three years I have written of him, and see what I have said of this excellent artist. Read!" and the Signor displayed a hundred newspapers, in which were paragraphs chronicling the gradual progress and final glory of Alberti. "In the last city in which he appeared, Alberti was loudly applauded in the *Gitarmento* of Mercadente; he received a serenade before his departure, and had many complimentary verses addressed to him. Alberti will suit you the best of the four. There have been many inquiries about him from theatrical correspondents. It is time that I should tell him, for he begins to trouble me. I will *apport* him, for he cheap, as otherwise I shall be obliged to kill him, and make his funeral oration. Allow me to announce in my theatrical department that the celebrated barytone Alberti is without engagement, and proposals will pour in upon you."

The artist turned the speaker in names out of doors and threatened to give publicity to his conduct. He had done it.—*Courrier des Etats-Unis*.

## THE TWO MANDOLINES.

Translated from the French for the Musical World.

Toward the end of June 1829, a young lad and girl ascended, side by side, a narrow rocky path on one of the Alpine mountains.

They came from Tortona, they were going wherever providence should lead them. They were two children—two Bohemians. They had left Tortona at sun-rise, and had been walking all day, their mandolines on their backs, only stopping, from time to time, at the larger farm-houses, while Stephen sang a song, and Mitha danced a tarantella.

The weather had been bad. Toward noon, they had seated themselves by the side of the road near a stream and breakfasted on a little black bread. A poor repast, but what mattered it. Myriads of birds were singing in the trees, golden insects were hovering over the grass, the stream ran amid flowery banks. Mitha declared she had never had a better breakfast, and, when one o'clock sounded from a neighboring convent, she resumed her route, gay as a lark and active as a mountain kid.

Stephen was not precisely of the same opinion. In his view, natural scenery might elevate the soul and rejoice the heart, but it was powerless to nourish the stomach. When that was empty, he confounded mountains with valleys, lakes with plains, all was equally monotonous, and he only interrogated the horizon to discover the steeples of a village or the sign board of an inn.

The history of his first meeting with Mitha deserves to be related.

It was a winter's night, dark and cold, the snow covered the earth like a winding-sheet, the wind howled mournfully amid the precipices.

Stephen had been walking five hours without having received a penny, the cold breeze pierced through his ragged mantle and chilled his bones, his wallet hung on one side, his gourd on the other, both nearly empty, but, as if in defiance of the deafening howlings of the wind, Stephen seized his instrument, and, although the cold stiffened his fingers and dalled the cords of his mandoline, he made the air resound with his favorite song.

For a quarter of an hour he continued without awaking a single echo, when, suddenly, he stopped and listened, a human voice was heard at a short distance from him, feeble, broken, tremulous, like the last sigh of the dying. He placed his instrument again upon his back, seized his staff, and advanced in the direction whence the sound came. A sad spectacle presented itself. Amid the broken rocks and drifted snow, sat an old blind man attempting to warm under his ragged mantle a weeping child, apparently about eight years old. The old man was dying. At the sound of steps, he lifted his sightless eyes, extended his feeble arms, and said, "Whoever you are, may God bless you, if you save my daughter."

Stephen gave the child what remained in his gourd, and emptied his wallet into her lap. Soon the blood began to circulate in her veins, and the color returned to her cheek, but this terrible night had exhausted the strength of the old man, and before morning he expired.

"Let us see, Mitha," said Stephen to the child, when the father had been interred, "What will you do now?"

"I do not know," replied Mitha.

"Do you wish to stay with me?"

The child raised her eyes to his face and a tear rolled down her cheek.

"Listen," continued Stephen. "The good God has not put you in my path that I should walk across you, I can earn more than I spend, I will give you what I have left, you are young, I will teach you to sing, I have no sister, you shall be mine. Think about it I will leave you here for a few hours, when I come back you will tell me what you have decided." Stephen went away to collect a little money in a neighboring village, and, when he returned, Mitha had resolved never to quit him.

And hence in this day of June 1829, Stephen and Mitha were ascending side by side the narrow rocky path of the steep Alpine mountain.

It was seven o'clock in the evening, they had been walking since noon, Stephen was as hungry as a pauper, and Mitha weary, yet in the road which they were travelling, there was little hope of encountering a village, and Stephen examined anxiously the horizon, which was every moment becoming more indistinct.

Suddenly he uttered a cry; at an angle of the path, behind a gigantic rock, he perceived a superb chateau, which commanded from its terrace and balconies the unfathomable precipices beneath it.

A bright smile enlivened the pretty face of Mitha. "The good God protects us," she exclaimed.

"You will have a good bed this night," said Stephen.

"And you an abundant supper."

"Vivat! vivat!"

And the mandolines were tuned, and two fresh voices commenced a joyous song.

The effect was instantaneous, for the last notes of the first couplet were still vibrating in the air, when a concert of howls replied to it, and two enormous Alpine dogs passed their noses through the bars of the gate.

"A poor reception," muttered Stephen.

"Farewell to supper," replied Mitha.

"Shall we depart?"

"Let us try again," and they commenced a second couplet.

This time, there was a sensible amelioration. The ill-bred dogs still howled, but a loud whistle was heard, a stentor voice imposed silence, the gate was opened, the Bohemians were invited to enter, and soon they were seated at an oaken table before a bottle of excellent wine, and meats whose smell alone would have excited the most rebellious appetite.

The chateau in which our two Bohemians had been received in so hospitable a manner was inhabited by Madame the Marchioness of Carandini, a charming little old lady, who lived in a very retired manner, but whose active and intelligent benevolence watched incessantly over all those who surrounded her. The Marchioness was at least sixty-two years old. She had once been handsome, but wrinkles now furrowed a face which presented but slight traces of its former beauty. Every thing was changed around her—no more assiduous lovers—no more bustle—no more eclat—no more fetes, her only diversion was the conversation of the curé, the whist of the Doctor, and the jests of the notary.

Still, the good old lady was the life of the neighborhood, but one wearied of constantly amusing others, and, notwithstanding her effort to conceal it, she sometimes felt herself very solitary, very sad, and very unfortunate. On this day the Marchioness had felt more than unusually disposed to melancholy. The curé and the doctor were detained near a sick man, the notary had been called upon to draw up a marriage contract, and she was condemned to pass the evening entirely alone. She was standing at the window, her head resting upon her hands, when the first notes of the mandolin reached her; she uttered a cry of joy: here would be amusement for the evening. She ordered the children to be admitted, and when they were sufficiently refreshed, sent for them to come to her.

On entering the saloon, Stephen believed himself in a dream, the gilded apartments, the polished floors, the brilliant candelabras, all this luxury so new to him, seemed to transport him to a new world. He saluted the domestics, stammered excuses to those who were laughing at him, and, in passing near a large Venetian mirror, bowed in a most ludicrous manner to his own image.

Mitha, though not less embarrassed, was more quiet, and her awkwardness, timidity and bluntness seemed to add a charm to her beauty.

The Marchioness was much amused with Stephen, but became serious in considering the pretty Mitha.

She questioned them much concerning their past history and mode of life, and finally proposed to Stephen that Mitha should remain with her. Stephen considered this a great good fortune and felt grateful to the Marchioness for wishing to keep his sister near her, and take the charge of her education, and Mitha accustomed to yield to him in every thing did not object,

though her heart seemed breaking, and the next day Stephen departed alone.

#### CHAPTER II.

For six months Mitha lived in the midst of alternations of regret for her past life, and fears which her new situation inspired. She was of a delicate and tender nature, sympathetic and devoted in her affections; since the death of her father, all her joys, all her thoughts had centered in Stephen: she had become habituated to the wandering life she had led, and never dreamed that it could change. She could not accustom herself to the void around her. From the widow of her little chamber, her eyes wandered over the valleys, in which everything seemed to recall her nomadic life, the song of the birds, the wind which bent the tops of the trees, the butterflies with their brilliant wings, the murmur of the stream over the pebbles, every thing, spoke to her of Stephen. The attentive care of the marchioness seemed powerless to inspire confidence; every moment she expected Stephen to return, and whatever the sounds around her, abstractedly listened for the gay refrain they had so often repeated together.

At the end of the first year, however, her aspirations toward the past became less lively, her grief became calmer incessantly. She occupied herself more with the marchioness, who believed that the bird of passage had become fond of its cage, and loved it the more on that account. Unfortunately, the old lady was deceived. A more clear sighted person would have suspected from Mitha's pale cheek, that the poor child remained faithful to the remembrance of the past.

Some years had elapsed, when, early one morning, Mitha leaped from her bed, ran to the window and opened it to breathe the fresh air of the valley; her face shone, her eyes sparkled, the refrain of other days was upon her rosy lips. Whether right or wrong, she was persuaded that Stephen was not far off, and she would gladly have put on her fancy dress, and taken down her mandolin, which hung mute upon the wall. She dressed hastily, and went to the Marchioness. She told her of her hopes. The Marchioness smiled.

"Do you think then, like me, that he will return?" said Mitha, turning pale.

"Why not?" said the Marchioness significantly.

"Soon?"

"Undoubtedly."

"To-day, perhaps?"

"To-day, so well as to-morrow, who knows?"

Mitha stopped, and crossed her arms upon her breast to still the palpitations of her heart. After looking at the Marchioness a moment, she exclaimed "you have heard news from Stephen?"

"It is true."

"He is here?"

"Who told you?"

Mitha heard no more. She became frightfully pale, and fainted. When she returned to herself, Stephen was at her side, rubbing her hands with a very embarrassed air. The Marchioness had disappeared. They were alone.

"You! you! Stephen," murmured Mitha, "Why did you stay so long—if you only knew—I have suffered so much—weep so much."

"Suffered! wept," repeated Stephen, amazed.

"We never should have separated. We were happy before coming here."

"And are you not happy now?"

"No."

"Why? has not the Marchioness kept the promises she made you?"

"Yes."

"Perhaps, she has been cold—she made you feel sometimes that you were a burden?"

"Oh! never."

"What is it then?"

Mitha blushed, lowering her eyes said, "The time appeared long to me, I was hoping always to see you once again."

"Oh!" said Stephen carelessly, "It was quite different with me. You know I sat out with my mandoline, and have been all over the country, wherever the road led me, as of old, but, one fine day, I thought that this life could not last always, I must think a little of the future. You were provided for, I had no anxiety on that score, and it happened one evening that I stopped at an inn, and I am there still."

"How is that?"

"The honest man who kept the inn was rich—his wife tried to support the house, but everything went wrong—all was lost if I had not come in the right time."

"Ah!"

"Yes, I am need the rich man with my songs, and he proposed to me to stay, and I accepted."

"And you are there still?"

"Yes, Mitha."

"And he is restored to health?"

"He—the poor man—he is dead."

"And his wife," said Mitha, with a vague suspicion of the truth.

"Oh, his wife," said Stephen, turning awkwardly his cap between his fingers.

"Is she sick?"

"She! on the contrary, she is full of health, and as she cannot remain a widow without giving up her establishment"—

"She will marry again?"

"Exactly."

"You, perhaps?"

Stephen laughed. "You have guessed it. It was that I came to tell you, and to ask you to be present at the wedding."

Mitha was pale as a corpse, but she had sufficient self command to extend her hand to Stephen and smile.

"It was a good thought, my friend," she said. "I pray God that you may be happy. Your wife is pretty, is she not?"

"As the Madonna."

"And you love her?"

"Do I love her?"

"It is well Stephen. You deserve to be happy, I have not forgotten what I owe you. I shall ever be grateful, and Heaven, I am sure, will hear my prayers for your welfare."

Stephen kissed the hand which Mitha extended to him, and departed with a light heart.

But Mitha had received a mortal blow. She had lived upon illusions, and she could not survive the loss of hope. She died one Autumn night, while seated at the window of her little chamber, tracing with a feeble glance the beloved horizon of former days. The Marchioness and curé were weeping near her. She alone was calm. Once she turned her head, and pointed to the wall where the mandolin was suspended. Her voice had failed her, but







and was baptized Maria Luigi Carlo Zamboni Salvi-dor Cherubini. At the age of six, he had mastered the first elements of music. At the age of thirteen, one of his masses was performed at Florence. The libretto of Leopold II, Grand Duke of Tuscany, enabled him to go to Bologna, where he studied four years under Sarti, who allowed his pupil to insert several of his pieces into his own scores. The opera of *Quinto Fabio* was first performed in 1793 in a private theatre. In 1794, Cherubini went to London, where he wrote the opera buffa *Le Feste Pitagoriche*, and *Giulio Salina*. Thence he went to Paris and afterwards to Turin, where he wrote the opera of *Alcibiade*, which was performed at the theatre of *La Scala* in Milan. In 1797, he returned to London, where he became composer to His Majesty's Theatre. At Paris, in the following year, he wrote the French opera of *Démophile*, which, however, met with little favor. In 1799, Cherubini became Director of the Italian Opera in Paris. In 1801, he wrote the opera of *Lodovico*, which was quickly succeeded by *Moté and Elise of Mount St. Bernard*. His opera of *Les Deux Journées* was a triumph, and was performed more than two hundred times.

The demands of a numerous family began now to interfere with his solitude. He had often more of support, as well as to turn his eyes to other fields, where his name was well known. In 1805, he went to Vienna with his family, and there he wrote the score of *Fosca*, the author of which both Italy and Beethoven pronounced "the first dramatic composer of his time." But the war between France and Austria, interfered sadly with his success in Vienna, and Cherubini was obliged to return to Paris. The author of Cherubini's Memoirs, which preface this treatise, and from which we have gathered the above facts, says, that about this time Cherubini "was in one of those crises of Art, which are not of frequent occurrence in the lives of great artists; but, in order that his spirit might not lack aliment, he had taken up the pursuit of Botany, and seemed to have other thought than the diligent prosecution of this science."

This treatise was first published in Paris in 1833, and embodies the results of his experience in teaching, for about twenty-five years. We heartily recommend it to the diligent perusal of every one who aspires to the dignity of a Musical Composer. This celebrated author died in Paris in 1842, aged eighty-two.

The publisher states this work is adopted for the instruction of students at the Conservatoire, Paris, and for those of the Royal Academy of Music, London. Price, bound in whole cloth, six shillings and sixpence, English money, or about \$1.30. Next week, we shall offer a review of the second volume of this interesting series of works, now being published by Novello, via—Dr. Marc's General Musical Instruction.

## THE BEST OF THE NEW SHEET MUSIC.

LEE & WALKER, PHILADELPHIA.

The Celebrated *Valse Sentimentale*: With variations by Joseph Frick; arranged in a duet for four hands by J. A. Gaisa. \$1.60. This piece of music deserves more than a mere passing notice. It is beautifully printed, and extends over twenty-five pages of the most spotless white paper. A vivacious introduction modestly heralds the *Valse*, which starts on *pas cadencés*, and whirls through two pages, most delightfully. An ordinary, but correct paper will easily master the *Valse* itself. Variation 1st, *non troppo brillante* me *debut*, commands the nimble fingers of a good pianist. Variation 2d, *Un poco più presto*, T. F. gives the Secondo the most difficult parts. Variation 3d, *piu lento ed espressivo*, gives the Secondo an easy part; but let no one incoincidentally rush upon the Primo, who cannot easily and correctly finger the whole piano chromatically. Variation 4th, and last, *Con leggerezza* with the coda *non poco vivo*—well—however learns it, will know it, and will be paid for all the trouble. If any one wants a well-written, difficult and classical piece of music for four hands, no matter for what purpose—get the Celebrated *Valse Sentimentale*.

Grand Father and Grand Mother Waltzes: Composed by William Fischer. No. 1 Grand Father Waltz. No. 2 Grand Mother Waltz. Each 25 cents. As for the music of these two pieces, the Grand Father is exceedingly easy, such as any little player of eleven or twelve years old can master. Grand Mother's, is more difficult, and the best of the two—But the attraction, is the beautiful lithographed picture on the title pages. The picture alone, (music thrown in) is worth 25 cents.

Irish Evergreens: a set of Quadrilles. 25 cents. There is a beautiful and significant picture on the title-page.

No. 1. The low backed ear, No. 2. An Irish melody, No. 3. Oh! Erin, my heart beats for thee, No. 4. The minstrel boy, and Crochans Lawn, and No. 5. Sweet Peggy. Well arranged Irish music.

*Four or Five Polkas*: Introducing the beautiful melody of "Belle Hill." Composed by F. F. McVerson. 25 cents. The title page is ornamented with an exquisite bouquet in colors.

*Globe's World of Music*: Inscribed "to the ladies of the U. S." Illuminated title page. This "world of music," is in consist of one hundred pieces—of which five are already published, No. 1 Polish Maidens Song, with variations. No. 2. When Autumn leaves are falling, No. 3. Rose's first love; with a sketch, No. 4. When the swallows hoverest by, with variations, and No. 5. Globe's Dream. Before us are Nos. 1, 2, and 3. Rosina's first love, accompanying No. 3 is a musical legend translated from the German by Charles Grobe, of whose music, we can only repeat what we have said before, viz—good music to buy, and most satisfactory to the student.

*Buds and Blossoms*, (second series) a collection of popular Sacred Melodies, varied for the Piano by Charles Grobe. 25 cents. The publishers announce that "from the unprecedented success attending the sale of the first series by the same popular composer," they are induced to issue this the second series. No. 31. The Heavens are telling, and No. 32. Antions are before us. Of the former, the Recitative and Air of the well known Oratorio of the Creation, are faithfully given, with pleasing variations. Of the latter, the good and favorite old tune of Antions—we have an introduction—Tune—and two variations, we are particularly pleased with the Finale, six eight time.

*Why not be happy yet?* Music by R. Barnes. Arranged for the Guitar by F. Welland. Two pages, no price given. This is a very pretty melody, and well arranged for the guitar, in the seventh position.

*My poor, lost Geraldine*: As sung at Wood's Varieties 472 Broadway, N. Y. Composed by Charles C. Converse. 25 cents. Song and Chorus. Sentimental and pleasing.

FIFTH, FOND & CO., NEW YORK.

*My dear, my native home*: Song and Chorus, sung at Buckley's Opera house N. Y. Words by Charles Hertz, Music by R. Thomas. 25 cents. Pleading.

*Give me but thy heart, the old*: Ballad and Chorus, sung by West and Powell's original Campbell Minstrel, composed by Henry Tucker. 25 cents. Not without merit.

*Philippine Schottisch*: Composed by Fr. J. Krage. 25 cents. In some respects, a difficult composition; but well worth study and patience, to master it.

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

G. D. Duhi, N. Y.—The Christmas anthem, sung at Yale College is such a thing of the past, that we think you can only get it by applying at Head Quarters, New Haven. We suspect Prof. Thatcher could supply you with it. The portraits selected were forwarded last week. If not received, please inform us.

L. S. R., Burlington, Vt.—The rest of the portraits shall be sent when we get a fresh supply.

## INNER-EDITORIAL BUDGET.

We had not room in our last week's paper to give all the extracts that we wished from the last number of the Westminster Quarterly. Here are two that we fancy, from a very Carlylish article, in its style, called "The Prinzenraub."

Warburg, built by fabulous Ludwig the Springer, which grandly overhangs the town of Eisenach, graced by the general Thuringian forest; its no—Nielsen Klingsor having sung there, St. Elizabeth having lived there, and done countless miracles, Martin Luther having lived there, and done uncountless devil, —the most interesting Residence, or old grim shell of a mountain Castle turned into a tavern, now to be found in Germany, or perhaps readily in the world. One feels, —standing in Luther's house, with Luther's poor old oaken table, oaken inkholder still there, and his mark on the wall which the Devil has not yet forgotten,—as if here once more, with more heaven and the silent Thuringian hills looking on, a great and grandest battle of "One man versus the Devil and all men" was fought, and the latest pro-

phesy of the Eternal was made to these advantages that yet run; as if here, in fact, of all places that the sun now locks upon, were the *adieu* for a modern man. To me, at least, in my poor thoughts, there seemed something authentically divine in this locality; as if immortal remembrances, and sacred influences and monuments were hovering over it; speaking dead, and grand, and vaillant things to the hearts of men. A distinguished person, whom I had the honor of attending on that occasion, actually stooped down, when he thought my eyes were off him; kissed the old oaken table, though one of the grimmest now now living; and looked like lightning in those morning after, with a visible moisture in those eyes of eyes, and not a word to be drawn from him. Sure enough, Ernst and his line are not at a less residence, whatever else he and they may want.

I mention one other thing of this *Mourning*, or Moritz, Maréchal de Saxe; who, like his father, was an immensely strong man. Walking once through the streets of London, he came into collision with a dunsman, had words with the dunsman, who perhaps had splashed him with his mud shovel, or the like. Dunsman would make no apology; willing to try a round of boxing instead. Moritz grasped him suddenly by the back of the breeches; whirled him aloft in a horizontal position; pitched him into his own modest, and walks on. A man of much physical strength, till his wild ways wasted it all.

The friends of Women's Rights among our readers will like the following passage from an article on "Contemporary Literature." It is contained in a notice of a work by Dr. Klemm, on the "History and Culture of Women."

Under their appropriate heads, we have here a careful little digest of the most important law relating to the life of women in England; and a few suggestive comments (which we would have more extended) are added at the close, in illustration of that grand legal fiction by which, losing all rights of property, and denied the power of divorce, the English maiden merges in wifehood her rational liberty and identity. This admirable compilation shows us, what we knew too well, that in virtue of these laws, which we are daily coming to regard as a degrading remnant of the imperfect institutions of barbarian women, in marriage, is brought to the risk the jewel of her happiness, her freedom, her individual mind and dailies, on the hazard of a single throw. She pledges her liberty for a wider and more beautiful liberty, it is true, but if she loses this, she falls on slavery all the more terrible—the slavery of constrained illegality, or the more sinful bondage of passive obedience. Many shrink from so critical a venture; more live to wish such wisdom had been theirs. There is something falsely beautiful in the law which blends the legal existence of the wife in that of her husband: there is no fairer picture than that of trusting tenderness in the sheltering clasp of masterly fortitude and all sufferings; but there is no more frequent or fearful converse than the actual laws which are daily revealed to us of English married life in all grades of society. The bells ring in a poem and a theory, which run on to the broken-hearted woe of tragedy, or lapse into that dead prose of reality which Milton calls the chaining of a living soul to a dead body. As if in keeping with a comprehensive spirit of despotism, women have been so systematically educated to their false position that they have hitherto slumbered under their indignity. But the tide of opinion is surely setting towards enlightened convictions on their rights and wrongs; and we regard this little pamphlet not only as a draw which shows the current, but as an influence, which, with its simple but significant teaching, may help to set it right.

In the same article we have an amusing paragraph from "The Confessions" of the German poet, Heinrich Heine.

"Fame," that once so sweet delirium, sweet as pineapple and flattery, has lost its savor to the long while: it tastes now bitter as wormwood. I see say with Romeo, I am the fool of fortune. I stand now before a huge soup tureen, and nothing lacks me but the spoon. "What boots it to me that my health be drunk at festive banquets with the choicest wine out of golden goblets, when I myself meanwhile, sated from all worldly pleasure, can only madden my lips with this delusion. What boots it to me that enthusiastic youths and maidens crown my marble bust with laurels, when on my real head the withered hands of an old crone slap a blister behind the ears. What boots it to me if the roses of Schiras glow and smell so sweetly; as for me, ah! Schiras is two thousand miles distant from the Rue d'Amsterdam, where in the sorry solitude of my sick room I get nothing to smell but the odor of the well warmed serviette.

Our next extract is from a notice of a work on "The Traditions and Superstitions of New Zealand."

Dr. Shortland tells us:

"There is a mode of retaliating, authorised by the customs of the New Zealanders, called *uakaka*, which means literally putting your adversary in the wrong. It is adopted chiefly when the person who has done the first injustice is a near relation of one of the same tribe, from whom the injured person could not or would not like to seek redress directly. He will then commit some act of violence on a neighboring tribe, so as to involve his own tribe in a foreign quarrel, and thus punish the whole, in order to get at that part of it which did him wrong."

It appears that in a case of this kind (Dr. Shortland cites a remarkable instance), however severely the innocent may be visited they do not blame the person who brought the evil upon them. The force of logic can no farther go, one would think. Too New Zealanders are not a little remarkable for eloquence, and for their readiness at citation and repartee. Our author tells the following story:—

"I remember once hearing an elderly chief, named Paki, who was a chief in little more than name, introduce into a rather warlike speech the Lord's Prayer, the sense of which he took the liberty to alter in a remarkable manner; for after the words, 'forgive us our trespasses,' instead of saying, 'as we forgive them that trespass against us,' he substituted the words, 'but we can't forgive them that trespass against us.'"

We heard many anecdotes to match this during a short stay in New Zealand; one from the lips of the excellent and hospitable missionary at Waimate, in which repeating:—He was endeavoring to turn an obdurate old heathen from the error of his ways, by enlarging upon the many temporal benefits which Christianity had been the means of conferring on the New Zealanders. The old chief listened patiently till he had done, and then with a sly grin replied:—"You've forgotten the big rats; a thrush there was no parrying, for the English ships had brought with them the English rat, which as happens every where, had devoured and extinguished the comparatively harmless rats of native rats, and was thus making dreadful havoc among the stores of potatoes and kumars."

In the article on "Poland; her History and Prospects," there is a kind word for the refugees.

Polish refugees, indeed, are not popular, as a class; but what refugees are? We often wonder whether, if there were a revolution in this country, and if a body of young men were driven by the result to the Continent for refuge, and obliged to seek a livelihood under all kinds of difficulties, their conduct would be more creditable to their native land than that of the Polish, or the Italian, or the Hungarian refugees in England is to theirs. There are certain virtues which are very apt to give way when the pecuniary basis on

which life itself rests is withdrawn; and besides, refugees, even in a good cause, are not necessarily the firmest and best characters produced by their respective countries. Such characters, however, must be amongst them; and we have ourselves known Polish refugees, as well as Italian and Hungarian, of whom any country might be proud."

Our last extract reads more like Young America than Old England; especially in the "good old times" they tell us of, when the organ of reverence was properly developed. It is from an article on "Cambridge University Reform."

In 1588, St. John's was troubled by a very refractory senior fellow: "He doth me to blow an horn often to the day time, and hollow after it." "He threatened openly to set the President in the stocks to the hearing of the scholars. He bragged openly that he would bring into the hall one that was expelled immediately before, and would set him down at the table to see if any man durst do anything against it, professing himself to be as much a fellow as the mayor was mayor, and more."

#### THE NEW DRAMA.

M. Gautier gives us in the *Courrier des Etrangers* the following sketch of the new drama *The Casrina* in which Mademoiselle Rachel appears for the last time in Paris before her departure for the United States.

In this new work M. Scribe again presents to us the Casr Peter and Catherine, but not in the same period of their history as in *L'Étoile du Nord*. Catherine is no longer the camp follower, nor Peter the carpenter's apprentice; time has passed, and the short petticoat of Catherine Sowrowski has been changed to a broad robe embellished with golden heraldic eagles; but such a robe may embarrass feet once accustomed to freer motion, and under a crown studded with diamonds and pearls the head can bend with weariness. In this thin and chilly air where no human breath penetrates, Catherine feels suffocated. She has sprung from the people—she has their quick blood and warm passions—she cannot enact the statue in gold and jewelled robes—she cannot put a coat of arms in the place of a heart, and, although the Casr draws an axe and a block from beneath the bed where he surprises a lover, the Casrina cannot refrain from loving—she has fixed her eye upon the young, handsome, and brave Sapieha. The very danger fascinates, and Sapieha, unimpaired by the terrible precedents, dares to dream of love between subject and a sovereign, as impossible as between an earth-worm and a star. Queens have this disadvantage, from which simple mortals are free, they are compelled to make the first advances, and Catherine confides her new passion to Mentrifoff, begging him to aid her. This confidence is not a little embarrassing, to Mentrifoff, whose daughter Olga has just consided to him the same love for the same Sapieha, who has saved her from great peril. To make the young girl listen to reason was not to be thought of. To betray Catherine would be madness. The wisest plan is to be silent and wait.

Sapieha, after a private audience with the Casrina, renounces his project of quitting Prussia, he accepts the key of Chamberlain, and also the key of a pavilion where he is near being surprised with the Empress by Villerbeck, a Dutch adventurer, who has been raised to the rank of Admiral, and is devoted to the

Csar. Happily, Villerbeck had just come from one of those orgies in which brandy takes the place of wines of France and Spain, too insipid for barbarian throats; amid the fumes of intoxication he could not distinguish the features of Sapieha with whom he has struggled, and he fled himself, he hardly knows how, at the door of his house, but, during the struggle, the chamberlain's key has fallen in the snow, and has been picked up by a police agent.

The Casr enters black as a tempest, full of menace and low growls, like a polar bear who has suddenly leaped into a saloon, and looks around to decide on which of the persons present he shall lay his heavy paw. Catherine, who believes her intrigue discovered, and trembles less for herself than for her lover, raises her head haughtily, and reminds the Casr of the services she has rendered him. He is quieted, but only for a time—the adventure of the pavilion goes abroad—the key, marked with the initials of Sapieha, is shown to the Casr,—his suspicions are excited—what had Sapieha to do in the pavilion—it is inhabited only by the Casrina and a maid of honor, Olga, the daughter of Prince Mentrifoff. Sapieha has no other resource than to say he came on Olga's account. Well! marry her then immediately, says the Casr, in his hasty and despotism manner.

This marriage arranges matters only for the moment—Catherine is jealous—and Peter more growling than ever. Olga, knowing nothing of the intrigue, when questioned by the Casr replies in a way which increases his suspicions. She denies at first the reudicrous in the pavilion, but, having discovered afterward the secret of Sapieha, she confesses it. The devotion of the young wife gains the heart of her husband, who now first begins to love her as she deserves.

Peter is sleeping—but it is the sleep of a Richard III, or Attila, or a Gerghekan, disturbed by ambitious visions and frightful nightmares. Catherine watches over him like Electra over the slumber of Orestes.—Sapieha enters, and gives the Casrina a letter, in which he confesses his love for Olga, and bids her farewell. Peter awakens, and attempts to seize the letter, which Olga daintily destroys. He foams with rage, and raises his cane over Olga. Catherine holds his arm, and prevents this disgraceful violence, but he condemns the courageous girl to exile in Siberia, and gives Sapieha the choice of the scaffold or a full confession. As may be supposed, he does not hesitate. Catherine contrives his escape in the carriage of the Turkish Ambassador, but he returns, determined to save Olga or die with her. Mentrifoff, seeing matters at this point, and fearing for himself, tells the Casrina that the death of the Casr alone can save all. Catherine refuses this means of safety. Mentrifoff is silent, but will not.

The scaffold of Sapieha is prepared—the Casr forces Catherine to look from a window at the arrangements for the execution. He fixes his eagle eye upon the face of his wife—if she turns pale, or trembles, the executioner will strike. Catherine remains calm, for she holds a poniard which she will plunge into his heart when the axe falls on the neck of her lover—the Casr, reassured by the result of this barbarous experiment restores Sapieha to life and liberty. Catherine is safe; but at the sight of a letter which the

Casr shows her, from which it appears that Sophia loves Olga only, her jealousy cannot be restrained—the forgets all peril in her anger. Peter is enraged, and is about to sign her sentence of death, when a horrible pain seizes him—a cloud passes before his eyes—the pen falls from his hand and he drops dead upon the floor. Menteloff has poisoned him. The empire belongs to Catherine. One faithful adherent of the Casr protests, and wishes to appeal to the people, but he is reminded by a pistol at his ear, that it is not healthy to open windows when the thermometer is 26 degrees below zero.

#### VAULTS TO SERVANTS.

Vaults to servants in the olden time were of a like nature to vaults to officials—looked upon as perquisites appertaining to wages and salaries; and it is only within the last few years that Christmas boxes to servants, and fees to officers of state, have been, as far as the public accounts are concerned, abolished and forbidden by the Lords Commissioners of Mr. Majesty's Treasury. The servants of our port painters were two greatest exponents of vaults. Few states escaped. When Villiers, Duke of Buckingham (the Buckingham who was assassinated), said to Mr. afterwards Sir Ralph Abernethy, the bearer of the Duke's private purse, Sir Rackville Crowe, was indignant at the exactions made upon his master Sir Rackville's entry of the payments made on this occasion will excite a smile:

Gives to Mr. Gervase's servants when his Lordship set there for his picture, viz., to the two maids, £2; to the two men that pretended to take pains about his picture, £5. In all, £7.

The first painter in this country for to forbid the custom of giving vaults to servants, was that great purveyor of manners, William Hogarth. "When I said to Hogarth," said paintingist William Cole, "the custom of giving vaults to servants was not discontinued. On taking leave of the painter at the door, I offered his servant a small gratuity, but the man very politely refused it, telling me it would be as much as the loss of his place if his master knew it. This," adds Cole, "was so uncommon and so liberal to a man of Hogarth's profession at that time of day, that it much struck me, as something of the kind had happened to me before." It is told of Sir Joshua Reynolds, that he gave his servant six pounds annually of wages, and offered him one hundred pounds a year for the door! But Ralph knew better than to go halves with his master in such a matter.

Sir Richard Steele, who was always liberal and always poor, was at Blenheim at the performance of a tragedy by Dryden. It was got up to amuse the great Duke of Marlborough in his deluge, and Steele sat next to the famous Hoadly, then only Bishop of Bozorg. The liveried army alarmed Sir Richard. "Does your lordship give money to all these fellows in laced coats and ruffles?" asked the disconcerted essayist and theatrical patentee. "No doubt," replied the bishop. "I have not enough," whispered the knight, and walked on. Hoadly watched him, and heard him accost the bery of meals in the hall, telling them that he had found them more of taste, and as such invited them all to Drury Lane Theatre—to any play they should break up.

At one of Garrick's dinners, Fielding was present, and vaults to servants being still in fashion, each of the guests at parting made a present to the man servant of the great actor, David, a Weismann, and a wit in his way. When the company had gone, the lesser David being in high glee, was asked by his master how much he had got. "I can't tell you yet, sir," was the man's reply. "Here is half-a-crown from Mrs. Cibber. Got please her!—here is a shilling from Mr. Macklin; here are two from Mr. Howard; here is— and here is something more from Mr. Fielding. Got please his merry heart!" By this time,

the expectant Weismann wearing the great actor's livery had unfolded the paper, when, to his great astonishment, he saw that it contained a vulgar and unsatisfactory penny and no more. Garrick, it is said, was nettled at this, and spoke next day to Fielding about the impropriety of *giving* to a servant. "Jesting!" said the author of Tom Jones, with seeming surprise. "So far from it, that I meant to do the fellow a real service,—for had I given him a shilling, or half-a-crown, I knew you would have taken it from him; but by giving him only a penny, he had a chance of selling it his own."

Sir Richard Steele had been doing with the minister Lord Newcastle. On leaving Sir Timothy was preceded by the domestics of the Duke, who flared the hall with eager faces and extended hands. He made his way as far as the coach, and promptly had satisfied the servants of his host, when a crowing put into the hand of the cook was returned with "Sir, I do not take silver."—"Don't you indeed?" said the baronet, putting it into his pocket, "then I do not give gold."

"I remember," says Dr. King, a Lord Peter, a Roman Catholic peer of Ireland, who lived upon a small pension which Queen Anne had granted him. He was a man of honor and well esteemed, and had formerly been an officer of some distinction in the service of France. The Duke of Ormond had often invited him to dinner, and he had as often excused himself. At last the Duke kindly expostulated with him, and would know the reason why he so constantly refused to be one of his guests. My Lord Peter then honestly confessed that he could not afford it. "But," says he, "if your Grace will put a guinea into my hands as often as you are pleased to invite me to dine, I will not decline the honor of waiting on you." This was done, says Dr. King, and my Lord was afterwards a frequent guest to St. James's Square.

A gentleman whose name has nobility not reached us, was paying the arrears of a friend for a dinner which their master had invited him to. One by one they appeared with "Sir, your great coat," and a shilling was given; "Sir, your hat,"—another shilling; "Sir, your stick,"—a third shilling; "Sir, your umbrella,"—a fourth shilling; "Sir, your gloves,"—"Why, friend, you may keep the gloves; they are not worth a shilling!"

The discontinueance first. It is said, commenced seriously in Scotland. "I boasted," says Roswell, "that the Scotch had the honor of being the first to abolish the laborable, troublesome, and ungracious custom of giving vaults to servants. "Sir," said Johnson, in reply, "you abolished vaults because you were too poor to be able to give them."

The first attempt made to discontinue so scandalous a custom, led to a serious disturbance. The scene was Ranelagh, and the time the eleventh of August, seventeen hundred and sixty-four. Such of the obliquity and goitry as would not suffer their servants to take vaults, were hooted and blessed on that occasion by their own coachmen and footmen. From thence they proceeded to break the lamps and outside windows. They then extinguished their flambeaux and pelted the company with bricks. Swords were drawn; in the scuffle one servant was run through the thigh, another through the arm, and many others were wounded. Four were seized and being carried before the justices, one was committed to Newgate, one discharged by his master and bonded to good behavior, one set at liberty on his asking pardon and promising to discover his accomplices and one discharged,—no person appearing against him.—How hold Wards.

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3—Piano Solo, on "The brightest of the day," by Robert Frost. 110

4—German Piano. 110

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## BOARDMAN, GRAY &amp; CO.

**DOLCE CAMPANA ATTACHMENT PIANOFORTES.**

Boardman, Gray & Co.,  
Manufacturers, Albany, New York.

THE subscribers, having been engaged in the manufacture of Pianofortes for the past eighteen years, and having devoted their time and attention personally to the business are enabled, with their present manufacturing facilities, to furnish their exporters and reliable instruments to all who may wish to possess them.

**They warrant every Pianoforte purchased of them to give entire satisfaction.**

They use none but the most thoroughly seasoned materials. Their Hardware, Ivory, Steel, Music-Wire, Ropes, &c., is prepared expressly for them. They are constantly introducing improvements, and spare no pains or expense to render their instruments in every way perfect.

## Their Patent



## Dolce Campana Attachment

is too widely known to need praise here. It has been awarded, together with their Pianofortes,

## Two First Class Premiums

at the principal State and Maritime Fairs of our Country. Every Pianoforte is constructed with a complete Metallic Frame, and with their Improved

**Over Metallic Damper Socket and Cover** and the Cases are so thoroughly put together, and secured in such a substantial manner, that they will

## Stand the Changes of Every Climate.

Their Pianofortes are now in use in every section of the United States and the Canada, also in England, Cuba, Mexico, &c., and they have received the most flattering testimonials as to their superiority in Tone, Finish and Durability, and that the special they are subjected to in those severe climates without alteration or change.

We add a few of the hundreds of favorable notices we have received of our Pianofortes:—  
"We know the instruments and can recommend them. There is no firm engaged in the manufacture of pianos, upon whom more reliance can be placed than upon the gentlemen who are the subject of these remarks."

"We have been instrumental in selling a number of these instruments, and we have yet to hear the first complaint; on the contrary, we have been thanked for our recommendation of the house of Boardman & Gray."—*Godey's Lady's Book*, May, 1854.

"It gives me much pleasure to speak in favor of your Pianofortes, which have been used by me at different times during my stay in this country."  
*Jenny Lind*.

L. MURKOW GOTTSCHALK'S OPINION.

"He again and again expressed his delight at the firmness, resistance and tone of the instrument; and seemed to take pleasure in saying the beautifully responsive keys."—Extract from letter of A. McMahon, Editor of the American Courier, Phila., Pa.

"I think I may affirm, from the simplicity of structure and easy application to the Pianoforte, that it is the best Attachment with which I am acquainted."  
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"The DOLCE CAMPANA ATTACHMENT is decidedly great improvement upon the Pianoforte, producing tones of ravishing sweetness."—*Liverpool Times*, England.

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Every Pianoforte is warranted to prove satisfactory or no sale.

Music, Musical Instruments, and  
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at a "kiosk," constantly on hand, at their warehouse, at lowest prices.

The subscribers, ever grateful for the favors they have hitherto received, hope, by continued personal application to their business, to merit a continuance of public favor.

BOARDMAN & GRAY,

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"Old Kim Tree Corner," Albany, N. Y.

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Oppel led to monopoly. Music at greatly reduced prices. Notwithstanding the combination of music dealers to keep up the prices of non-susceptible music, against the interests of native composers, and their refusal to extend to Mr. Waters the courtesy of the press, he is making immense sales—having abundant evidence, that he has public confidence and support, in his opposition to the Great Non-Comp. and in his efforts to aid Native Talent, and to adopt the National Ceremony.

His stock of American and European music is immense, and the catalogue of his new publications is one of the largest best selected in the United States.

He has also made a great Reduction in the price of PIANOS, MELODEONS & MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS of all kinds.

Superior toned 6½ octave pianos for \$175, \$200, and \$225, in stock of good quality, and instruments as strong and durable as those which cost \$250. Pianos of every variety of style and price up to \$1000, comprising those of very different manufacturers: among them the celebrated modern improved HORACE WATERS' PIANOS, and the first premium

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Second hand pianos at great bargains. Prices from \$40 to \$300.

MELODEONS from five different manufacturers, including the well known B. D. & H. W. Smith's Melodeons [used to the equal temperament], the best made in the United States.—Prices \$45, \$60, \$75, \$100, \$115, \$125, \$150 and \$200.

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Each Piano and Melodeon fully guaranteed.

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General and select catalogue and schedule of prices of Pianos forwarded to any address free of charge.

## TESTIMONIALS OF THE

## HORACE WATERS' PIANOS.

The editor of the Savannah Republican, Savannah, Ga., speaking of the pianofortes kept by Messrs. J. W. Murrell & Co., of that city, says:

"It will be seen their stock comprises instruments of every grade of excellence, from the well known manufacturers of Chickering & Son, Horace Waters, H. W. Wesseler, Nantz & Clark, and Saxons & Reeves. It might well be supposed that in so large a collection there would be some very fine instruments. But there is one which, for beauty of finish and richness and brilliancy of tone, equals if it does not excel, anything of the kind we have ever seen. It is from the establishment of Horace Waters. Being constructed of the best and most thoroughly seasoned materials, and upon improved principle, it is capable of retaining the action of every climate, and of standing a long time in tune. The keys are of pearl, and the removal of the finger-board is instant with a screw. While the legs are most elaborately carved, and the whole instrument finished up in a style of great elegance and beauty, and yet its chief merit lies in the power, brilliancy, and richness of its tone, and the elasticity of its touch."

New York, December 12, 1854.

Horace Waters, Esq., 333 Broadway to:  
Dear Sir:—It gives me much pleasure to express my sincere appreciation and approval of the manner in which you have conducted your business, and of the judgment of your merits, and it is with pleasure that I can speak of them as among the most celebrated and improved makes of the day.

For your great richness, richness of tone, plasticity of touch, and beauty of finish, they will set off in comparison with those of any other manufacturer, and those therefore of obtaining a really good pianoforte—one that will prove an equivalent for the amount, will find such a one in your beautiful instruments.

Wm. M. Lander of Jullien's Band and manager of Jullien's popular repertoire of dance music; formerly manager of the publishing department of the great music house of Jullien & Chapelle, London, and now Musical Director and Conductor at Jullien's Garden.

"Our friends told us that Mr. Waters' store the very best assortment of music and pianos to be found in the United States, and we urge our southern and western friends to give him a call when they go to New York."—*Grubbs' Magazine*.

## CHOICE AND POPULAR MUSIC.

"Speaking Poles" by Thomas Baker ..... 30  
This is one of the prettiest and most charming pieces yet published, the title page embellished with a beautiful lithograph of Mr. Waters' music establishment.

"Clermont" Ballad by the same composer ..... 30  
Charming vignette on title page. Thousands of this ballad already sold.

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BERRY & GORDON, 297 B'way, N. Y.

### PREMIUM PIANOS. MORE MEDALS!!!

Awarded by the *Pennsylvania State Fair*, October, 1854; *Franklin Institute of Philadelphia*, October, 1855; *Manufacturers' Mechanical Association*, of Boston, October, 1856; *Franklin Institute of Philadelphia*, November, 1854; and numerous others.

Extract from the last Report of the Committee on Exhibition given by Franklin Institute, at Dr. Jayne's Building, Philadelphia.

We find the following valuable features in the Pianos made by Hallet, Davis, & Co.

I. Increased size of Sounding Board, with large curve or sweep to the scale, thereby producing greater power.

II. Bass strings cross the treble, bringing the bridge of the former more in the center of the sounding board, also securing greater length of strings, and affording space between them which not only gives more volume of tone but effectually prevents the greatest annoyances, viz: the jingling of one string against another when heavily touched.

III. By an ingenious arrangement of the Bridge the strings of each register (note, say middle A & Co. 5th, which, as usual, have two strings), are of nearly the same length, which in all other pianos we have examined, are (from the sweep of the scale) of unequal length. This, we think, is of great moment in the attainment of what is so desirable—Equality of Tone.

IV. The objections which have been urged against the Iron Frame, viz: that it produces a metallic tone, (not correct in our opinion) are done away with by the introduction of a copper bar between the bridge and the strings, thus giving the tones a purer and more liquid quality than can be obtained by the old arrangement, and from the pointed bearing of the strings across the bridge, anything like a jar is effectually obviated.

V. We observe with much satisfaction a 74 octave instrument, (maker's No. 5588), the scale of which extends from A in bass to C in treble—the upper octave and a half has three strings, and the Suspension Bridge which applies wholly to these extreme upper notes, has for some years given to the pianos made by Messrs. H. D. & Co., a deservedly high stand. The judges in this case most cheerfully award a First Premium.

### SILVER MEDAL.

Extract of a letter received from Wm. Mason  
BUFFALO, Dec. 24, 1854.

Messrs. Hallet, Davis & Co.,—Gentlemen,—Your letter of Nov. 29th is received, making enquiries in regard to the Grand Pianoforte used at my first concert in Boston. I would say that it got somewhat out of tune, owing to the dampness and oppressive heat of the atmosphere. I used the same Pianoforte at my second Concert at Boston, and played my whole programme on it, without in the least throwing it out of tune. I was perfectly satisfied with the instrument. I have since used and can now using one of your Grand Pianofortes, which stands in tune as well as any instrument I have ever seen. Owing to the beautiful elasticity of the action of your Grand Pianofortes, (which possess the same qualities as the action that has contributed to give Erard his world-wide reputation,) I think it would be impossible for any artist, who plays properly to break either a string, or a hammer. I certainly never have broken them. In conclusion, I beg to express to you, my perfect satisfaction, in every respect, with regard to your Grand Pianofortes. Very truly yours, (Signed) Wm. Mason.

OCTOBER 20th, 1854.

GENTS:—You wish me to state my opinion of the *Zellian Piano Forte* made by Messrs. Hallet, Davis & Co., purchased of you. I am very happy of the opportunity thus afforded me to say that, in every respect, myself and family

BERRY & GORDON, 297 Broadway.

are delighted with the instrument. After an experience of many years with other pianos, both with and without the *Zellian* accompaniment, I am free to say that the instrument we had of you surpasses all others in every thing essential to a good piano. The Piano and *Zellian* stand in tune well together, and I would under no circumstances be without the *Zellian*. Respectfully yours, J. L. EYKART.

We have constantly on hand a full assortment of these world renowned Pianos, which, buying for cash, and having the exclusive sale for this city we are enabled to sell at greatly reduced prices.

BERRY & GORDON, 297 Broadway.

WOULD INVITE PARTICULAR ATTENTION OF purchasers of Melodions for the Parlor or Church to their 5th & 6th Octave Newly Improved MODEL MELODION with single or Double Reeds.

These instruments are now considered superior to any made in America. If space would allow we could give recommendations by the hundred. We have already published very flattering testimonials from the following distinguished musicians and organists:

Lowell Mason, Geo. F. Root, J. C. Wetherbee, L. P. Homer, F. O. Hill, M. F. Alexander, H. Swift, L. N. Mason, T. H. Hinton, G. Washburn, Morgan, W. B. Bradbury, L. H. Southard, S. A. Bancroft, W. H. Babcock, N. E. Clapp, A. N. Fennell, H. T. Lincoln, A. Heaman, Edwin Brown.

Liberal Discounts made to Dealers, Teachers, Churches, and Clergymen.

Persons residing at a distance, and unable to visit the city, may depend upon receiving as perfect an instrument forwarded by mail, as if selected by themselves. Every instrument warranted.

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|                              |         |
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| 4th octave, portable, C to F | \$40 00 |
| 5th " " " " " " " " " "      | 50 00   |
| 6th " " " " " " " " " "      | 60 00   |
| 7th " " " " " " " " " "      | 70 00   |
| 8th " " " " " " " " " "      | 80 00   |
| 9th " " " " " " " " " "      | 90 00   |
| 10th " " " " " " " " " "     | 100 00  |
| 11th " " " " " " " " " "     | 110 00  |
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It is not possible to find a more useful and durable instrument for the Parlor or for small Churches than these Double Reed Melodions.

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We have just completed our arrangements for a full supply of "De Balan" and "Alexander's" Improved Harmoniums. We have just received direct from Paris a fresh assortment of the above world-renowned instruments. These instruments contain from 8 to 12 stops, with Double Swell, sufficiently powerful for Churches with large Choirs; and while they cost only from \$200 to \$350, they give great variety and power of tone, no Organ costing three times the amount. Their mechanism is exceedingly simple, and not difficult to be got out of tune or out of order.

The Comps are so arranged that the player can change from the softest stop to the full power of the instrument at once.

Dealers supplied on liberal terms.

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24 Short and easy Preludes. By Weidt, revised by Novillo. 50 cents.

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Mother's Consolation on the death of her child. Vignette. Vanderweyde. 25  
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Stay with me. Orem of German Song. Franz Abt. 25

This is one of Abt's best songs.

"I have loved thee well and fondly,  
All my soul was given to thee,  
O believe that I am thy  
True and only love."  
Stay with me, when all the words are still;  
Love can send you yet from every hill."

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# Musical World.

A Journal for "Heavenly Music's Earthly Friends."

Richard Storrs Willis, Editor and Proprietor.

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## MUSIC in this Number.

ALMA WATER O:  
An American Student-Song, as sung at Yale College:  
Arranged by the Editor of the *Musical World*.

## WEDDING MUSIC TO VERSE.

WHATEVER IS NOT OF AN EMOTIONAL CHARACTER IS UNFITTED FOR MUSIC:—

On this text we propose to offer a short argument.

Music is a language of the emotions; not of the intellect. It cannot express thought; it can only suggest it. We cannot say, "It is a fine day," in music. But when listening to an instrumental piece, like a sonata or symphony of Beethoven, a parallel course of thought (more or less consecutive) may be immediately suggested by the music.

Music may be said to combine an *expressive* power; a *suggestive* power; and an *imitative* power.

The capacity of music as an *expressive* power is confined to the feelings. Even here it is vague to particular, but tolerably definite in general tone. Melancholy; cheerfulness; contrition; despair; tranquility; and perhaps other more delicate shades of feeling may, with a definiteness sufficient to be recognized, be expressed in tones, without the aid of words. *Vague* feelings of the most subtle and delicate character, (too indistinct and evanescent to be defined by the per-

son experiencing them, may be infinitely produced in music's wonderful kaleidoscope.

In its power to *suggest* thought, and dreams, and varied fancies and lofty imaginings, music far transcends the power of words. The *suggestive* power of an instrumental symphony, like one of Beethoven for instance, surpasses all reach of words: and the listener arises from such a symphony as from communings with other thought-worlds—from which he emerges as from a trance. The German school of music generally, it may be remarked, occupies this sphere of art in its instrumentalism, which is so superior to its vocal music; because (perhaps) in the latter it is limited by the sense of words. Whereas the Italian school concerns itself chiefly with the feelings; and perhaps too much with the feelings in their passionate and lower forms.

In its inferior, *imitative* power music can also present distinct images. The thunder-storm, the song of the birds, the rippling of water; also things of vision like the tremulousness of light, and objects of varied motion—can, with considerable fidelity, be presented in tones.

These three powers, then,—an *expressive*, a *suggestive*, an *imitative*, would seem to appertain to music.

In wedding music to poetry, therefore, we have in the first a language peculiarly of feeling, but combining also a *suggestive* and *imitative* power; and in the second a language of both thought and feeling. Each of these two is independent of the other, and has its own peculiar mode of expression and working sphere.

Now, in combining the two, how can they be made to assimilate? Where is the union natural and effective, and where is it unnatural and ineffective? Under what conditions will the two harmoniously blend to accomplish one and the same purpose?—for a simultaneous union of any other two languages, like Latin and Greek, would produce jargon: here, both are languages of thought: and though the same sentences of thought were expressed simultaneously in both languages, the difference of words and of grammatical structure would neutralize both to the ear. Just so it might be in a union of music and poetry. Each must have its *peculiar function to perform* which harmonizes entirely with the other—or the result is nothing but confusion.

Now, it is conceded, always, at the outset, that where music is linked with poetry, the poetry furnishes the *theme*—whether it be joy or sorrow, or love or melancholy. The *thought-service*, then, is

performed by the words: the peculiar office of music, therefore, is to express the feeling of joy; the feeling of sorrow; the feeling of love or melancholy. The words express the thought—the music the feeling. For, although the words may be also expressive of feeling, the music undertakes this peculiar task of expression:—it intensifies the words by a vivid and glowing portrayal of whatever emotions they may involve. Sometimes, also, one of its other powers is called into play—its *imitative*. In Beethoven's *Adelaide*, for instance, where the poet alludes to the nightingale, the note of the nightingale is imitated in the music. Two functions of music therefore, its *expressive* and *imitative*, are in this song brought into play: its third function is superseded by the words, which give the theme of the song and the *thought* developed upon this theme.

This third function of music, it may be remarked, has in vocal music an appropriate sphere of action in all interjected, instrumental interludes; like those between the verses of church hymns, for instance, where the interludes should *suggest* thoughts in unison with those which have just been uttered by the words, or (anticipatingly) with those which immediately follow to the succeeding verse: entirely distinguished thus from those unmeaning interludes, in which either the thought nor the feeling of the preceding verse is at all regarded, but a frivolous and irrelevant music phrase is thrown in, entirely foreign to the subject and the occasion.

To express, in a word then, the service music has to render when wedded with words, besides articulating them, and now and then imitating the objects or images they present it gives expression to whatever feeling the words may contain. If music has out this to do, when wedded with poetry, then it has *nothing* to do: and it is an unmeaning and hindering accompaniment of words—it is Latin and Greek articulated in the same breath. And here we find, as we think, the law which governs, or should govern the selection of words for music; and which we stated at the outset: namely, that

WHATEVER IS NOT OF AN EMOTIONAL CHARACTER IS UNFITTED FOR MUSIC.

Words need not, of course, necessarily involve feeling: poetry need not involve this element. It is such words, or such poetry, therefore, as do not involve this, but are purely a language of the intellect with which music is *falsely wedded*—where it has no meaning and can serve for nothing but to interrupt.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



## POSTAGE ON PORTRAITS.

We find that some of our subscribers have been exceedingly overcharged on the portraits we have sent them. Some have paid two shillings, even in Philadelphia, and some more than this in more distant cities. We have therefore sent two portraits on a roller in the Post Office Department in New York, and addressed a note to them to this effect:

"Will you have the kindness to mark the rates of postage on a package like this to the following places, to be paid there;—namely,  
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"Six cents; or one cent an ounce."

We beg our subscribers will bear this in mind, and not suffer themselves to be overcharged hereafter, on these, or like distances.

## THE MUSIC WAR.

STILL ANOTHER PHASE.

We have been called upon in our duty as musical journalists to record within a few brief months two distinct musical outbreaks: the first between the Eastern and Western powers of publishers; the second between up and down town, in the matter of the roster on the spire of the new Fifth avenue Church: (by the way that matter has been compromised, it seems that not the roster so much as the age of the roster was the difficulty; and now a juvenile, wide-awake roster site triumphant on her perch): we have now to chronicle a third phase of the music-war in the entire break-up of the opera establishment. The following from the operative side of war commenced on the Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday's *Tribune*, will explain the whole matter:

No 1 (Monday)

NOTICE TO THE PUBLIC:—In consequence of insupportable difficulties, the Academy of Music is closed.  
March 8, 1868. OLE BULL.

No 2 March 9.

THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC—CLOSURE OF THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC—INDIGNANT MEETING OF THE OPERATIC CORPS, BALLET GIRLS, TAILORS, AND OTHER SUPERINTENDANTS.  
The upper portion of the building was tightly closed. Leaning against the wooden railing on the Fourteenth at side of the building, were some three or four policemen, and a half dozen or more individuals with immense mustaches and stooped backs. Forcibly a basement door, under the sign "Refreshment Saloon," open, our reporter entered, and found in the apartment in which the door led, some twenty five or thirty ladies, sitting and standing about the room.

In the adjoining room there was a bar and barkeeper, and about thirty-five or forty men, Italian and German. These were talking in their respective mother tongues in the most vehement manner, and at the same time imbibing large quantities of lager beer, and smoking bad cigars at a prodigious rate.

The President then read the following preamble and resolutions:

Whereas, Mr. Ole Bull has presumed himself to all employed persons, as well as to the public, as sole lease and responsible manager of the Academy of Music;

Whereas, Mr. Ole Bull has engaged, or ordered to be engaged, all persons for the entire season, intended to continue for four months;

Whereas, Mr. Ole Bull, even in the first week of his enterprise has not paid regularly; and in the second week, on the appointed day, has not paid artists, orchestra, chorus, ballet, carpenters, tailors, proprietors, gas-men, superintendents, in fact nobody, not even the cleaners of the house;

Whereas, Mr. Ole Bull, or his attorney, has taken the receipts of all the performances, the amount of which would pay at least two thirds of what is due to day;

At this point of the reading there was an interruption—some person inquiring what the receipts were last week, to which a reply of \$5,000 was given. What would have been the receipts in sight? \$1,200 to \$1,500? A voice—

That would have satisfied! The reading was then continued.

Whereas, Mr. Ole Bull has abruptly closed the Academy of Music without speaking with his employees, or even asking them whether they would be satisfied with a portion of their salary, or whether they would at all interrupt the course of the performance;

Whereas, Mr. Ole Bull has posted a notice at the doors of the Academy, discharging illegally, after one fortnight, all persons engaged for four months;

Whereas, said notice is dated 3d of March, and Mr. Ole Bull has allowed the performance of the 3d of March to go on, and taken the receipts thereof.

Whereas, There existed and still exists the greatest harmony among the troops, from the leading artist down to the sweepers of the house, without one single exception;

And whereas, Everybody was and is animated with the best feelings toward the continuation of the business, and no difficulty whatever was raised on our part; it has been resolved, That Mr. Ole Bull has acted against all principles of faith, honor and gentlemanly intercourse.

Resolved, That Mr. Ole Bull, in taking the receipts, and not paying over, at least, the amount of said receipts, has cheated us out of our well deserved earnings.

Resolved, That Mr. Ole Bull, in closing the house abruptly, without any necessity to do so, and charging others to have created insupportable difficulties, has published a barefaced falsehood in the public.

Resolved, As the greatest portion of us are depending on our weekly salaries to support our families, and are to poor to seek redress at the Courts of Law, we deliver Mr. Ole Bull to the judgments of the American people. [Loud cheers]

No. 3 March 7.

On Tuesday morning at 11 o'clock, a meeting of the artists and employees at the Academy of Music was held in the basement of the edifice.

Mr. Allegri was called to the Chair, and stated that he had received a letter from Mr. Phalen. If they desired, he would read the letter. [Cries of "Yes," "Yes,"]

NEW YORK, Tuesday, March 6th, 1868.

MR. ALLEGRI:—Sir: I have read in this morning's papers, with no small chagrin, the painful statement contained in the resolutions passed yesterday at a meeting of the artists and employees at the Academy of Music, under the late management of Mr. Ole Bull.

I see that a new meeting has been called for this morning at 11 o'clock, to take into consideration the unfortunate situation of the poorer portion, whose loss of salary is a loss of daily bread. Should you deem it among your aims a judicious mode of relief, I would suggest your quitting together, and giving a performance for the benefit of all concerned. [Cries of "Bravo," "Bravo,"]

I would further suggest that the salaries of the lowest class should be paid in full, while the balance should be divided equally among the higher artists.

If this should be the decision of the meeting of this morning, it would give me great pleasure to put the Academy of Music, *fin de res*, at their disposal, and I will cheerfully let it upon myself the usual additional expenses of the house.

JAMES PHALEN.

At the termination of the reading, three cheers were given for Mr. Phalen.

Order being restored, Mr. Allegri said that it had been proposed to give the opera on Wednesday night next, but this was thought to be too soon, as the matter could not be sufficiently noticed in the papers. Thursday night there would be a concert at Niblo's, and a new difficulty occurred as to Friday night—the new tenor objecting to sing anything new on that day; therefore they had fixed upon next Monday night. After this benefit new propositions would be made, and the opera continued for the remainder of the season. The meeting then adjourned.

Miss Caroline Lehmann gave a pleasant and successful concert on Saturday evening. Both herself and Mr. Satter won golden opinions. Niblo's Saloon was well filled by an appreciative audience.

The 13th concert of the season will be given by the Philharmonic on Saturday evening next. We rejoice to see by the programme that Mr. Einfeld is sufficiently recovered from his late illness to conduct.

The musical Maccaroni of Buffalo, our editorial

friend C. F. S. Thomas at the Commercial, has pleasantly come down upon us this week, with his usual geniality and excellent good-fellowship. The only complaint that the New Yorkers make of him is, that he too suddenly disappears from the scene, before they can fairly get a chance at him. He gives the shortest how *d'ye do* and sudden good day *d'ye*, of any man we know. The tempo of our Buffalo friend must be caught from high-spirited premises.

## PARISIAN GOSSIP.

Translated from the French for the Musical World.

A rich foreigner who arrived in Paris at the beginning of the winter, wished lately to give a grand ball. It is not at all difficult in such cases to find some titled fawn, as American millionaires can testify, who will bring together the fashionable world, and himself do the honors of the house to his friends. But this stranger was from a distance, perfectly inexperienced, and incapable of discerning the truth from the false; consequently, he fell late but hands. Instead of addressing himself to a representative of good society, he gave his audience to an intriguer of the lowest class.

This person, who would have found it very difficult to procure guests for a ball, informed his dupe that he must first give dinners and invite distinguished authors who would publish his name, and poets who would celebrate him in verse. The wealthy stranger thought this an excellent idea. A skillful cook was therefore engaged, and a table prepared with the greatest luxury, at which the friends of the intriguer represented the literary of the city.

Our Amphitryon had a magnificent library, and sometimes read the titles of the works and the names of the authors. Happening to sit on one day on the back of a volume the name of Chateaubriand, he said to his patron: "May have you never brought M. de Chateaubriand to visit me? I have heard him talked of, and his books are the best bound in my library." "He shall come," replied the intriguer, who knew no more about him than his dupe. The next day, accordingly, M. de Chateaubriand was announced, and placed at the right of the Amphitryon, where he talked like a bête bleue, and ate like a critic and drank like two condemned convicts.

Unfortunately for the bold author of this resurrection from the dead, the stranger, when he usually took care to accompany on all occasions, went one evening alone to the opera, and, in the course of conversation with his neighbors in the box, boasted of the literary celebrities who visited him, among others he named M. de Chateaubriand. You can judge of the effect which this unexpected revelation produced. They begged him to repeat it, that they might be sure of the name, and when the bursts of laughter had subsided, they enlightened him as to the miserable fraud of which he was the victim.

The intriguer has been rudely dismissed, the dining room closed, and the dancing hall has not yet been opened.

The Penbong St. Germain is indignant at a poor joke which made three hundred dupes at once, and cost its author or authors as many notes of invitation, addressed to the most distinguished people in Paris, requesting the honor of their company at a ball to be given by the





## Under ecclesiastical music, the

1877-1878

is usually comprised, although it is no longer any part of the divine service, and is generally performed in concert rooms, not in churches. The corale, also must be considered as ecclesiastical music, although it is becoming really popular song.

We commend the following remarks to our readers. He who has perceived deeper into art, and become familiar with it, knows from his own experience, and from the innumerable testimonies of all artists and enlightened men, that the object of art is not to tickle the senses of the multitude with pleasant sounds or pretty combinations, but that its function is to convey the spiritual emotions, the inward feelings of the musician poet, to the minds of his audience. From this high position it is no longer the question, whether anything (a movement of chords for instance) sounds pleasantly or otherwise; but what mental emotion is manifested by it, and is thereby created in the hearer. This brings us to the second point of the preceding question.

If the distinction between church, opera, and chamber should not be entirely vain and frivolous, with no more meaning than that such things are, as church, opera, and chamber music, it must be maintained that in the execution of music, representations and sensations occur, which have no existence in the other; and that accordingly also, a suite of musical expressions and forms are compatible with the one species and not with the other.

This is in part true. We can scarcely imagine the admission of dances into the divine service, or of fugues into a ball room. But is it trivial an observation worth utterance; or further, of being considered the foundation of the high false distinction of artistic styles? Or can the distinction be carried out? Cannot pious and even religious feelings occur in the opera, and in instrumental music? Cannot even religious impressions take place, have they not, hundreds of times? Or do not religious impressions produce joy and suffering? Are they not elevated to soul, and still more yonder into emotion? Is this not seen both in the Old and New Testament, as prefigured in the discourse of Our Lord himself? and has it not been employed by Bach and Handel, and all genuine artists? And with regard to technicalities, have not fugues, for example, been used time out of number in secular music; homophonic phrases in spiritual; and even march and dance forms in the oratorios of Handel, and those more recent of F. Schubert; and with approval indispensable necessity? And in how many either the older or the modern masters, such as Bach and Handel and Haydn, Mozart and Beethoven, used any other principles of harmony or arrangement of parts, but, in their religious compositions, those those which they have employed in their secular productions? They have everywhere let their large hearts speak faithfully from the full inspiration of their subject, without prudery or reservation. There, no idle refinements of style were required, or rather to the true artist they are impossible.

## INNER-EDITORIAL BUDGET.

## ASTRONOMICAL DISCOVERY.

Professor Pierce of Harvard College has made a scientific discovery which will unsettle, to say the least, the universal accredited theory, that the moon is uninhabited, because she has no atmosphere. That the moon, as far as we have yet been able to examine her, has no atmosphere, or at least one of sufficient density to confirm to our optical laws, and the demands of animal life known to us, is unquestionable. But this can be positively affirmed of only one side of our satellite; for as will be remembered, although the results upon our axis, she constantly presents but one side to the earth. Now it has been discovered by calculation, and demonstrated as a geometrical fact, that the moon's center of force is eight miles nearer to us than her center of gravity, through which, of course, her axis of revolution must pass; or, in other words, this side of the moon is sixteen miles higher than the other. If therefore, we suppose that the moon has an atmosphere such as ours, it would be of such extreme rarity on the only side exposed to our observation, that for optical effect and animal life, it might as well not exist. For four mountains upon the earth, none of which are over five

miles above the level of the sea, have been ascended to a height at which life could not be supported for any length of time, and still mountains have stretched above the panting traveler. What, then, must be the atmosphere at four times such an elevation? The conclusion seems inevitable, that although the higher side of the moon is unobtainable for want of an atmosphere, the remote side may be perfectly adapted to animal life. It is at least certain that the mere want of an atmosphere pre-emptive to us, is no longer conclusive as to the uninhabitableness of the planet that rules the night.

We are afraid the learned professor will receive but little thanks for this information from the poetical and sentimental portion of the community. It was bad enough to be told, as we were long ago, that "distance lent enchantment to the view," that seen through the *forgeries* of the Astronomers, our goddess was by no means as fair as we in our ignorance supposed her; we turned a deaf ear to all their talk about inaccessible mountains, and horrible craters of extinct volcanoes, and sterile plains covered with lava, with no breath of air and not a drop of water. With all her faults, we loved her still. And now to be told that she by no means returns our regard—that she probably has a fairer face, with trees and brooks, and flowers and fruits, and aephyrs and rainbows, and that, in all her revolutions, she keeps this sardoniously turned from us, is too insufferable! If the poets have a spark of proper spirit in their natures, they will resent the slight—we shall have no more "Sonnets to the moon" beginning with "Oh! thou" No, no!

"If she be not fair for me,  
What care I how fair she be!"

But, really, the Lunnarion, (if there be any) are to be pitied, confined to one side of a such little planet; and then not to be able to see us! what a deprivation. We wonder if they ever heard of our existence. Perhaps, a tradition has been handed down among them of some daring explorer, who, risking the loss of breath, ventured to the edge—peeped over at us—told the tale—panted—and died. *Quien sabe.*

## COOKERY.

We are apt to smile or be indignant according to the humor of the moment, at the name of artists, which the French gentlemen, devoted to the culinary art, sometimes assume; but, if they displayed at the present day as much fancy in their dishes, as they sometimes did in the olden time, we should hardly grudge them the appellation. Here is an account of one of their masterpieces from the last number of *Household Words*.

Listen to Robert May's description of "a triumph and trophy in cookery," such as was "formerly the delight of the nobility before good housekeeping had left England, and the sword really acted that which was only counterfeited in such honest and laudable exercises as these." You are to make the likeness of a ship in pasteboard, with flags and streamers, with guns of kick-a, (kick-a's) charged with trains of gunpowder. This ship you are to place in a great charger with salt round about, and stick therein egg-shells full of sweet water, then in another charger you are to have a stag made in coarse paste, with a broad arrow in the side of him, and his body filled up with claret wine. In another charger, after the stag you are to have a castle with battlements, perennities, gates and drawbridges of pasteboard, the guns of kick-a's in the former instance. The castle is also surrounded with salt, stuck with egg-shells full of rose water. On each side of the

stage have a pie—one filled with live frogs, the other with live birds. Ship, stag, castle and pies are to be gilt-edged and adorned with gilt bay leaves. Bring all placed in order upon the table, the ladies are to be persuaded to pluck the arrow out of the stag; then will the claret wine follow as blood running out of a wound. This being done with admiration of the battlements, after a short pause fire the train of the castle, answering with that of the ship, as in a battle. Then the ladies, "to sweeten the stink of the powder," are to take the egg shells full of sweet water and throw them at each other. All danger being now over, by this time, it is supposed that you will desire to see what is in the pies; when lifting off the lid of one, on which the frog, which makes the ladies to ship and shriek; at first after the other pie, whence comes out the birds. The birds by natural instinct will fly high and put out the candles; so that with the flying birds and skipping frogs, the one above, the other beneath, and total darkness for the ramp, we are told that this trophy and triumph will cause much delight and pleasure to the whole company.

We have received from Leonard & Scott, the reprint of Blackwood for February. The following is its table of contents: Whence have come our dangers? To an Italian Bigger Boy. Zaldee, a romance. Ferrier's Institutes of metaphysics. Schamyl, and the war in the Caucasus. Revelations of a showman. Life of Lord Metcalfe. Bulwer. Professor Edward Forbes. Story of the Campaign. This number is of unusual interest. Zaldee is a continuation of one of those admirable stories for which Blackwood is so famous. The article on the Revelations of a showman has reference, we need hardly say, to the Life of Barnum. It is ably written, and will interest, if not please, American readers.

We need to be Polyglot Editors now a days, for our American exchanges alone are in half the languages of Babel; or rather are in a sufficient variety of tongues to form a modern Babel. French, German, Italian, we are used to, but here comes one half Spanish, half English, *La Estrella*, published at Los Angeles California. Then there is *El Oriente* published at San Francisco, which is half Chinese half English, of the Chinese part of which the Spanish Editor contemptuously remarks, that the characters look as if they were made by a spider just escaped from an inkstand. In the last paper by the way all the principal merchants advertise, we are informed. We wonder if they can read their own advertisements.

## A LEARNED BORE.

In the last number of the Edinburgh Review, we find the following account of a distinguished linguist, as disagreeable as he was eminent.

Joseph Justus Scaliger was born at Agen, in 1544, and made his school studies at Bordeaux, where he was only remarkable for his exceeding dulness, having spent three years in a pitifully laborious attempt to master the first rudiments of the Latin language. These clouds of the morning, however, were but the prelude of a brilliant day. His after successes were proportionately rapid and complete. The stories which are told of him seem almost legendary. He is said to have read the entire *Iliad* and *Odyssey* in twenty-one days, and to have run through the Greek Dramatic and Lyric Poets in four months. He was but seventeen years old when he produced his *CE lipus*. At the same age, he was able to read Hebrew with all the fluency of a Rabbi. His application to study was unremitting, and his powers of endurance are described as beyond all example. After a brilliant career at Paris, he was invited to

occupy the chair of Belles Lettres at Leyden, where the best part of his life was spent. Like most eminent linguists, Scaliger possessed the faculty of memory in an extraordinary degree. He could repeat eighty couplets of poetry after a single reading; he knew by heart every line of his own composition, and it was said of him that he never forgot anything that he once knew. But with all his gifts and all his accomplishments, he contrived to render himself an object of general dislike, or at least of general distaste. His vanity was insufferable; and it was of that peculiarly offensive kind which is only gratified at the expense of the depreciation of others. His life was a series of literary quarrels; and in the whole annals of literary polemics, there are none with which, for acrimony, virulence, and ferocity of vituperation, they may not compete. And hence, although there is hardly a subject, literary, antiquarian, philological, or critical, on which he has not written, and (for his age) written well, there are few, nevertheless, who have exercised less influence upon contemporary opinions. Scaliger spoke thirteen languages, and he made the most of the accomplishment. He was not the man to hold his light from any overweening delicacy. The malicious wife of his own day used to say, that there could be no doubt as to his powers in one particular department of each language—the Billingsgate vocabulary. There was not one, they said, of the thirteen languages to which he held claim, in which he was not perfectly qualified to scold, whatever his acquaintance with it in other respects might be.

#### TURKS AND GREEKS.

In a review of "Lord Carillie's Diary" in the same magazine a striking contrast is drawn between these two races.

The bulk of the people of Turkey is incredibly uneducated and ignorant: I am told that now they fully believe that the French and English fleets are in the pay of the Sultan; and when the Austrian special mission of Count Lewingen arrived in the early part of this year, and led, by the way, to much of what has since occurred, they were persuaded that its object was to obtain the permission of the Sultan to the young Emperor to wear his crown. Upon the state of morals I defer myself from entering. Perhaps the most fatal, if not the most faulty bar to national progress, is the incredible indolence which pervades every class alike, from the Pasha, puffing his perfumed murgil in his latticed kiosk on the Bosphorus, to the man in the ragged turban who sits cross-legged with his unadorned tobacco-pipe in front of a mouldy coffee-shop in the meanest village. On the continent, in the islands, it is the Greek peasant who works, and rises; the Turk reclines, smokes his pipe, and decays. The Greek village increases its population, and teems with children; in the Turkish village you find roofless walls and crumbling mosques. Statesmen who do not see these matters with their own eyes, if told of the rotten state of the Ottoman Empire, are apt to say, they do not at all perceive that:—this Prussian General inspected their army the other day, and was highly pleased with its efficiency; this English Captain went on board their fleet, and saw them work their guns, and said that it could not be better done by any English ship. Their military hospitals are perfect models of arrangement and good order. I believe all this to be true, and I can well conceive that in one or two campaigns, on a first great outburst, the Turks might be victorious over their Russian opponents; but when you leave the partial splendours of the capital and the great state establishments, what is it you find over the broad surface of a land which nature and climate have favored beyond all others, once the home of all art and all civilization? Look yourself—ask those who live there—deserted villages, uncultivated plains, handlit-haunted mountains, torpid laws, a corrupt administration, a disappearing people."

Many instances are now of young men and women coming to Athens, and engaging in service for no other wages than the permission or opportunity to attend some place of instruction. We fear that the establishment of a reprobate Byzantine empire is a vision not likely to be realized in our time; but it is difficult to think that the intelligence, energy, and spirit of enterprise which distinguish the Greeks, though they may be often associated with the vices which have grown out of a long habit of slavery, should not, after a time, bear fruits superior to those which can be expected from any Oriental Muscular community.

#### RAG MANURE.

Chambers's Journal gives us the following account of a curious use of rags in Italy, we trust it will not be introduced here, or there may be a contest between the farmers and their help-mates; the former claiming the woolen rags for their turnips, and the latter for their nice rag carpets.

The lemon-tree requires great care, and is manured every three years with woolen rags—a process likewise applied in many parts of the Riviera to the olive, which certainly attains to a size and thickness of foliage not seen elsewhere. They showed me some lemon-trees which were being prepared for the reception of the rags. A circular trough, about a foot deep and two feet wide, is dug round the trunk, and in this the rags, mostly procured in bales from Naples, are laid; a curious assemblage of shreds of cloth garters, sleeves of jackets, bits of blankets, handkerchiefs, and so forth—the whole conveying an uncomfortable idea of a lazzaroni's cast-off clothes. A quantity not exceeding twenty pounds English weight is allotted to each tree, and then the earth, which had been displaced for their reception, is thrown over them, and they are left to ferment for a gradually decompose. Some agriculturists throw a layer of common manure over the rags before covering them with earth, but Signor Bonaventura said many experienced persons contended it was unnecessary.

#### PRINCE BULL.

##### A FAIRY TALE.

Once upon a time, and of course it was in the Golden Age, and I hope you know when that was, for I am sure I don't, though I have tried hard to find out, there lived in a rich and fertile country, a powerful Prince whose name was BULL. He had gone through a great deal of fighting in his time, about all sorts of things, including nothing; but, had gradually settled down to be a steady, peaceable, good-natured, corpulent, rather sleepy Prince.

This puissant Prince was married to a lovely Princess whose name was Fair Freedom. She had brought him a large fortune, and had borne him an immense number of children, and had set them to spinning, and fornering, and engineering, and soldiering, and sailing, and doctoring, and lawyering, and preaching, and all kinds of trades. The coffers of Prince Bull were full of treasure, his cellars were crammed with delicious wines from all parts of the world, the richest gold and silver plate that ever was adorned his sideboards, his sons were strong, his daughters were handsome, and in short you might have supposed that if there ever lived upon earth a fortunate and happy Prince, the name of that Prince, take him for all in all, was assuredly Prince Bull.

But, appearances, as we all know, are not always to be trusted—far from it; and if they had led you to this conclusion respecting Prince Bull, they would have led you wrong, as they have often led me.

For, this good Prince had two sharp thorns in his pillow, two hard knobs in his crown, two heavy loads on his mind, two unbridled nightmares in his sleep, two rocks ahead in his course. He could not by any means get servants to suit him, and had a tyrannical old godmother whose name was Tape.

She was Feiry, this Tape, and was a bright red all over. She was disgustingly prim and formal, and could never bend herself a hair's breadth this way or that way out of her naturally erected shape. But, she was very polite in her wicked art. She could stop the fastest thing in the world, change the strongest thing into the weakest, and the most useful into the most useless. To do this she had only to put her cold hand upon it, and repeat her own name, Tape. Then it withered away.

At the Court of Prince Bull—at least I don't mean literally at his court, because he was a very gentle Prince, and readily yielded to his godmother when she always reserved that for his hereditary Lords and Ladies—in the dominions of Prince Bull, among the great mass of the community who were called in the language of that polite country the Mobs and the Scoots, were a number of very ingenious men, who were always busy with some invention or other, for promoting the prosperity of the Prince's subjects, and augmenting the Prince's power. But, whenever they submitted their models for the Prince's approval, his godmother stepped forward laid her hand upon them, and said "Tape." Hence it came to pass, that when any particularly good discovery was made, the discoverer usually carried it off to some other Prince, in foreign parts, who had no old grandmother, who said Tape. This was not on the whole an advantageous state of things for Prince Bull, to the best of my understanding.

The worst of it, was, that Prince Bull had in course of years ispired into such a state of subjection to this mislucky godmother, that he never made any serious effort to rid himself of her tyranny. I have said this was the worst of it, but I was wrong, because there is a worse consequence still, behind. The Prince's numerous family became so downright sick and tired of Tape, that when they should have helped the Prince out of the difficulties into which that evil creature led him, they fell into the dangerous habit of moodily keeping away from him in an impulsive and indifferent manner, as though they had quite forgotten that no harm could happen to the Prince their father, without its inevitably affecting themselves.

Such was the aspect of affairs at the court of Prince Bull, when this great Prince found it necessary to go to war with Prince Bear. He had been for some time very doubtful of his servants, who, besides being indolent and addicted to enriching their families at his expense, domineered over him dreadfully: threatening to discharge themselves if they were done the least fault with, pretending that they had done a wonderful amount of work when they had done nothing, making the most unmeaning speeches that ever were heard in the Prince's name, and uniformly showing themselves to be very inefficient indeed. Though, that some of them had excellent characters from previous situations is not to be denied. Well! Prince Bull called his servants together, and said to them one and all, "Send my army against Prince Bear. Clothe it, arm it, feed it, provide it with all necessities and contingencies, and I will pay the piper! Do your duty my brave troops," said the Prince, "and do it well, and I will pour my treasure out like water, to defray the cost. Who ever heard me complain of money well laid out?" Which indeed he had reason for saying, inasmuch as he was well known to be a truly generous and magnificent Prince.

When the servants heard those words, they sent out the army against Prince Bear, and they set the army tailors to work, and the army provision merchants, and the makers of guns both great and small, and the gunpowder makers, and the makers of ball, shell and shot, and they bought up all manner of stores and ships, without troubling their heads about the price, and appeared to be so busy that the good Prince rubbed his hands, and (using a favorite expression of his), said, "It's all right!" But, while they were thus employed, the Prince's godmother, who was a great favorite with those servants, looked

a ope then continually all day long, and whenever she popped in her head at the door, said, "How do you do, my children? What are you doing here?" "Official business grandmother," "Oho!" says this wicked Fairy, "—Tape!" and then the business all went wrong, whatever it was, and the servants' heads became so addled and muddled that they thought they were doing wonders.

Now, this was very bad conduct on the part of the vicious old nuisance, and she ought to have been strangled, even if she had stopped here; but, she didn't stop here, as you shall learn. For, a number of the Prince's subjects, being very fond of the Prince's army who wore the bravest of men, assembled together and provided all manner of eatables and drinkables, and books to read, and clothes to wear, and tobacco to smoke, and candles to burn, and nailed them up in great packing cases, and put them aboard a great many ships, to be carried out to that brave army in that cold and inclement country where they were fighting Prince Ball. Then, up comes this wicked Fairy as the ships were weighing anchor, and says, "How do you do, my children? What are you doing here?" "We are going with all these comforts to the army, godmother," "Oho!" says she, "A pleasant voyage, my darlings.—Tape!" And from that time forth, those enchanted ships went sailing against wind and tide and rhyme and reason, round and round the world, and wherever they touched at any port they were ordered off immediately, and could never deliver their cargoes anywhere.

This, again, was very bad conduct on the part of the vicious old nuisance, and she ought to have been strangled for it if she had done nothing worse; but, she did something worse still, as you shall learn. For, she got astride of an official broomstick, and muttered as a spell these two sentences: "On Her Majesty's service," and "I have the honor to be, for, your most obedient servant," and presently alighted in the cold and inclement country where the army of Prince Ball were encamped to fight the army of Prince Ball. On the seashore of that country, she found piled together a number of boxes for the army to live in, and a quantity of provisions for the army to live upon, and a quantity of clothes for the army to wear: while sitting in the mud gazing at them, were a group of officers as red to look as at the wicked old woman herself. So, she said to one of them, "Who are you, my darling, and how do you do?" "I am the Quartermaster General's Department, godmother, and I am pretty well." "Then she said to another, "Who are you, my darling, and how do you do?" "I am the Commissariat Department, godmother, and I am pretty well." Then she said to another, "Who are you, my darling, and how do you do?" "I am the head of the Medical Department, godmother, and I am pretty well." Then, she said to some gentlemen, seated with lavender, who kept themselves at a great distance from the rest, "And who are you, my pretty pet, and how do you do?" And they answered, "We are—the Staff—Department, godmother, and we are very well indeed." "I am delighted to see you all, my beauties," says this wicked old Fairy, "—Tape!" Upon that, the houses, clothes, and provisions, all melted away; and the soldiers who were sound, fell sick; and the soldiers who were sick, died miserably; and the noble army of Prince Ball perished.

When the dismal news of his great loss was carried to the Prince, he suspected his godmother very much indeed; but, he knew that his servants must have kept company with the malicious devils, and must have given away to her, and therefore he resolved to turn those servants out of his place. So, he called to him a Roebuck who had the gift of speech, and he said, "Good Roebuck, tell them they must go." So, the good Roebuck delivered his message, so like a man that you might have supposed him to be nothing but a man, and they were turned out—but not without warning, for that they had had a long time.

And now comes the most extraordinary part of the history of this Prince. When he had turned out those servants, of course he wanted others. What was his astonishment to find that to all his dominions, which contained no less than twenty-seven millions of people, there were not above five-and-twenty servants altogether! They were so lofty about it, too, that instead of discussing whether they should hire themselves as servants to Prince Ball, they turned things topsy-turvy, and considered whether as a favor, they should hire Prince Ball to be their master! While they were arguing this point among themselves quite at their leisure, the wicked old red Fairy was incessantly going up and down, knocking at the doors of twelve of the eldest of the five-and-twenty, who were the oldest inhabitants in all that country, and whose united ages amounted to one thousand, saying, "Will you hire Prince Ball for your master?" To which, one answered, "I will, if next door will;" and another, "I won't, if over the way does;" and another, "I can't if he, she, or they, might, could, would, or should." And all this time Prince Ball's affairs were going to rack and ruin.

At last, Prince Ball in the height of his perplexity assumed a thoughtful face, as if he were struck by an entirely new idea. The wicked old Fairy, seeing this, was at his elbow directly, and said, "How do you do, my Prince, and what are you thinking of?" "I am thinking, god-mother," says he, "that among all the seven-and-twenty millions of my subjects who have never been in service, there are men of intellect and business who have made me very famous both among my friends and enemies." "Aye, truly!" says the Fairy. "Aye, truly," says the Prince. "And what then?" says the Fairy. "Why, then," says he, "since the regular old class of servants do so ill, as so hard to get, and carry it with so high a hand, perhaps I might try to make good servants of some of these." The words had no sooner passed his lips than she returned, chuckling, "You think so, do you? Indeed, my Prince?—Tape!" Thereupon he directly forgot what he was thinking of, and cried out lamentably to the old servants, "O, do come and hire your poor old master! Pray do! On any terms!"

And this for the present, finishes the story of Prince Ball. I wish I could wind it up by saying that he lived happy ever afterwards, but I cannot in my conscience do so; for, with Tape at his elbow, and his estranged children fatally repelled by her from coming near him, I do not, to tell you the plain truth, believe in the possibility of such an end to it.

#### A TIME TO REFUSE & A TIME TO ACCEPT.

A French officer who came from Constantinople by the last mail, told me a story from Sebastopol which, though at first suggestive of a smile, leaves a deeper and better impression behind. In the beginning of the campaign some officers of the Guards invited several officers of General Boissac's division to dine at their mess. The French officers sent a deputation to decline the invitation in the most delicate and friendly terms possible. Most of them, said they, had little or nothing beyond their pay to live upon; they could not return hospitality in the same style in which they knew it would be offered to them, and they felt certain that the English officers would understand their excuses, and not press them to accept civilities which some at least among their number might feel as laying them under the weight of an obligation. They would eagerly seize every occasion to grasp the hand of an English officer, would be delighted to join in a promenade and a cigar, but upon the whole thought it best to abstain from entering upon a course of dinner giving. Against such an excuse of course no remonstrance could be made,

and the English officers merely expressed their regret that they could not see so much of their comrades in arms as they had hoped to do. But after the battle of Inkermann the English mess in question lost their plate and china, their cellar, their potted meats, hams, preserves, and other luxuries, and, owing to commissariat difficulties but too notorious, found it difficult to procure the most ordinary rations. When these misfortunes became known in the camp, the French deputation of officers renewed their visit, and said, with comic good humor, that since the fortunes of war had removed the inequalities which originally constituted their only objection to an interchange of feeding, they hoped the English officers would condescend to take pot luck with them. This *spiritual* invitation was naturally accepted, and the delightful fraternity which prevails between the two services was thus cemented by another link.—*Balaclava letter.*

#### MISCELLANIES.

A NEW PIANOFORTE. A curious pianoforte may be seen at St. Martin's Hall. By newly arranging the movement belonging to the keyboard, and by placing the flats and sharps in close ranks one behind the other, Mr. Hasketh Hughes, the inventor, brings many more notes within command of the player's hand than it can embrace on keyed instruments as they exist. That, however, which is gained in the extension of chords must, we apprehend, be lost in the working up of all passages of rapid and brilliant execution, since the fingers can hardly fall to be in each other's way on the new keyboard; but we speak conjecturally, seeing that before the invention can be fairly tested, the whole art of playing the pianoforte must be studied anew, and it is problematical if any one will devote the time necessary to the mastering of a *Concerto* by Hummel or of a *Study* by Chopin under entirely unforeseen conditions of fingering, for the purpose of proving such exercises possible. We are informed that the invention of Mr. Hughes can be applied to any pianoforte constructed on the old principle; but at present we are disposed to regard it as ingenious rather than generally valuable.—*Athenaeum.*

I heard a good story of Young America at Atlanta. I entitle it—"The Pea-nut Seller's Triumph; or, Young America's Revenge." One day, a pea-nut and candy-selling urchin at the Railroad station was rudely pushed off the platform by the conductor of the freight train. His wrath was great, and he determined that it should be the spring of equally great annoyance to his foe. His heaving bosom—contracted brow—compressed lips—clenched hand—flashing eye—and half-uttered "By gum! I if I don't make you pay for that, then I'm mistaken!" all proved that a dreadful retribution awaited the devoted conductor of the freight train.

Young America sold his stock that day with unusual rapidity—for he sold it at half-price, and was diligent at his business. He "raised" twenty-five cents; with it he purchased a piece of fat pork.

The "grade" at Atlanta is very steep; and heavy freight trains when going at full speed, seldom exceed the rate of three miles an hour until they reach a certain distance from the city. Young America attached a piece of string to the pork—and accompanied by another juvenile,

went down to the place where the grade is steepest. "Now, looky 'ere," said the peanut seller to his companion, as he placed the fat pork on the rail, "you take hold of that string and pull me along." He squatted down on the pork and was trailed up and down both rails for about half a mile. Of course the rail was well greased! The freight train came up. It was literally, *No Go!* For two days the engine vigorously puffed in a vain attempt at progress. The Conductor was finally obliged to call in the aid of another engine. Thus conclude the history of the Peanut Seller's Triumph; or, Young America's Revenge.

—The wit that makes as laugh most freely is that which instantly accepts another man's promises, and draws a conclusion from them in his own favor. A country gentleman was once showing his improvements to the Prince de Ligne, and among other things pointed out to him a muddy spot which he called his lake. It is rather shallow, is it not?" said the Prince. "I assure you, Prince, a man drowned himself in it." "Ah, he must have been a fatterer, then," answered De Ligne.

—At an association dinner, a debate arose as to the benefit of whipping, in bringing up children. Doctor Morse took the affirmative, and his chief opponent was a young minister whose reputation for veracity was not very high. He affirmed that parents often did harm to their children by unjust punishment from not knowing the facts of the case. "Why," said he, "the only time my father ever whipped me was for telling the truth." "Well," retorted the Doctor, "itoured you of it, didn't it?"

**SIMPLICITY**—A gentleman from a neighboring town informs us of an amusing instance of simplicity in his family. He had told his help not to allow one of his rooms to become too warm. Some time after, it was found that the temperature of the room was not only warm but hot, and the thermometer that usually hung on the wall was missing. The girl on being called on to account, stated that she had taken away the thermometer to cool the room, as it was getting very hot, *sure*.—*Bridgeport Standard*.

## ADVERTISEMENTS.

### WHAT BOOK SHALL I USE?

Teachers of music at a distance are often at a loss to determine what instruction book, or what collection of exercises it is best for them to adopt in their professional labors. Inquiries are often sent us for information on this point, and we have quite a formidable array of letters that have been forwarded to us, in which we are asked, "What book can you recommend for the Piano?" "A pupil wishes to learn Organ music, what Method is best to pursue?" "Name to me the best Violin School," and other questions of like import. In order to answer these many inquiries, as well as to furnish a good list for reference to those who are now, or may be, in search of works relating to the various branches of musical education, we compile the subjoined catalogue. All the books herein mentioned, have received the unqualified approval of the leading teachers in the principal cities, and may, therefore, be relied upon as thoroughly tried and found to be of the greatest utility in imparting, as well as acquiring a

knowledge of the subjects of which they respectively treat.

**FOR THE PIANOFORTE**.—The most popular Method is that of Müller (A. E.) Revised by Julius Knorr, and translated from the German by G. A. Schmidt, recently published in Boston, and sold by all the music dealers. For the convenience of the public it is published in two forms, namely, complete in one volume at \$3 00, and in two parts at \$2 00 each. Bertini's Method, which has for so long a time taken the lead, has been somewhat superseded by Müller, yet it continues in considerable demand, particularly Ditsen's abridged copy which has met with much favor from teachers on account of its comprehensiveness, comprising within its covers the rudimental and practical portions of the large copy, and in fact, all that is actually required or ever used by seven-eighths of the scholars. The price of the complete copy is \$2 50, and that of the abridged \$1 50. A lower-priced instruction book is that of Thomas Baker, entitled *Baker's Modern Instructions for the Piano*, which is sold for \$1 50. Mr. Baker has much experience in teaching in Europe; was the leader of Jullien's Orchestra, and is at present a resident of this city. The book has been highly spoken of by eminent European professors. For a yet lower priced book we have the *Piano Without a Master*, price 50 cents.

**FOR PIANO STUDY AND EXERCISE**.—The authors whose works for this purpose are most generally used, are Bertini, Cramer, Czerny, Duvernoy, Hueten and Here, though there are several others whose compositions are admirably adapted to the purpose. Of Bertini's his *Twenty-five Studies*, Op. 100, price \$1 50, his *Introduction to Cramer*, Op. 29, \$1 50, and *Scales and Exercises*, price 80 cents, are capital. Cramer's *Celebrated Studies* are published complete in 1 vol. for \$3 00, also in two numbers. No. 1 at \$1 50, and No. 2 at \$2 00. Czerny has a host of works under this head. We can in this connection merely give the names and prices, prefacing the list with the remark that that they are each "Good, A. No. 1" and worth purchasing. *Studies in Velocity*, published in three parts, each 50 cents, complete in one book \$1 25. One Hundred and One Preparatory Lessons complete \$2 00; in 3 parts, each 75 cents. *Classical School*, 3 Nos., each \$1 25; *Finger Exercises*, 3 Nos., each \$1 00. One Hundred easy lessons, 4 Nos., each 50 cents; *Grand Exercises of the Scale*, 75 cents; *Six Studies for the Left Hand alone*, 25 cents. Of Duvernoy's works the most approved are, *Ecole du Mécanisme*, 3 Nos., each 50 cents, and *First Lessons*, in 4 Nos., each 25 cents, complete 75 cents. Hueten furnishes *Scales and Exercises*, 3 Nos., each 25 cents, and Here, *Celebrated Scales and Exercises*, and eighteen *Special Studies*, the former at 75 cents, and the latter in 3 Nos. at 75 cents each. Of other authors, we may refer you to *Bach's Fifteen Inventions*, price 75 cents; *Mocker's Thirty Dramatic Studies*, 2 Nos., each \$2 00; *Lemoine's 50 Juvenile Studies*, \$1 00; *Easy and Melodious Studies*, by Peterselis, \$1 00, and *Pianist's Best Companion*, at 50 cents.

**FOR THE ORGAN**.—Schneider's *Practical Organ School* is doubtless the best, and the price the lowest, it being furnished for \$2 50. This is a most excellent work, and is considered by

teachers as the best instruction book for beginners that can be had. Its lessons are progressive and furnish that practical knowledge so requisite to one just commencing the Organ study and essential to every performer who would make any pretension to sound education. The author maintains a position in Europe as a teacher of Organ Music the same as that held by Müller, Bertini, and Hueten as teachers of the Pianoforte. He is plain in the elucidation of every particular; and has taken special pains to impart by example and exercise, as acquaintance with what is sometimes called "the Organ touch," which differs from that of the piano in its prolongation. Another work of much merit is the *Amateur Organist* a collection of Opening and Closing Voluntaries, selected and arranged from the works of the best composers, with special reference to the wants of those who, acquainted with the principles of playing, wish practice, forming an excellent course of advanced study, by John Zuelst, price \$1 50. The same author has also published *Two Hundred and Fifty Voluntaries, also Six Preludes and Interludes*, the former at \$1 50, the latter 98 cents. For recreation and familiar practice we would mention *Beauties for the Organ* by Eminent Composers, published in numbers at 50 cents each; *Short Voluntaries*, by Hiles, do. 50 cents each, and *Novello's Short Melodies*, also in numbers at the same price.

**FOR THE CULTIVATION OF THE VOICE**.—For this class we have Lohbach's *Method of Singing*, price \$2 50, abridged \$1 50, well known and appreciated; also *Exercises and Solfeiges* by Lowell Mason at \$1 00. With these are Ferrari, Crivelli, Panzeron, Cook, Comens and Crescentini, each of whom have given to the world a variety of valuable treatises and select exercises of which we will barely mention Ferrari's *Instructions for the Voice*, \$2 50; Crivelli's *Instructions in Singing*, \$1 50; Panzeron's *Method of Vocalization*, complete \$3 00, abridged \$1 00; by the same author—*A B C of Music*, \$3 50; (smaller form for class, \$1 00.) *Method of Singing in Paris*, \$3 00; also Gamut and Solfege for two voices, 68 cents; three voices, \$1 00; four voices, 88 cents; Cook's *Singing Instructor*, \$3 00; Crescentini's *Lessons*, twenty-five lessons, \$2 00; fifty lessons in two parts, \$2 00 each part; *Fifteen Vocalists*, two numbers, each \$1 00; and lastly Crescentini's *Art of Singing* \$3 00.

**FOR MELODEON, SCAPAPHONE AND REED ORGAN**.—The rapid increase in the use of the Melodeon has created a like increase in the demand for books of instruction and collections of music arranged for that instrument, which books are likewise adapted to the Scapaphone and Reed Instruments generally. Taking the lead of the books of this class is Zuelst's *Melodeon Instructor*. This work is divided into seven parts, and is highly recommended by Lowell Mason, Hastings, Webb, Root, Bradbury, Girse and many others. The price is \$2 00. It is the most thorough work of the kind, and the high reputation of the author at home and abroad is a sufficient guarantee of its excellence. For \$1 00 we have the *American Melodeon Instructor*, and Carhardt's, undoubtedly the best low priced books. The instructions are simple, comprehensive, and possess the great merit of being easily understood. In addition to the letter press we have in these volumes upwards

Two hundred pieces of select music comprising the choicest melodies expressly arranged for the Melodeon and all reed instruments. A yet lower priced book is the Melodeon Without a Master, price 50 cents. A collection of music for these instruments is also for sale by music dealers under the name of The Seraphine for 50 cents.

**FOR THE GUITAR.**—Quite a number of truly valuable instruction books for this instrument are before the public. Among these, and most prominent are the following: Canelli's Method, price complete, \$3 50, abridged, \$2 00; Caroselli's School, complete, \$2 50, abridged \$1 50; Curtiss' Complete Method, \$2 00; Torp's Instruction Book \$2 00. Those who may wish a lower priced book, and yet one of merit will find such in the Guitar Without a Master, price 50 cents.

**FOR THE HARP.**—The only reliable work for this is that of Bocha, in which the principles of fingering, and the various means of attaining a finished execution are clearly explained and illustrated. The price is \$2 50.

**FOR THE VIOLIN.**—The Method of Spohr has long been the source of instruction, and one from which many other works professing to be Complete Schools have been compiled. Spohr's Method can be obtained in one volume complete for \$3 00, an abridgment is sold for \$1 25. This book is unquestionably the best, and the pupil who goes through with it will graduate a most thorough and expert proficient. There are other books furnished at less price. The Violin Complete, \$1 00. Violin Made Easy, 50 cents; Woodbury's Instructor, 38 cents.

**FOR THE VIOLONCELLO.**—No book of any very great utility or thoroughness was in our stores for this instrument until last year, when a good reprint of the celebrated work of Bernard Romberg was issued. Romberg's School for the Violoncello is now obtainable at the low price of \$2 50. An abridgment of this has been published under the name of the Violoncello, which contains, not only a good amount of practical instruction, but also thirty or forty, or more tunes, arranged for the instrument. The price is \$1. A lower priced book is Hamilton's Preceptor, which is sold for 50 cents.

**FOR THE FLUTE.**—Berbiglier's, Wragg's, and Dresher's are popular. Prices, \$2, \$1 50, and \$2 50. Then there is the Flute Made Easy, 50 cents. Collections of music for the flute are numerous and much discrimination is requisite in order to secure the right one. We have found the following in every judicious and artistic flute's library: The Portfolio of Music for the Flute and Violin. The work is published in numbers, seven, if we remember rightly, which are sold at 25 cents each; also, The Julian Collection of Flute and Violin Music. Price, 60 cents.

**FOR THE ACCORDION AND FLUTINA.**—New and Complete Method for the Accordion, is the latest; Cruvelli's Accordion Preceptor contains the fullest instructions, and, for beginners, is considered fully equal, if not superior to all others. The price of the former is 50 cents, of the latter, 38 cents. Other Accordion books—Howe's Preceptor, Accordion without a Master, etc., are well known. There will be published on the first of April, The Flutina. It will not contain instructions but will be a choice collec-

tion of music, including the most popular songs with the words appended.

**FOR THE CLARINET.**—Kendall's Instructor, 28 cents, and Howe's ditto.

**FOR THE FIFE.**—Howe's School. Price 38 cents.

**FOR THE FLAGEOLET.**—Howe's School. Price 38 cents.

**FOR THE BANG.**—Howe's Preceptor. Price 25 cents.

**FOR THE BASSOON.**—Kyle's Instructions. Price 75 cents.

**FOR THE BUCKLE.**—Legler's Instructions. Price \$1 50; also Bardett's Preceptor. Price 38 cents.

**FOR THE SAX HORN.**—Dieter's Tutor. Price 50 cents, and Bardett's Preceptor. Price 38 cents.

**FOR THE CORNOPEAN.**—Bardett's Preceptor. Price 38 cents.

#### ELEMENTARY WORKS.

**FOR MUSICAL COMPOSITION.**—The standard work for this is that of Weber. It is published in two volumes, and is recommended by all well educated Professors as of superior merit. Price for the two vols \$4 00. As a small hand book on this subject, Woodbury's Elements meets with some demand at 50 cents.

**FOR HARMONY AND THOROUGNESS.**—Burrows's Primer. 38 cents. First Steps, a capital work, 50 cents; a volume by Cerny, 50 cents, and the Methodical Guide, by Julius Knorr, the latest, and quite popular. 50 cents. A volume entitled A Pictorial System of Harmony, by A. N. Johnson, published last autumn, is rapidly coming into extensive use, and can be recommended as a valuable assistant to both teacher and scholar. The subjects are well arranged, and a copious index guides the student to the remarks on the various points which are exceedingly lucid and satisfactory in their solution of musical problems. Price bound in cloth \$1 50.

**FOR NEW PIANO PUPILS.** HAND BOOKS, ETC.—Burrows's Piano Primer has had a most extensive use, and is yet considered indispensable. Many thousands are sold each season. The price is in cloth 33 cents in paper 28 cents. A new and useful work is Oliver's Practical Text Book. Within a small compass, nearly three hundred subjects connected with the Art of Piano Music, are alluded to, necessarily in brief, but in every case so as to impart essential information. It is sold for 38 cents. Jonne's Catechism of Music, a small but exceedingly useful "first book" can be had for 25 cents. Forde's Class Book, is by an English author of some note. Its price is 25 cents.

We have now presented a full catalogue of works of instruction. Several are mentioned under each head, differing mainly in size, and consequently in price. This we have done because, while some desire a brief, low priced work, others prefer a full and thorough system. From this list teachers and pupils will be able to select books suited to their purpose and their purse. All the works mentioned can be obtained at the principal music stores, of which we will mention BEARY & GORDON, of this city; OLIVER DITTON, of Boston; J. E. GOULD, Philadelphia; CURTIS & TRAVIS, Cincinnati; and H. D. HEWITT, New Orleans. Any one or more of the books can be received by mail on application to either of the above dealers.

**MR. RUTKAI KOSSTUS HAS ON HAND FRENCH** Embroideries and fine lace. Bazar de la Patrie, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79, 80, 81, 82, 83, 84, 85, 86, 87, 88, 89, 90, 91, 92, 93, 94, 95, 96, 97, 98, 99, 100. Also, 101, 102, 103, 104, 105, 106, 107, 108, 109, 110, 111, 112, 113, 114, 115, 116, 117, 118, 119, 120, 121, 122, 123, 124, 125, 126, 127, 128, 129, 130, 131, 132, 133, 134, 135, 136, 137, 138, 139, 140, 141, 142, 143, 144, 145, 146, 147, 148, 149, 150, 151, 152, 153, 154, 155, 156, 157, 158, 159, 160, 161, 162, 163, 164, 165, 166, 167, 168, 169, 170, 171, 172, 173, 174, 175, 176, 177, 178, 179, 180, 181, 182, 183, 184, 185, 186, 187, 188, 189, 190, 191, 192, 193, 194, 195, 196, 197, 198, 199, 200. 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Extract from the last Report of the Committee on Exhibition given by Franklin Institute, at Dr. Jayne's Building, Philadelphia.

We find the following valuable features in the Pianos made by Hallet, Davis, & Co.

I. Increased size of **Sound** Board, with large curve or sweep to the scale, thereby producing greater power.

II. Bass strings cross the treble, bringing the bridge of the former more in the center of the sounding board, also securing greater length of strings, and affording space between them which not only gives more volume of tone but effectually prevents the greatest annoyances, viz: the jangling of one string against another when heavily touched.

III. By an elegant and particular note, the Bridges, the strings of each particular note, (say middle A B C, &c., which, as usual, have two strings), are of nearly the same length, which in all other pianos we have examined, are (from the sweep of the scale) of unequal length. This, we think, is of great moment in the attainment of what is so desirable—Equality of Tone.

IV. The objections which have been urged against the Iron Frame, viz: that it produces a metallic tone, (not correct in our opinion) are done away with by the introduction of a copper bar between the bridge and the strings, thus giving the tones a purer and more liquid quality than can be obtained by the old arrangement, and free from the pointed bearing of the never-rising bridge, anything like a jar is effectually obviated.

V. We observe with much satisfaction a 74 octave instrument, (maker's No. 5683), the scale of which extends from A in bass to C in treble—the upper octave and a half has three strings, and the Suspension bridge which applies wholly to these extreme upper notes, has for some years given to the pianos made by Messrs. H. D. & Co., a deservedly high stand. The judges in this case most cheerfully award a **First Premium**.

## **SILVER MEDAL.**

Extract of a letter received from Wm. Mason  
**BUFFALO, Dec. 21, 1854.**

Messrs. Hallet, Davis & Co., Gentlemen,—Your letter of Nov. 29th is received, making enquiries in regard to the Grand Pianoforte used at my first concert in Boston. I would say that it got somewhat out of tune, owing to the dampness and oppressive heat of the atmosphere. I used the same Pianoforte at my second Concert at Boston, and played my whole programme on it, without in the least throwing it out of tune. I was perfectly satisfied with the instrument. I have since used and am now using one of your Grand Pianofortes, which stands in tune as well as any instrument I have ever seen. Owing to the beautiful elasticity of the action of your Grand Pianoforte, (which possesses the same qualities as the action that has contributed to give Erard his world-wide reputation,) I think it would be impossible for any pianist, who plays properly to break either one string, or a hammer. I certainly never have broken them. In conclusion, I beg to express to you, my perfect satisfaction, in every respect, with regard to your Grand Pianofortes. Very truly yours, (Signed) **WM. MASON.**

—OCTOBER 20th, 1854.

NOTE.—You wish me to state my opinion of the *Æolian Piano Forte* made by Messrs. Hallet, Davis & Co., purchased of you. I am very happy of the opportunity thus afforded me to say that, in every respect, myself and family

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are delighted with the instrument. After an experience of many years with other pianos, both with and without the *Æolian* accompaniment, I am free to say that the instrument we had of you surpasses all others in every thing essential to a good piano. The Piano and *Æolian* stand in tune well together, and I would under no circumstances be without the *Æolian*. Respectfully yours, **J. L. EVERITT.**

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Wilt thou only smile on me,

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Richard Storrs Willis, Editor and Proprietor.

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A Ball Song, words by Theodore Körner; music by A. F. Hesse.

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## HOME MUSIC.

1. *Nannerl*, (a Tyrolean peasant-song.)
2. *Spring Song*,
3. *The Lord is my Shepherd*,
4. *A hymn of rest*.

## SONGS OF SOLITUDE.

1. *Twilight*,
2. *Sleep the kind angel is near me*,
3. *Poverty*,
4. *Night-Song*.

## WEDDING MUSIC TO VERBE.

(CONTINUED.)

The principle we have evinced, then, that *Whatever is not of an emotional nature is unfitted for music*, can now be applied to church music in its union with church poetry. We have seen in a former article on this subject, that a large number of our church hymns are of a purely instructive, devotional, or otherwise didactic character, and entirely unfit for music. Such hymns are addressed to the intellect, not the feelings. Music has nothing to do with the intellect. For though it has the power of suggesting thought, it cannot do so when the words themselves, with which it is wedded, put a definite thought into the mind. This suggestive power of music only comes in play when disconnected with all words: when it appeals to the intellect or thought-power, through the emotions or sensations which it excites—for in this way does music approach the intellect.

Now, as regards doctrinal hymns, or instructive hymns of any kind, it is willingly conceded, that if they can be expressed in such a way as to appeal to the feelings as well as the intellect, music may well accompany them: for they thus become emotional and meet the requirements of musical possibility; they give music something to do—something in express: and this is, of course, the very feeling they involve. For instance, in a doctrine like that of the atonement, we can conceive of a hymn being written of an exceedingly emotional character, which should yet clearly and completely present the doctrine itself. Doubtless, much doctrine is incidentally conveyed in hymns of feeling: for, after all, the whole rescue of our race is based upon bible facts which we call doctrines; and these facts are all based upon a *heart*—the Eternal Love. It would seem possible, and proper therefore that, when intended for music, doctrinal thought should be presented not only in an intellectual but an emotional form.

But, what shall music do with (or for) such stanzas of a church psalm as the following:—

Fools in their hearts, believe and say,  
That all religion's vain;  
There is no God who reigns on high,  
Or minds th' affairs of men.

The Lord from his celestial throne,  
Looked down on things below,  
To find the man who sought his grace,  
Or did his justice know.

By nature all are gone astray,  
Their practice all the same;  
There's none that fears his Maker's hand,  
There's none that loves his name, etc.

Their tongues are used to speak deceit,  
Their slanders never cease;  
How swift to mischief are their feet!  
Nor know the paths of peace.

Such seeds of sin—that bitter root—  
In every heart are found;  
Nor can they bear diviner fruit,  
Till grace refines the ground.

We have here Dr. Watts' verification of the 14th psalm. It may be well to present the original psalm in order to compare the two:—

PSALM XIV.

To the chief musician, a Psalm of David.

The fool hath said in his heart, There is no God. They are corrupt; they have done abominable works; There is none that doeth good.

The Lord look down from heaven upon the children of men, to see if there were any that did understand, and seek God.

They are all gone aside, they are all together become filthy; There is none that doeth good, no, not one.

Have all the workers of iniquity no knowledge? Who eat up my people as they eat bread, and call not upon the Lord.

There were they in great fear: For God is in the generation of the righteous.

Ye have shamed the counsel of the poor; Because the Lord is his refuge.

Oh that the salvation of Israel were come out of Zion! When the Lord bringeth back the captivity of his people, Jacob shall rejoice, and Israel shall be glad.

In this psalm, as in almost every other, David does not close without some outburst of feeling, some warm aspiration, some lifting of a prayerful thought to Heaven—even although the psalm may not be of a purely devotional character as the great majority of psalms are. In the verification the first three verses—videlicet follow the original text.

The 4th and 5th however, are quite extemporized, and the last verse of the original text, which contains the very emotional element sought by music, and which forms the climax of the psalm, is omitted altogether! Now, granted that the psalm must often be curtailed on account of its length; in a choice of materials ought not, if possible, all the general elements of a psalm to be embodied: at all events if some, or even one, be omitted, should that

one be the very element which is peculiarly adapted to musical expression, when it is this which is aimed at in the versification! One cannot but feel, in comparing the two versions here given, how much better it would have been, had a glowing versification of the last bible stanza taken the place of the two gratuitously doctrinal verses appended by the poet; or rather, one cannot help feeling how much better were the psalm sung exactly as it is written. Is not this another illustration of what we have before said, "that the versifiers of the psalms, though rendering good service to such extent as they have furnished many fine sacred lyrics based upon the psalms, have more harmed than helped the cause of sacred song in making them a substitute for the originals. Psalms should unquestionably be sung just as they stood, wholly or partly, in the admirable form of the cant."

In our view of poetry without music, and poetry with music, a broad distinction should be made—for music involves the necessity of feeling: poetry does not. Instrumental music is occasionally written which seems to appeal to the imagination mostly, and involve little feeling. Some of Mendelssohn's orchestral music is of this character. But the ear cannot long delight in a coldly imaginative music. There must be warmth—a heart in music, or it is lifeless. In this respect music differs from poetry. Poetry is a language of independence, intelligible thought as well as feeling. Poetry therefore—if poets will—can be made a vehicle of instruction and abstract teaching. Oftentimes, from the rhythmical nature of poetry and the facility with which it impresses itself upon the memory, it may seem desirable to embody certain fundamental truths or useful facts in rhyme for the sake of fixing them permanently in the mind. Particularly is this of use in the case of young people and children. But when you come to set this rhyme to music the case is different. Music cannot express, or help express, abstract thought—unless you mean by music an utterly senseless jingle.

As a matter of possibility music may be set to anything:—

Thirty days hath September,  
April, June and November, etc.

though not a highly imaginative, is certainly a very useful little poem; and the poet who rhymed it would have his immortality of praise from all treacherous memories—if he were known. This verse might be sung. In like manner might we sing the multiplication table or the Declaration of Independence. But where shall we find the composer who would set it in music, or who would like to listen to it after it were composed?

Schiller, in a charming poetic fable, represents a busy rustic so purchasing on a market day of a poor and needy poet his fiery and flying steed Pegasus, and yoking him in with a flint-idol for duty. The antics Pegasus therupon performs and the entire failure of the attempt, at last, are graphically depicted. Prose is a sturdy ox, and fully capable of drawing on the ponderous doctrines of total depravity, necessity of sin, predestination and the perseverance of the saints. Let then the car of abstract doctrine be drawn by the sturdy ox Prose. But let our holy emotions—our thankfulness, our gratitude, our every glowing aspiration—ascend as on winged steeds, on the wings of music and poetry to heaven. The sermon is surely the proper medium for plain statement of fact and abstract truth—not the hymn.

[TO BE CONTINUED]

## THE WORLD OF MUSIC.

Mr. Satter, the only thorough hard, classic pianist we have had here, an artist, for years, has one peculiarity in his playing worthy of mention. The ordinary manner of holding the wrist, is to elevate it—as taught by all masters and in all instruction books. There is a small school of European players, however, who sink the wrist below the level of the key-board. Aloys Schmidt, of Frankfurt-a-M., the author of the celebrated five-finger exercises, and a composer of note as well as an admirable pianist, is at the head of this school of piano playing; he always insisted that greater execution could be gained, and a closer, more rapid and powerful touch, by sinking the wrist than by elevating it. Satter plays in this manner, and is therefore a splendid representative of the school.

The German opera opened at Niblo's (on that formidable of Tuesday nights when there returned to us the "winter of our discontent") with a full house. The Germans are like the English: they are satisfactorily clean-nish and persistent in matters of art, and things to which they take a fancy.

We read on the programme at the door, "to the whinn parts of the house 50c." As a dead-head therefore we considered ourselves entitled only to the half parts of the house, or half seats, which we interpreted on this occasion as the cut-off seats at the rounding of the parquet—where we accordingly took our place.

Maria is a brisk little opera. The story, given in short, is that of a lady of rank and her companion, who find themselves dying of ennui in fashionable life. Mitiadi has a nobleman as lover, whom she finds very stupid. An occasion comes round when the peasant girls of the village, near which they are ruralizing, present themselves for yearly hire; the highest bidder for the services of each bearing away the prize. The Lady Harriet Durham (Miss Siedenber) and Nancy (Miss d'Ormy) take it into their heads to enter in peasant disguise this servant's mart, and have a good time. They compel the fastidious lover into their service. They carry the joke so far that they finally offer themselves as servants to two handsome young rustics, and receive the money which attests their engagement. Thinking that it has gone about far enough, they wish to retreat, but to their dismay find that the money secures their services to the young men, no less valent, and that there is no get off—a fact enforced upon them by the functionality of the place who presides on the occasion. At this moment their noble lover, who is by the time thoroughly disgusted, attempts to interfere, but the still-unengaged servants girls attack him with clamorous offers of their services, chase him all over the ground, and finally off the field entirely. The ladies are left alone with their future masters; are afraid to discover themselves lest the king and court should hear of it, and finally have to follow the young men home to do menial service. When they arrive at their home, (the young men are supposed to be brothers, by the way) there follow a great many droll scenes at attempted spinning, hanging up, or refusing to hang up, the young men's coats, etc. The first catastrophe is, that they all fall in love with each other. The second, that the ladies, (one of whom has assumed the name of Maria—hence the name of the opera—the other that of Julia) assisted by their dismayed noble ally, who has found them out, jump out of the window in the middle of the night and make

their escape. Then follows a pursuit, in which there was a bit of nature on the part of one of the sub-actors which struck us comically; inasmuch as he rushed on the stage as though just waked from a sound sleep and hopped about there with one stocking foot, and one boot on, also one arm in one sleeve of his coat. He sits down, dives into the remainder-boot and coat-sleeve, and then frantically joins the chase again.

The plot comes out of course with a marriage on all sides. One of the supposed brothers turns up as a lost son of a nobleman and marries Lady Harriet, while his friend marries Nancy: the lovers bring made happy at a pretended servant's mart, where the ladies appear as willing to be "ragged by their devoted, though taken-by-surprise knights-errants."

Madame Siedenber sings quite well—sufficiently so for musical pleasure; while Miss d'Ormy, a large, handsome, Vestral style of girl, has a strong contralto, and considerable vivacity and adroitness as an actress. Herr Quint, Maria's music lover, has a high and efficient tenor, somewhat overladen, however, by its owner, and Herr Vinke, Nancy's lover, possesses much nature and a very good bass voice. The director, Mr. Myer, is master of his baton, and his orchestra a large and powerful one. Altogether, Maria is an opera worth bringing as performed by the Germans. Go by all means, and take a whole seat for "the whole part of the house."

Tan representation for the benefit of the artists and employes of the Academy of Music came off on Monday evening last March 12th, at the Academy of Music. The public answered generously to the appeal made to them in the name of humanity and benevolence. The parquet, and dress circle was crowded with people in gay attire. It was really an admirable coup d'oeuf. The opera performed on the occasion was the popular Lucia di Lammermoor. Madame Marastak, Signor Brignoli, the new tenor, Signors Badelli and Colitti had most kindly ministered their services for the evening.

Apart from the interest of the circumstances itself this representation attracted particular attention from the first appearance at the Academy of Music of Signor Brignoli in the character of Edgardo. This gentleman has a tenor voice of good quality. His middle tones are rather weak, but his head tones are powerful, and when he is moved, full of poet fire songs with expression but his attitude on the stage is sometimes devoid of gracefulness. This was apparent on his first entrance in the first act; but this, we think, was owing to his emotion and his not being familiarized with the rôle of Edgardo, which requires more feeling and acting than skill in vocalizing. The celebrated aria, the third act and the audience which proceeds it, was the morceau in which this singer was best appreciated. He sang them to the acceptance of the audience; though not without some hesitancy. After every act Signor Brignoli was summoned before the curtain.

The chorus acquitted themselves pretty well. The orchestra was excellent.

The Philharmonic Society gave their third concert of the season on Saturday evening last, March 10th, at Niblo's Garden. The place was crowded with the fashion and beauty of the city.

The performance opened with the symphony in G minor, by Mozart. The symphonies of Mozart are our thinking, grace too seldom the musical entertainments of the Philharmonic. But let us say at the start, that this symphony, which ranks among the best of the composer, was performed on this occa-

alone in a manner to justify the rare appearance of Mozart's symphonies on the programme; it was negligently rendered and hardly understood. The tempo in general, and especially the first movement was too rapid. It was throughout a sort of *chamber-craze*, which would have defied the lightest feet of the most indefatigable dancer; and the leader of this was that excellent musician Mr. Timm! Ah! it is not enough for a chief-of-orchestra, to beat time correctly. Every good musician can accomplish this. But the true chief-of-orchestra must know what time to seize; how to interpret a score; he must penetrate to its hidden core; discover the thought and soul of the composer, and make the performers under his lidon understand the composer. All these qualities we failed to discover in the rendering of this symphony. Hence it was coldly received by the audience, and produced no marked effect. The minuet, alone was scored. But its excellence is such as to strike the least appreciative. There are pearls, whose water is so limpid, so clear, so transparent, that every one discovers immediately their beauty and worth. This is precisely the case with this delightful minuet. Was it not also more proper to place this symphony at the beginning of the second part, and open the concert with the *Ruy-Blas* overture by Mendelssohn? which, though an admirable piece of orchestration, is still inferior to the symphony in G minor, as a composition. We think this ought to have been done.

Mrs. G. Stuart sang a beautiful air from *coet fan tuiti*, by Mozart. This lady infused all her soul into the song creating a marked impression upon the hearers. Mr. Philip Mayer acquitted himself most acceptably in the air from the opera of *Gulistan*, by Fuchs, and in another song from *Jessonda*, by Spohr.

But the star of the evening was the distinguished, and already popular pianist, Mr. Satter. We were still under the impression that he produced upon us at the last Einfeldt's quartet *soirée*, where he so remarkably performed a trio by Schubert. We do not remember to have heard in this city a pianist possessed of so much delicacy of touch, and at the same time, so much power when he aims to produce contrast of effect. His playing of the concerto by Beethoven was a veritable triumph, yet we do not know whether his rendering of the *trio* by Schubert was not superior to his rendition on this occasion of Beethoven's. As for us, we confess our penchant for the former. We also doubt that the introduction in the concerto of the celebrated *cadenza* by Liszt, though masterly accomplished by Mr. Satter, gave more relief thereto. We like it better as conceived by the great composer. Mr. Satter was loudly recalled, and played another short piece, which proved another triumph for him.

The concert closed with the overture to *Olympia* by Spontini.

On Monday night, March 5th, the New York Glue and Madrigal Society gave the Fifth Soirée of the season, at the Mercantile Library, Astor Place. An audience of fifty persons or thereabouts—only subscribers—had assembled determined to be pleased, it came what would. And we are happy to say, it was not at all difficult to be pleased; even the hypercritical, if any such there were, must have been forced to acknowledge, that better music of the class never was heard in this, or any other city.

Everything conspired to make it one of the pleasantest *soirées* imaginable—Conductor Morgan was the very epitome of good nature, which showed the natural ability of the harmony of his soul, with that of the music, which so delighted the souls of the auditors. There was no stiffness and no formalities perceptible among the performers; and, for once, we are happy to say, there was no moment discord heard the whole evening. Enjoyment ruled the hour, and everything went off smoothly as possible.

Where every one performed his or her part as well, it might be deemed invidious to particularize. We must however do so, just a little, and we shall hope for forgiveness, from the quality of the motive which actuates us.

We were particularly observant of the fact, that nearly every performer whilst singing, was confined so closely to the notes, that the fear of the manager, who should the eyes of the performer be removed from the page or a second—was painful. Is it a rule of the Society, that the singer shall not look up and around on the audience? If forbidden to communicate to the listener, through the medium of the performers' eyes, a portion of the rhetorical music or passion which may be usefully confined in the performer's own soul it cannot be—Much as we enjoyed the rendering of the fourth piece of the Programme—Madrigal, "Smile not fair America," the music of which was written in 1680 by Giovanni Ponceusi, we could not think how much more expressive and fruitful it had been, if the performers had acted on the spirit of the words.

The Madrigal, though generally short, is more or less difficult of execution; yet, because it is short, it ought therefore to be at least, tolerably well committed to memory. Thus rendered, the Madrigal in question would have moved and stirred up the audience, vastly than mere pleasing or generally appreciative music.

The above remarks, we submit most respectfully, in reference to the Glue "Come houstons May," by Spontini, to the Quartet "Friendship's Star," by the accomplished Conductor, Mr. Morgan, and the Madrigal "Sign not fond Shepherd," by Giovanni Farrell—all of which were rendered almost faultlessly.

If we counted correctly, there were about twenty-five performers—distributed in parts as, *no Soprano*, *no Alto*, eight Tenors, and eight Basses—At times, we thought the Sopranos were either feeble or unduly overshadowed by the Basses, who perhaps sang a little too forte—This was particularly the case, whilst the last half of the verses of the Part Song, "The Hardy Norwester" was performed. True, the sentiments were patriotic and exciting—but we thought the Basses had no right to prevent us from knowing how patriotic the sentiments were.

One other thing particularly pleased us—the skill of Mr. Morgan, in leading or accompanying the performers.—On rising to sing a Madrigal, he simply gave the chords on the piano, and then stood up, and simply beat the time.—In singing the Glue, &c., he accompanied the performers just enough to keep them in time and tone, showing thus, a degree of modesty and good sense, and without, masterly skill, which we hope will be imitated by others under like circumstances.

Coming from a country where the style of music which led it came to this Society is known and appreciated, Mr. Morgan had understood it thoroughly—by his skill unqualified success in interpreting it.—If we had no other aid—the equalizer, and in some respects difficult Quartet "Friendship's Star," composed by himself, and performed with an energy, which his ability as a composer seemed to make to this country of his adoption.

The last soirée of the season will take place on Monday March 20th.

A complimentary concert to James N. E. E. was given on Wednesday last. This, at the New York Buildings, by the New York Glue and Madrigal Society, the New York Glue Club, New Duckerton, Mr. Alden, Messrs. Tenker, and several others. The occasion a presentation address by N. E. E. on the *placard* dated of adopted citizens. This music and politics united for the first time perhaps on the same platform.

The Apollonians are for the most part instrumentalists and form a small orchestra of about fifteen performers. They presented us two pieces, a Poise, at the request of the first part, and a Concerto Schottische at the blessing of the second both by Mr. J. C. Müller, the conductor of the concert. In neither did the performers or the composer, win great skill or experience. These young instrumentalists were almost fitful in keeping time, and by their performing more frequently before an audience, they will secure more firmness and proof too. There among them a young man who exhibited great ability, by the manner he gave the *Prayer for Ottel*, for the first heard alone on the piano. This composition is difficult, and it was almost an artistic achievement on the part of the young amateur. Composed by Strakosky.

Among the solo singers, we must mention Miss Duckerton. She possesses a voice of uncommon power and an extensive range. She sang the *Serf's Song*, by Wallace, with taste and good feeling. This song was also the highlight of the evening, which this young lady gave with a delicacy, and a sweetness which contrasted well with the strength of her middle register. She was encored in this song, and it was just justice to her. In the second prize she

sang another song, *The Post*, music by Mr. C. J. Home Hopkin, in which she was not quite as acceptable as in the preceding. Mr. Alden was much applauded in *Our Native Land*. The gentlemen of the New York Glue Club, performed two quartets, in which they exhibited themselves excellent performers in this kind of composition.

But the performance which gained most applause was, two comic songs by a member of the Apollonian Society. Indeed, he listened into them so much spirit and expression, his costume was so droll and laughable that he created a *furore*, and received several pieces of enthusiastic applause. He was vigorously cheered. The concert closed with the *Zanderfle* overture, arranged for four hands and performed by Messrs. Muller and Hopkins; as a composition and also in execution it was the best of the evening.

Between the first and second part, Mr. Nibbel delivered an excellent speech, received with the frequent cheers of the assemblage. He was answered by Mr. Nell.

To sum up, The evening went off agreeably, and the public retired perfectly satisfied with the proceedings. The music was at least, suited to the taste and appreciation of the audience.

## PROGRESS OF THE MUSICAL WAR.

[Herald of Thursday]

New York, March 7th, 1855

DEAR FIE.—Believing it to be your desire to state only facts relative to the present and the past of the Academy of Music, I beg to correct the statement of the amount of salaries which appeared in your issue of yesterday. The following is a correct statement of salaries as per agreement—

|                                 |         |         |
|---------------------------------|---------|---------|
| Madame Breckinridge, per month, | \$ 800  | \$ 800  |
| Madame Breckinridge,            | 400     | 400     |
| Signor Bartoli,                 | 400     | 400     |
| " Bolchini,                     | 500     | 400     |
| " Bono,                         | 200     | 400     |
| " Celisti,                      | 300     | 400     |
| " Battioli,                     | 400     | 400     |
| Signor Vestrali,                | 300     | 400     |
| Total,                          | \$ 3400 | \$ 3400 |

The two artists Bartoli and Bolchini, were only engaged for two weeks, with privilege of re-engagement, and cannot, therefore, be allowed among the regular current expenses. With Signor Vestrali an engagement was pending a few days previous to the opening of the Academy, at the rate, according to her own proposition, of \$400 per month—the only difficulty being, the 15 days requiring three months re-engagement, while Mr. Bartoli was only willing to engage for one month, with the privilege of re-engagement if needed. Immediately after the opening, Mr. Ole Bull advised an engagement with the lady at \$500 per month for the next month, with privilege. Signor Bartoli has already in the past received from Mr. Bartoli \$800 per month, but the friends of Mr. Ole Bull decided in securing him for \$1500 per month for four months, with good security for its payment forthwith, in advance.

Signor Bolchini's salary cannot be claimed among the heavy expenses which broke down the Academy of Music, as his engagement was not recognized by Mr. Ole Bull up to Saturday evening, March 3, although his name was allowed to appear in the bills of the Academy every day from the 25th of February.

The names which led to the premature dissolution of the Academy which at the Academy of Music are many and various, and will form a curious moral, and instructive history. The moral part, which we have appeared, and the numbers running over a fitting object, do not develop the heart of the subject.

I have the honor to be your obedient servant,  
HENRY C. WATSON,  
Secretary of the Management.

OLD BUILDING, 10 N. JAMES STREET.

New York Hotel, March 8, 1855.

DEAR SIR.—You are perfectly aware of the circumstances which I did me to attempt to establish the Opera in New York on a safe, moderate, and permanent basis, and of the circumstances which prevented the realization of our mutual wishes and of our ultimate intention to establish a conservatory of music which would tend to disseminate a genuine and perfect art and accomplishment among the people generally, and to encourage the American singing master and instruct in his own, which might as well be given to them in their own country.

It seems with which you are well acquainted obliging me to close the Academy of Music, the ill success of which I will not attempt to explain to you, as you are so familiar

with all the adverse circumstances which prevented a cordial support on the part of the public.

You are not acquainted with the fact that I have had no account of the receipts of the Opera, and that notwithstanding as we had commenced would have involved my confidence in you beyond my pecuniary ability; and my counsel suggests to me the propriety of closing the Academy at once, instead of increasing my liabilities to so great an extent to which it would be impossible for me ever to respond.

Since the closing of the establishment I have been unduly active in the public press, to which I thought it incumbent on my character and reputation to make any reply; but having observed that you had lately opened the Academy of Music as a concert room for the benefit of the artists and employes of the late Opera troupe, (although debilitated by the effects of the accidental injury which happened to me the second day after the opening of the Opera.) I have the honor to proffer my personal services however as they may be, to perform as an artist, upon the same occasion and for the same purpose.

At the same time I wish that you and all the persons who may be interested in the receipts of the late Opera company should believe that this offer of my services is not intended in the least degree to violate the obligation which is to me a sacred duty, to pay to the extent of my ability to pay for any services which may have been rendered to me, and of which I have assumed the payment during the period that I was retained with the management of the Opera in the Academy of Music.

Yours, very truly, OLE BULL.

JAMES PHILBIN, Esq., Union Place, New York.

Matters in the Academy remain quiet. The benefit to the artists and others connected with the company will take place on Monday next. Brignell, the new tenor, will give Edgardo, in "Luca di Lammermoor," on that occasion.

There were rumors yesterday that the house would be opened under Chatterbox with Mr. or Max Mowbray; but Mr. Philbin sends the Herald reporter that no arrangements had been made for anything more than the affair on Monday night.

We understand that Mr. Ole Bull is preparing a statement of the facts relative to the late season at the Academy.

The following letter was received yesterday:—

TO THE EDITOR OF THE HERALD.

I read in your estimable paper of to-day, in the list of names of the different artists engaged for the Academy of Music, my name mentioned, with a salary of \$1,000. I assure you, Mr. Editor, that my contract, signed by Mr. Ole Bull and guaranteed by Mr. James Philbin, is for the sum of \$1,000 per month. From this, it may be supposed that similar mistakes have been made in said list, to which case the salaries of the artists may not have been the downfall of the Opera. By giving place in your valuable paper to the above letter, it will testify to the public the true statements as regards myself, for which favor I am ever grateful.

Yours, very respectfully,

NEW YORK, March 11, 1855. CECILIA DANIELS.

(Herald of Saturday.)

ANOTHER BROADERER FROM THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

MR. ALLEGRI TO MR. OLE BULL.

SIR—There is one part of the letter which appeared in the New York Herald of Friday morning addressed to Mr. James Philbin, President of the Academy of Music, touching the benefit of the artists and employes left on pay by you, that properly belongs to me to reply to, as their chief chairman. The offer you have made of your services through a daily Journal was probably meant to give public approbation for a generous act. If this was your purpose, you are welcome to the advantage; but the services themselves are respectfully but manfully declined by the said artists and employes, who look upon your proposition to play the fiddle for them, instead of paying them their just claims, as adding insult to injury.

They are further more convinced that your appearance at the Academy of Music, on Monday next, would do no dollar to the attractions of a popular opera, supported by the splendid talents of the new tenor, Brignell, who has the honorable rank forward, as well as by the other distinguished artists who have volunteered. On the contrary, they are disposed to think that you having any thing to do with the occasion would be a serious drawback, as many of the public would, likely for that reason alone, withhold their patronage.

In closing your letter of Friday morning, you indulge in

some generous phrases as to your "sacred duty to pay, to the extent of your abilities, for any services which may have been rendered to you." As I am a sufferer along with the rest, will you allow me to inquire why, instead of making such vague declarations before the public, you do not call your creditors promptly together, and propose to redeem your liabilities, like an honest man, in whole or in part? Or, if, on the other hand, you are entirely destitute of means, why not frankly say so, and throw yourself on the generosity of the poor people you owe, for a free remission of their dues? Instead of trifling with the public, it were wiser to take one or the other of these more straightforward courses. Very truly yours,

J. ALLEGRI.

STATEMENT FROM THE TREASURER OF THE MANAGEMENT.  
New York, March 10, 1855.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE HERALD.

SIR—In a leading article of your Journal, this morning, on the subject of the Academy of Music, under the direction of Mr. Ole Bull, you ask the question what has become of the proceeds of the performances. It is all the more necessary that this inquiry should be met at once, and distinctly, since Mr. Ole Bull has, on more than one occasion, declared that he had received no account of the receipts at the Opera house.

This assertion, I beg to say, is not correct, since Mr. Bull in person, and by his attorney, Mr. Bulkley, were regularly and repeatedly informed, both during his administration and at the close of it, of all that occurred. To come to the main point of the receipts and expenditures, I desire to call attention to the following brief statement:—

Treasurer's Account of Receipts and Expenditures at the Academy of Music, from February 19, to March 5, 1855.

Dr.

Total amount of receipts for six operas and one concert.

\$5,321 00

Dr. James Philbin for balance of moneys advanced.

00 50

Total.

\$5,321 50

Cr.

By Sundry expenses as per vouchers.

\$508 25

Salaries, &c., paid by Mr. Watson.

1,886 24

Paid Mr. Bulkley, attorney for Mr. Bull.

1,169 00

Broken bank notes to be redeemed by ticket sellers.

4 00

— \$3,927 50

The above is a concise statement of my account as Treasurer of the Academy of Music, under the management of Mr. Ole Bull. The amount received in subscription for the twelve nights' performance, as announced, (six of which have expired), was lodged in the hands of trustees, who are responsible to the subscribers, and which I have not therefore seen fit to include in the above account.

C. W. TAYLOR.

## MUSICAL WORLD CORRESPONDENCE.

NEW YORK, Feb. 20th, 1855.

DEAR MUSICAL WORLD.—The extent and variety of the attractions presented to our good citizens during the present month may not be questioned. Of their quality you may form a better idea, perhaps, after reading what follows:

First, in order chronologically, may be mentioned a "Concert of Ancient Sacred Music," given in the State street Methodist Church. This concert was conducted by a Mr. L. V. Billings, who, so far as the management of his lecture is concerned, was quite exact, even precise and rather elegant. He was commended to do, by many of the old lady and gentlemen singers of this city, a sprinkling of Young America being introduced. About one hundred and fifty voices! I should judge at a rough guess, were thus employed for about an hour and a half, in singing "An Ancient Sacred Note." The book out of which they sang is dignified in the title page thus: *Symphonia Grandæ Re-digens* the free translation of which, if tested by the effect produced on the evening to question, scarcely must be the *Sacred Discant*. Indeed! Surely Hymns had not been, even in imagination, much previous to the Harvard recollections of "Chorus come again," or he would have sung strange and more startling effects in his introduction to the "Crawling." Seriously, it is not a musical crime for any publisher thus to palm off upon the public, the crude efforts of a lot of uneducated country school-ers, of the last century, and call them "The Ancient Har-

mony Revived!" Shades of Bach and Handel protest! The book is published, "down east," somewhere, and is another melancholy instance of retrogression caused by an inconsistent love of novelty and the worship of the empty dollar.

Next in order may be specified a concert given by the choir of Dr. Beman's church, for the benefit of Mr. A. W. Worth. Mr. Worth, the boundary in question, was formerly a member of this choir, but he has been as useful for several years past, and this was a rare opportunity for his friends to testify their regret. Presumably it was a successful affair, the net proceeds being \$1. The Tryon Whig, in noticing this concert, retorted the remark, that it was inconsistent, either in a congregation or a pastor, to request the repetition, in a church, of a *seraphic chorus* like "Nightshade no longer," from Rosini's *Moss in Egypt*, and give the go by to Handel, when upon the Rev. Dr. N. S. Beman comes down "like a thousand of bricks" upon the Whig, and calls his report untrue and false; says that his reporter charges him (the Reverend Doctor N. S. B.) with "moral obliquity and crime," that the said reporter "told a deliberate falsehood, and knew it when he told it," and finally the Rev. Doctor winds up with saying, "that no gentleman will insult a man in his own house." The Whig calmly replied that the Rev. Doctor could not be considered guilty of any "moral obliquity or crime" in this matter, but that it was simply a mistake or impropriety of himself and congregation, the origin of which, after all, was not due to him, but to the gentleman who made out the program.

I should have stated that the Reverend controversialist in part attempts to prove that the reporter told a lie by stating that *Moss in Egypt* is an *Oratorio*, and not an *Opera*.—The Reverend Doctor would be correct in the premises if a musical work is to be called an *Oratorio*, simply because the subject (in words) is taken from the Bible. According to his view then, Verdi's *Maschke* and *last Oratorio*—as well as Mahul's *Joseph*. Neither of them, according to musical precedents, come under this title; but were composed expressly for the stage and are called *Operas*. I am glad to find, also, in Dwight's last number of his *Journal*, an article in this critic's conscientious and truly analytic style, wherein he furnishes corroborative testimony to the truth of the Whig's position. In music, Mr. Dwight always calls things by their right name, and in the article mentioned, *Rosini's Moss in Egypt* is done with *Semiramide*, *William Tell*, &c. Whatever moralizing a discussion of this kind may have, one might infer that they should, in the mind of a Presbyterian clergymen, be controlled somewhat by Anglo-Saxon prejudices. Rosini's *Moss*, as is well known, is a famous dramatic trifle in London, for the excellent reason that the stage has no right to trifle with Scriptural subjects; and as *Moss* has been presented there under the name of *Peter the Hermit*, Boston contrives to whip the devil round the stump by announcing *Moss* as an oratorio worthy of performance on Sunday evening. But a variety of secular performances take place in Boston during the winter, but not on Sabbath evenings. New York is more true to musical precedent in this case, since the *Moss* has been given in the Park square with excellent "appointments," by the old Signa troupe, who were anxious enough to announce it as an *opera*. It is no wonder to hear of Rosini as a composer of *Oratorios*; but inasmuch as the result of it is the proper establishment of a theologian in the pulpit, the Doctor's misnomer may at least be pardoned.

Thirdly, may be chronicled a lecture on music, delivered before the Young Men's Association, by Mr. Geo. Barry Curtis. The lecturer took the ground that music is a beautiful means between Science on the one hand, and its rude opposite, Noise on the other. Musical examples from Haydn, Spohr and Violante David were furnished to show the effect of science upon imaginative and romantic nature, and poetic examples were given to the same effect, from the Poems and Byron's *Manfred*. It was, I think, clearly proved that Science, and always has been, a cruel enemy to musical Nature;—also why should musicians be trying to make clear that strange paradox, the effect of Science by Sound? The necessity of music, on account of the other extreme, Noise, was, of course, more easily and satisfactorily shown. The lecturer afterwards gave an excellent historical review of music, ancient and modern, and concluded with some remarks touching on general education into school, with valuable hints as to its use in the reclamation of the vicious, and in the salubrious of Christian homes. One hour and a quarter was devoted to the reading of the lecture, and at its termination, Mr. C. was cordially congratulated on his success by many warm friends.





In less than ten minutes, thirty-nine persons arrive, and at quarter past seven, the saloon contains eighty-three. All these to eat a dinner provided for twenty!

The married couple and the parents knew not where to hide their heads. The guests were received with an embarrassment which became every moment more visible. Finally, when the number exceeded a hundred, and one of them had thanked the master of the house for the distinguished honor of an invitation to the family dinner on this occasion, M. de V., reclaiming his self possession, said:

"Messieurs and Mesdames—an unfortunate error of my secretary has assembled you here instead of at the *Fêtes Provençales*, where my family intended to have the honor of receiving you, for want of sufficient room in our own house. If you will permit your errands to be called we will adjourn." New arrivals cut the thread of his discourse; some letters of excuse came, but there were many more guests, the greater part surprised at such an honor.

A hundred and forty-four were finally assembled in the saloon of the Restaurateur, who had been notified hastily, as soon as M. de V. had understood the unfortunate error by which his diners had been invited to the dinner, and his diners to the ball.

Toward midnight, they returned to the house. Thirteen of the twenty intimate friends had presented themselves between ten and eleven for the ball, but, finding the house empty, and learning that a hundred and forty-four were banqueting at the restaurateur's, they had retired, furious. The remaining six had posted from the first reception of the invitation to the ball only.

At present, Monsieur and Madame de V. are running about from morning till night and writing letter after letter of explanation to their offended friends.

"And to have spent three thousand francs to cram all these gluttons," cries Madame de V.; "while our nice family dinner, was burning to a coal at home!"

In the Rue Joubert, No. 338, an *Institute* of young dancers has been established. The serious character of the times, war, speculation, the rage for wealth and preferment, have of late estranged young men from the pleasures of the quadrille and polka; so that there are but few partners for ladies at the balls, and families have been obliged to depend upon the college; it is for this reason that so many balls are given on Thursday, when the collegians are emancipated. It will be understood, therefore, why anxious ladies demand when a friend proposes to present a gentleman to them: "Does he dance?" This is of more importance than name, rank, anything.

This d-plorable state of things being well known, the Institution we speak of has been established by a celebrated dancing-master.—He will furnish, immediately, any night, young men between twenty and twenty-five years, of agreeable figure, distinguished air, and with a decided *dansomania*. They are for the most part young clerks in fancy stores, whom the habit of daily intercourse with ladies at the counter, will free from embarrassment in their presence. They are qualified to pay compliments upon the toilette, which will

cause them to be considered very charming and *spirituel*. The institution clothes them, gloves them, shoes them, and dismisses them to the ball with empty stomachs. They cost a louis a head, and with a dozen of them, a ball will be very animated.

Last Wednesday, the Institute furnished a hundred and twenty-eight for the various *hops* of the Champsée d'Anin. It was its whole of effective force. It has hastened to make recruits. Madame B. has engaged thirty for the 20th of the month, twelve blonde, twelve brunette, and six bald. The bald cost twenty-five francs. They are directed to maintain a very erect attitude, and will represent young magistrates, officials, or ambitious youths, who have lost their hair by midnight studies. There is also a former member of the *garde mobile*, decorated with orders of merit, who can be obtained, but not for less than thirty francs with the addition of a second pair of gloves, after two o'clock in the morning.

Twenty years since, a young and brilliant cavalry officer fell in love with a charming English girl, whom he met at a Court ball. He was handsome, amiable and *spirituel*, was of a good family, had a "de" prefixed to his name, and, although without inherited wealth, was evidently cut out for a child of fortune. He has since proved it.

The lady belonged to a very noble and very opulent family, but this our officer, to the credit of his heart, only learned afterwards. The young lady returned his affection after the olden style. They met often, heaven knows how, but Paris is large, and English manners very convenient for young people. All this was very fine, but inefficient. They wished to marry, but, when the young islander broached the subject to the authors of her days, they were horror-struck. It was of no use; the young lady was obstinate; she assured them that she should only consult her heart in the choice of a husband, that she loved the young officer, and that if her barbarous, and she feared, avaricious parents, persisted in not permitting her to be the judge of her own happiness now, she should marry him as soon as she came of age. My Lord and Lady, seeing that they had to deal with an old head under those blonde curls, came to a capitulation. It was agreed, that if the officer would heat a retreat and leave the field clear to his rivals, and make no attempt to see the young lady for two years; they might correspond during that time as much as they pleased, and, at the termination of this period, they might marry, if their feelings remained unchanged.

The young lady returned to England. For a month the mails hardly sufficed to carry their letters. If they had lived twenty years later, our lovers would have invented the telegraphic correspondence. "My idol! my love! my treasure!" were could they find words to express themselves; "My soul! my angel!" how poor language seemed.

But, one day, the two knocks of the penny-post man, strange to say, were not heard at the usual hour. Monsieur the officer has not written. We will wait till tomorrow, sighs the young girl. The next day, no knocks, nor the next; weeks pass, nothing! a month, two months, nothing! yet the poets went on all this

time making *amours* rhyme with *tenours*. At the end of the third month, Lady—thus addressed her daughter.

"My poor, forsaken child, I forgive this. The fickle one has forgotten you, the wretch has abandoned you. There is only one way in which you can revenge yourself of the monster. Marry immediately. Lord—adores you. Marry him. It is thus that a daughter of Albion should treat with disdain an unfaithful, ungrateful, insolent lover. To be loved by a young person of your rank, and conduct is the manner!"

For three months, the young lady hesitated, dispatched several letters more in various directions, till, convinced at last of her abandonment and humiliation, she said to her mother—"I accept Lord—, and, now that I have decided, marry me as quick as possible!"

It was done. So much for the first act. Let us suppose a long interval of fifteen years. Lord—dies. Five years longer. The old lady is taken sick; her daughter nurses her with great tenderness. The illness increases; she is in imminent danger; the doctors shake their heads. One night, the dying woman calls her daughter, and, with a feeble voice, makes this confession.

"My daughter, remorse disturbs my last hour.—The pride of our family—national prejudices—this Frenchman, whom you loved—his letters you exchanged—you accused him—he was faithful—there—in that cabinet, you will find them—I thought it my duty—pardon your mother—who—"

In the night, Lady—expired. After a period devoted to grief for the departed, the widow opened the cabinet which contained the letters. She found, in addition to her lover's letters, her own, demanding an explanation of his silence. The complete innocence of the young officer was proved by the complaints, the despair with which his letters were filled. She immediately set out for Paris, where she arrived a few weeks since.

She had furnished herself with the necessary letters. The minister of War was interrogated as to the fate of M. do—, Lieutenant of the cavalry in 1834. The reply was, that the Lieutenant was now a general, a bachelor, and commanding in the department of the South of France. The widow wrote immediately to the General, that she was in Paris, and wished to see him. To her great joy he demanded leave of absence by telegraph, and soon arrived. An explanation took place. The *dénouement* occurred quicker than we can write it. The general is still handsome, and of very elegant manners; while the lady bears like a woman of thirtyyears her undeniable forty.

#### A LADY WORKS.

To represent a lady as offering heart and hand to a gentleman without diminishing our respect for her, has been the task occasionally proposed to themselves by writers of fiction, and they have succeeded only by making the hero deeply in love, and restrained only by motives of delicacy from avowing his passion; but a writer in the last number of *Blackwood* has succeeded in preserving our respect for the heroine while the gentleman is taken entirely by surprise, and is not a little embarrassed at the proposal. It must be confessed, however, that the lady

very young. We copy the scene, first premising that Zaidie, the heroine, is an orphan and supposed to be poor, and has been brought up by wealthy relatives, who have treated her with great kindness, and to whom she is strongly attached. Just before the celebration of the coming of age of Philip, the elder son, and, by the death of his father and grandfather, the head of the family, a will of the latter is discovered, which reduces the whole family to poverty, while Zaidie becomes heir to the estate. Wild with despair at the distress of which she is the innocent cause, Zaidie, after begging and praying that the will may be destroyed, has recourse to the only other expedient she can devise to relieve them.

Zaidie's errand was not to the drawing-room; she passed through it hastily to the library door.

"With one dim light burning on the table—with the fire dying on the hearth, the curtains undrawn, and that black, pale, wintry sky looking in again like a watchful spirit—very chill and dreary was the aspect of the room. Its dark piles of books withdrawing into the shadow, its black unlighted corners, and all vacant easy-chair, where Zaidie could almost fancy grandfather Vivian, triumphant in successful malice, glorying over the declaration he had made. But to look upon that manly youthful face, glowing with new necessities and new powers, full of generous ardor and an old world knightly devotion, was enough to defeat the malice of any Satan. If Philip had lost the Grange, he had found better gifts to make compensation. As for Zaidie, catching only with her quick glance how he sat there at the table writing, with the light of the lamp full upon his face, she did not venture to look at Philip, but, gliding with her silent rapid footstep, came unobserved to his side.

"Zaidie!—is it you?" Philip's nerves were somewhat excited; so that, looking up in the half light, and seeing suddenly this figure beside him, he was considerably startled, and lost a trace of his start on the page before him. In the shape of a great knot.

"Philip"—Zaidie was breathless with agitated haste—"Philip, Percy says you must marry a rich heir. You will not let me burn that paper. Philip, will you marry me?"

Philip Vivian's face flushed crimson; but, in her earnest innocence, Zaidie, unblinking, stood before him, her eyes lifted to his, her whole soul in her in tact and steady look. In most cases there is something sufficiently embarrassing in the commonest proposal of this kind; but Philip in the present strange reversal of ordinary wooing, flattered under Zaidie's grave and resolute eyes like a timid girl—flushed, blushed, could find no words to answer her. But to blush came to the dark pale face of Zaidie, lighted up with the gleaming anxiety of those eyes. No more than of some abstract creature did Zaidie think of herself—herself had no share in this proposed transaction; only a last hope, a desperate expedient for restoring the Grange to Philip, was this bold proposal; and sincere and single-minded, the child in her defended the budding woman. Zaidie knew no shame.

To Philip Vivian the moment of silence seemed an hour. "Zaidie," he stammered, his embarrassment taking almost the aspect of anger, "a woman never asks this question of a man."

Then for the first time a flush stole over Zaidie's face. "Twice to-day," said Zaidie, dropping her head and folding her hands like a reproved child—"twice to-day you have called me unwomanly, Philip—but I cannot help it; it is not my fault—nothing is my fault, though I am so miserable. But you could send me away," she continued looking up with renewed supplication: "I do not care where you send me—I could go away. Philip, will you answer me?"

Philip turned away his head: for the moment, with

a young man's sensitive pride, he only saw how absurd his position was, with his little cousin standing here by his side, urging this extraordinary proposal upon him. He felt ridiculously embarrassed and ashamed; and, in the second place, he felt impatient and angry: "I have no answer to give," said Philip hastily; "and I must beg you to leave me, Zaidie. Go to my sisters—go to Elisabeth, and do not tell her what strange things you have been saying. Never mention this to any one. I suppose you are too young to know," said Philip very red and much embarrassed still; "yet one expects a girl to have some perception. Zaidie, go."

Zaidie went, but not to Elisabeth. The poor girl in her solitude strayed out to the dark, to the widely elevated forest which lay between the most and the dear of the Grange. The trees bent and swayed with their long bare branches before the wild Cheshire wind. Fresh and strong this gale blew upon her flushed and heated face, extorting her hair out of the braid, as it caught these stray leaves in the corners where last night's gale had left them; and the clouds rushed at a gallop pace along the sky, keeping strange time to the dreary rustling among the trees. Zaidie drew a long breath, and opened her arms with a weary gesture to the fresh assuaging wind. Her heart was sore—wounded for the first time, and aching with poignant injury and shame—shame, for now she began to think of what she had done, and to perceive why Philip had thought her unwomanly. The child had almost died in Zaidie's breast at that moment to give place to the premature woman; but her original grief stepped in once more, overpowering all slighter emotions. No expedient served her; every hope had failed—and she was indeed the suppliant of her cousin, the usurper of Philip's bright and Philip's ancestral home.

"He said I was not to tell Elisabeth. If it was so very wrong, they ought to know; they should not think me better than I am," said Zaidie in her thoughts, as she stood facing the night wind without the door of the Grange. "I will tell Elisabeth—I will tell Aunt Vivian, and then—"

And then—What should follow did not appear; but something had softened once more the dull despair of Zaidie's eyes.

Zaidie directed her steps this time towards the bowers of the household—that pretty bright "young ladies' room," which with all its decorations—those adornments which made home so lovely—preserved still a glimmer of brightness where everything else was dark. Mrs. Vivian and Elisabeth were seated here together by the fire, and nothing neglected or out of order proclaimed the calamity which had come upon the house. The ordinary use and want—the daily composure and quietness which these few hours had interrupted—more violently than years of common life had done, startled Zaidie in her excitement as she crossed the threshold. She almost persuaded herself that the dreary change which had passed over everything else was but a dream. But to tell her own guiltiness and shame, in the matter of her proposal to Philip, was a sufficiently hard task to claim all her attention now. Pale and breathless with the boldness of terror, Zaidie told her tale—that what she had done; and stood before her judges, appalled at her own grievous misdeed, waiting to hear her doom.

But Aunt Vivian only kissed the culprit, and drew her handkerchief across her own eyes; while Elisabeth, with a blush and smile, contrasted her beautiful brow the slightest in the world, as she whispered, "Zaidie, never do it again." Zaidie had no mind over to do it again; but she was comforted to find no thunderbolt of condemnation descended upon her, after all.

In an article on Bolwer, in the same magazine, a just distinction is drawn between the mere coxcomb, and the coxcomb and something else beside.

Strange enough, there are still matter-of-fact, good

people, who complain that Pelham is a coxcomb, and cannot see how nicely assumed is this mantle of superb popery, nor how smilingly and good humorously aware of it is the wearer himself. From the easy tone of the beginning, the quiet and amusing narrative of these conventional futilities in the midst of which Pelham was born, the counsel of Lady Frances and the purposes of her obedient son, how soon we begin to see the real soul kindling under the proper and well-considered garments of the young man of fashion—the "rising man" of the "highest circles." Not that Mr. Pelham is less real in his triflings than in his higher pursuits; there is so much vigor and unity in this gifted personage, that he enters into everything with gusto, and does his popery as heartily as his statesmanship. Whether he is discussing the most classic erudition with Vincent, or engaged in a course of moral philosophy with the respectable Job Johnson, or flirting with lady Harriet, or dining with Lord Gloucester, there is always a sincere relish for his present occupation in the accomplished Mr. Pelham. He is never awkward in his part, nor does it cost him trouble to cover his graver schemes with a veil of levity; for why, his levities and his schemes are equally characteristic, and each are an indivisible part of the man. When we find him at last awakened to real and deep emotion, and when his history and our interest in him attain their climax in the daring and successful enterprise by which he proves Gleniville's innocence, we are no longer able to regard our hero with that toleration and good-humored forbearance, which we have been apt to exercise towards this handsome coxcomb, the fashionable son of Lady Frances Pelham. Yet he is still an exquisite through all. One never forgets the glow of the dainty gentleman who does not scruple to risk his life on his friend's behalf, but who, with a half comic dismay, shudders at the risk of his complexion; and it is so small power which, while it makes an confident of Mr. Pelham's nerve, and vigor, and cool courage, in the desperate expedition he is bound on, makes us quite aware at the same time, of the way face which Mr. Pelham's politeness conceals, as he partakes of the duck and green peas which the philosophical Job has provided for his distinguished visitor.

#### THE WAYS OF LIFE.

Showing the right way and the wrong way, contrasting the high way and the low way; the true way and the false way, etc. by G. S. Water, author of *Hopes and Fears*, *Mental Science*, etc. New York: Fowler & Wells, Publishers, No. 308 Broadway.

A series of lectures, twelve in number, on ethical subjects, written in a direct and forcible style, calculated to arrest the attention of the young, for whose benefit it seems to be particularly designed. We give a few extracts from the chapter entitled "Luck and Pileck."

"Since we are boys and girls we have heard of Luck. Our fathers and mothers talked of good luck and bad luck, of lucky and unlucky days. What was meant we did not exactly understand, nor is it probable they did; but the most vivid impression conveyed was, that things happened so and so; some happened well and some happened ill, without any particular cause; or, in other words, certain things *chanced* to be as they wished, while certain other things *chanced* to be contrary to our desires, undirected by any steady and unvarying laws.

"Our fathers were good, religious people, and did not mean to foster atheism when they talked about Luck, and gave a half-way assent to its Godless reality. If the universe were an infinite chaos; if order had no throne in its wide realm; if universal law were a fable of fancy; if God were a Babel, or the world a Pandemonium, there might be such a thing as Luck. But while from the pulpit to the globe, from the animals to the reborn man there is not a bring or a thing, a time or an event, disconnected with the great government of eternal law and order we cannot see how such a game of chance as the word

Luck supposes can be admitted into any corner of the great world.

Was it luck that gave Girard and Astor, Rothschild and Gray their vast wealth? Was it luck that won the victories for Washington, Wellington and Napoleon? Was it luck that carried Venus de Medici, that wrote the "Æneid," "Paradise Lost," and "Festus"? Was it luck that gave Morse his telegraph, or Fulton his steamboat, or Franklin the lightning for his plaything? Is it luck that gives the merchant his business, the lawyer his clients, the minister his hearers, the physician his patients, the mechanic his labor, the farmer his harvest? Nay, verily. No man believes it. And yet many are the mee who dream of luck, as though such a mysterious spirit existed, and did sometimes humor the whims of visionary cowards and drones.

It is not luck, but pluck, which weaves the web of life; it is not luck, but pluck, which turns the wheel of fortune. It is pluck that amasses wealth, that crowns men with honors, that forges the luxuries of life. I use the term pluck as synonymous with whole-hearted energy, genuine bravery of soul.

The editor of the *Church Journal*, one of the most able, by the way, of our religious exchanges, says in his last number:

The results of our solitary toll go forth from us each week, like arrows shot into the dark night. They go in silence to thousands from whom there comes back no audible response. And it is sometimes hard to realize that all this labor is not thrown away, is not like money dropped into the sea, is not like a voice sinking into dead silence upon the unhearing air; but really enters, moves or less, into the thoughts and hearts of others, thus bringing it to pass that we are seen and known, and even, after a sort, loved, by those whom we never see, nor know—but only as so many names upon a carrier's list or mail book.

#### BIRDS IN WINTER.

The commonest observer, however unacquainted with natural history, could not fail to notice the absence of the birds, and the silence of the fields, during a walk in winter. The trees and hedges, those green summer-chambers which they inhabited, are unadorned, and the wind blows through the naked branches with a sound like that of a hollow footfall in an empty house. Although their songs no longer ring through the tangled copse and the open valley, there are thousands of them that remain with us all the year round, rummaging for food in storehouses only known to themselves, and to the few who watch their habits in the wild and out-of-the-way places where lie their hidden granaries. Providence has further adapted them to meet the severity of the season, by making them pass nearly two-thirds of their time, during the shortest days, in sleep; so that they do not require so much food as is needed for their support when they are on the wing for so many hours together during the longer days of spring and summer. Their little round bright piercing eyes and sensitive beaks see and feel many minute things scattered abroad for their sustenance, which we in our greater wisdom do not perceive. It would take us long hours to discover what they feed and feed upon among the decaying leaves that have fallen from a single tree; how then can we hope to discover the great abundance suited to their wants which the long miles of our shadowy woods conceal? Among rivet mosses, green in the hardest winter; in the crannies of ragged bark; in the holes and hollows of uncared trees; among the withering grass and weeds that fall unseen by man; in thousands of seeds that drop from the flowering hedge-plants; on hips and haws, which the frost has ripened and blackened; on unguarded wild-fruits, which have escaped rustic hands—their food materials for their table spread by nature in the forest; and near at hand, a shelter from the sleet and snow, where, with heads under their wings, they sleep securely when

the norland wind pipes aloud through the deep dark nights of mid-winter. The flowers of summer, though long ago dead and abandoned by the bees, after they had gathered their honey from the dew-bowed and pollen-gilded cups, were afterwards filled with seeds, which misty autumn ripened, and the winds burst and blew abroad, a banquet for the birds in winter. When the whole range of the wide landscape is white with snow, and neither dent of hoof or print of foot breaks through the glittering waste, the birds find their way under bush and brake, and peck about beneath the fern and gorse—search the wood-stack, the corn-rick, and the hollow roots of trees—find something in the shelving bank and the bowery underwood, above which the snow lodges—while with the fluttering of their wings they shake off the flakes from the laden branches, like a shower of May-blossoms, to get at the few hawthornberries that still remain. In very severe weather, others, which are seldom seen excepting in their own wild haunts, throw off their natural shyness, and gather round the habitation of man. They approach the barn where the dusty thrasher is at work, alight in the straw-rand amongst the cattle, hop and peck about the outhouses and stables, purloin the food that is given to the poultry, watching with keen eye until the owner is gone, then condescending for the scattered grain even with the heeled and wattled chancier. You startle them from out the tufted rods and frozen water-fledge that stand up like sharp scimitars, around the edge of the lonely mere, whose waters lie black as night amid the surrounding snow of the hedgeless moorland. In the hedges that girl solitary lanes and by-roads, seldom traversed, saving when the team is driven aloft during the hay and corn harvest, they nestle together and find food, while the armed furze on the ironless common affords them a home-like shelter. The countless millions of seeds which the autumn winds have sown broadcast over the country—the grubs of insects in cocoons-odd, or barely covered with earth, and many other sources, unknown as yet to man, furnish food for the birds in winter; and it is only during those hard, black, bitter biting frosts, which sometimes, though not of late years, have continued for long weeks together, that so many birds perish; for then the earth becomes hard as iron, and all the fruit and seeds that summer and autumn scattered, seems as if burnt up and blackened by fire.

The thrush and blackbird—those hardy minstrels, that so rarely allow the struggling snow-drap to appear before they peep over the ley boundaries of winter, and pipe sweetly about the primrose-colored skies of the coming spring—now frequent the homestead, the garden, and the orchard. We are startled by the loud rushing of their wings in almost every rural nook and outcrop in the country; from cart and cow shed they dash by, and make their way to some neighboring hedge or tree, until we are gassed, when they hurry back again, in search of the food which they seek plentiful around our habitations. Many a meal do the wild wood-pigeons now make out of our garden herbs of winter greens, and the tender "go-bird" of turnip-tops, as country epicures too well know, who obtain their vegetables from the crops of the birds they shoot, by taking out, washing, and cooking the disgusting green-buds, which the winged wanderers had flown many a long league to gather, little dreaming that in addition to their own savory bodies, their very food would be made to poison the table with a dainty dish. Larks of all kinds are found everywhere—the black breasted one-side, or as far inland as we like to go—the autumn-sown corn fields are often covered with them—and the hunting is one of the greatest of the farmer's winter pleasures. A flock of these larks go to work at a concert like the housebreaker; they have the roof or thatch off in no time. They do not stand poking here and there, and darting in and out like the sparrows, but lay bare at once the rich ripe golden ears, and baton on the very heart of the plucky sheave; and there fifty feed like one, and

make noise enough for a thousand. But the corn they devour, though considerable, is often as nothing compared with the damage they so unwittingly cause, through the rain and snow lodging in the sheaves they have unthatched, and permeating the whole stack, until the very lowest sheaves are reached by the decay and damp, let it be these unscrupulous and noisy robbers, who will never starve while there is a corn-rick in field or farmyard. Even the "singer at heaven's gate" is in winter of the earth earthy; and whatever the poets may say about his picking up fragments of angel's songs in his earings, when driven by hunger he will pick up anything he can lay hold of, and even go the length of fighting his brother lark for possession of the booty.

The golden-crested wren—the very smallest of all British birds; and which, when full grown, rarely weighs more than eighty grains—remains with us the year round, and survives the severity of our keenest winters. You look at him, and wonder how he manages to keep the life in his tiny body at this inclement season. But see him out in field, wood, or riparian, and then you will confess that there is not a livelier little fellow in all the world of birds. He never seems at rest, but is always in motion, as if he found it necessary to stir constantly about to keep his bit of a body warm. You see him one minute pecking away at the fir-cones; the next he darts off into the thick-leaved ivy, as if to bury himself in the green and pleasant recollections of summer; anon, his golden plumage are seen waving amid the crimson hollyberries, or if determined to see only what awakens agreeable associations, and to shut his little eyes to the dark and dreary side of everything. When we consider the labor of that fairy-bird in the breeding-season, winter must come to it like a time of rest; for the journey it has made during a day while feeding its young, have been noted by more than one naturalist, and found to average thirty-six in an hour, and to continue without cessation for sixteen hours a day. What human mother ever undertook a greater labor for the support of her children, than this little golden-crested wren? The many miles it must have flown, and the weight of food it must have carried, for many days, must make the hungry bills ache now, altho' were all these little winter birds one long bird, her motherly perseverance and affection could not save them from perishing.

But robin-redbreast is the greatest favorite of winter birds; he brings with him the memory of the tears of childhood—the happy tears we were shed at fallen leaves, and those "pretty babies" which his accents covered so "painfully"; and while we think of the pious old ballad, we forget that he is the most pugnacious little songster that ever left footprints in the snow. The power of poetry has spared every heart and every back for cock-robin; and he will never want while childish fingers are to be found to scatter crumbs on the frosty lintel. Then he sings, too, as if he knew that he had got all the dinner to himself, and that no other bird is there to "steal" into the cold ear of winter. Like the minstrel of old, he pays for the food we give him in notes of happy song; and while you listen with closed eyes you forget the waste of snow that lies around, and are carried away into a land hung over with the long leagues of summer. Though the wind rumbles and claps his every feather, and blows them back with such force that you think they never can fall right again, he clings to the paling bravely; and if he has made up his mind, will have "his sing out" in spite of wind, frost, or snow. He is as familiar to all as the daisy in spring, as the snow in winter, that makes him a pensioner on our bounty. Other birds only migrate from one side of our island to the other; some coming from the north to the warmer south; while a few gall England for Scotland, and are never seen in their old summer haunts during winter. Sometimes, though very rarely, a late brood of migratory birds are left behind; but they seldom live to see their companions come back again over the sunny sea in spring.











# Musical World.

A Journal for "Heavenly Music's Earthly Friends."

Richard Storrs Willis, Editor and Proprietor.

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[208—of whole Number.

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Wm. Hall & Son, No. 230 Broadway  
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## Music in this Number.

No. 1. POLLACCA,  
composed by Beethoven.  
No. 2. SPRING SONG;  
by the Editor of the Musical World.

## NEW SONGS.

Firth, Pond & Co., No. 1 Franklin Square, N. Y. have now in press the following songs, which from time to time have been published in the *Musical World*, and for which a demand has been created that can be met in no other manner. The price of each song is uniformly 25 cents. Orders can be sent to the office of the *Musical World*, or direct to the publishers:—

### STUDENT-SONGS.

1. School,
2. Coca-che-lunk,
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4. Gaudamus,
5. Alma Mater O.

### HOME MUSIC.

1. Nunnerl, (a Tyrolean peasant-song.)
2. Spring Song,
3. The Lord is my Shepherd,
4. A hymn of rest.

### SONGS OF SOLITUDE.

1. Twilight,
2. Sleep the kind angel is near me.
3. Poverty,
4. Night Song.

## TO EXCHANGES AND SUBSCRIBERS.

We find that distant exchanges are still copying the circular which we issued two years since in conjunction with the *Home Journal* and *Knickerbocker*, offering the three publications for \$5.00. This arrangement has expired; and we cannot, of course, longer comply with the terms then offered. We have now no control over the other two publications. Any attention on the part of editors to our own circular for 1855, we are ready of course to respond to as proposed.

We have so much trouble in meeting the demand for portraits, that we shall be obliged to make henceforth the arrangement to supply portraits three times a year, at the close of each volume. We have already supplied all our subscribers who have designated what portraits they wish: we will therefore send all to whom portraits are still due, editors included, on the close of the next volume, which will be the end of August next. The regular time of forwarding portraits hereafter, then, will be (from August next) the last of August, the last of December, and the last of April.

Subscribers will please recollect, that those whose subscriptions commenced last year are entitled only to Wallace, the choice of two from the larger list being offered for the year 1855, or to those whose subscriptions are commenced, or renewed in that year. Please recollect, also, that the postage on two portraits under 1000 miles, is only a 6d. therefore, suffer no over-charge by the post office department.

## WEDDING MUSIC TO VERSE.

(CONTINUED)

It would seem exceedingly desirable, that our church lyrics, not only as to subject-matter but form, should more fully meet the requirements of music and lyric verse. We cannot but think that our hymns are too long and that they do not possess that unity, which is so desirable in lyric poetry. The lyric is best used as the out-gush of some single feeling which, as the top-wave of sensibility, is taken by music as it breaks and borne still higher—for music begins where words cease. The feeling therefore should be pointed and definite. Two opposite emotions cannot be combined at the same moment: neither can the climax of feeling be of long duration.

But, instead of this necessary unity, we have hymns in which now the Deity is addressed—now the audience—now the single individual; single hymns where now a prayer is commenced—now a crumb of doctrine let fall—now a moral reflection. And instead of a brief brevity we have hymns of six, eight, twelve, fifteen and more stanzas!

Four verses of the ordinary four-line length, or two of eight, are certainly enough for any ordinary hymn, and where the gloria or doxology is appended three are better than four. This limitation is particularly true in all music of the choral form, like *Old Hundred* or *Dunder*. In music of a rapid, chanting movement, a verse or two more might conveniently be added.

The not-unfrequent, and irresistible yawning which is observed to set in, from sheer exhaustion of the vocal muscles on the part of the choir, and of the attention on the part of the congregation, is an expressive commentary upon six or eight stanzas of *Dunder* or *Old Hundred*. We should think, moreover, that elegy, whom the length of the hymns and rambling character of their thought chiefly concern, and who suffer so much inconvenience from being obliged to pick out, here and there, such verses as suit their purpose, would long since have taken some step in this matter.

Another troublesome defect of our church hymns, and one that springs from the fact that their authors are more poets than musicians, is their great irregularity of accent. Musical poetry, and poetry written for music, are two very different things. A change in the accent of poetry is occasionally necessary to break the monotony—it is not only no defect, but a positive beauty, skillfully introduced. If there be anything tiresome in Pope's poetry, it is the inevitable fall of his accent; which goes on, page after page, with even monotony. The occasional interruption of poetic accent is the pleasing dissonance, which, as in music, pleases the melody. The stones in the bed of the brook make its music the sweeter.

But musical accent, although as facile as that of poetry, cannot be changed where, as in the church hymns, the same music is sung to each stanza. The composer willingly takes the accentuation of the first verse just where the poet chooses to place it, regular or irregular, and composes accordingly. But, in the second and following verses, if the same music be sung, no variation from this given accent can be made, without reconstructing the melody. If a hymn be composed throughout, the accent of course can fall where it will, and the composer can follow. But take, for instance, the following Psalm (58th Prayer Book).

Thine is the cheerful day, O Lord;

Thine the return of night;

Thou hast prepared the glorious sun,

And every footstep light.

By the borders of the earth

In perfum'd order stand;

The summer's warmth and winter's cold

Attend on thy command.



The poet here chooses to place in the first verse an accent on the first syllable of the first three lines, instead of the second syllable, where the regular accent of the verse would fall. Music has no objection to this: it could be sung as pleasantly as it reads. But music does object, and so of course does rhetoric, to such a concentration of words as we see in the second verse—which must inevitably follow when the melody of the first verse is applied thereto.

This defect is exceedingly prevalent in our church poetry. One can scarcely sing a hymn in which this conflict of measure does not take place, and in which violence is not done both to the ear and to common sense by some absurd fall of the accent. Those who write sacred poetry (it is too late respectfully to mention the admirable Watts from the Past) and those who select it for use, ought surely to be at least, that the accent must positively be regular in verses sung to a repeated musical phrase, like our church hymns.

There are a great many beautiful hymns of very irregular accent: and among the least of these are certainly not those of Dr. Watts. Such instances will serve an admirable purpose when the time arrives (which we hope is not far distant) that more of our hymns shall be taken in hand by men of genius for composition, and composed throughout in some such form as that of the metrical, with every adaptation to accent, sentiment and delicate shading of feeling in the successive verses. Such hymns can then artistically be sung by well-trained choirs as an impressive style of church-music; contradistinguished from the congregational, devotional style, (of which styles appear, in our opinion, to be a complete church-music system) inasmuch as the music of the latter is necessarily limited to a very simple, repeated melody, and performed in rude outline, only, as to expression; its massive proportions rejecting (like a statue, the smaller effects of coloring: such as are imparted by the various pianos, crescendos, diminuendos, etc. of the choir style.

### THE WORLD OF MUSIC.

#### MR. SATTER'S SOIRÉE.

This fine pianist played to a select number of auditors on Monday evening at the very handsome new store of Mr. C. Breusing, 701 Broadway. The locality was conveniently arranged as a concert room; the artist, together with Mr. Timm who assisted, having his place under the skylight in the rear. The following programme was presented:—

1. OVERTURE TO ROMANT, for two pianos, Beethoven
2. a LE ROMANINO—Mozart, Hummel
3. VILLANELLE—Mozart characteristic, Paganini
4. BALLADE—Op. 25, Chopin
5. CARNIVAL—Some vignettes on a note, Schumann
6. Prelude, 2. Pierrot, 3. Arlequin, 4. Valse Noble, 5. Nocturne, 6. Flotowian, 7. Coquette, 8. Repique, 9. Sphérez, 10. Papillons, 11. Lettres Danantes, 12. Choral, 13. Chorus, 14. Estrella, 15. Reconnaissance, 16. Pantomime, 17. Valse Allemande, 18. Paganini, 19. Aveu, 20. Promenade, 21. Pantomime, 22. March des "Davidandier" contre les Philistins.

[A rest will indicate the scale of each movement.]

6. PARAPHRASES on Themes from the Prophets, Satter.

#### PART II.

- SYMPHONY No. 9, by Beethoven, arranged for two pianos, by . . . . .

The game of this splendid musical battery were of rather too uniformly heavy a calibre. The 9th Symphony of Beethoven by itself is (to carry out somewhat the same military figure)—a stunner; it knocks

upon the musical sense and the power of comprehension hard enough even with orchestras, where the varied instrumentation makes it clearer: but with two pianos, it is very sharp musical back-work. Mr. Satter and Mr. Timm certainly made the most of it, which, as to musical effect, we think was very little.

If we personally knew Mr. Satter we should propose to him to dispense with that ordinarily indispensable organ—the tongue, altogether: for we never heard a man so talk with an instrument as he. His playing may be termed piano-talk, and he might well be called a piano-talker. To any unmarried man, desirous of making love, we should recommend Mr. Satter to talk for him on the piano to the object of his adoration, but that we might fear a possible misapprehension in the mind of the fair, as to who were the more agreeable suitor.

The *Carnaval* by Schumann is a droll thing: characteristic, certainly. One cannot but wonder, throughout, where, or in what condition of mind, the composer conceived such strange musical fancies. Some are remarkably clever—some much less so. The *Coquette* (we are quite grieved to say) pleased us as well as any. The entire composition of the *Carnaval* is chiefly meritorious for its extremely subtle harmonies and for its novel and effective rhythms. It is least perfect in melody; for the invention of which Schumann seems to have no remarkable facility.

Mr. Satter, as we remarked last week, is the only real pianoforte phenomenon which we have had among us for years. We understand that his confidence in his peculiar manner of fingering and of manipulation generally is such, that he has expressed a wish to take some young American to teach, in order to show what can be done with him in a short time. We sincerely hope that Mr. Satter, if intending to teach, will remain in New York, where we should like to hear more players of the same thoroughbred school.

As we stood behind Mr. Breusing's counter on this occasion, (feeling, by the way, a strong inclination to sell some music to sundry pretty faces we saw on the other side,) we heard, in the midst of a slow piano movement by Satter, the tick of the time, from a clock over the player's head; which, with metronomic accuracy marked off the measures exactly as he played them. Now, my fine fellow, we thought, the clock is your metronome—we will see what kind of time you keep. In a very few measures they were out—the clock and he! They did not play their due together as well as Timm and Satter. However, this only proves, that Satter is not a clock; or a machine of any kind; but an artist of blood and pulse.

#### ITALIAN OPERA.

The next best thing to Grial and Mario is the opera as now rendered at the *Academy of Music* by Steffenson, Brignoli and Badiali. The music is quite well enough given for anybody, and for the price anybody is willing to pay, at the *Academy*. It was Signora Steffenson's former habit, to give her quarterly self the trouble to rise but once during an opera into the empyrean, and scotch the house by some splendid effort. But now she is painting throughout, and with corresponding success. Her style is grandiose; her voice is eminently sympathetic and appealing; her accumulative power, in strong passages, very great: altogether she is a singer who wears as well and keeps her hold as long upon the musical sympathies as any we

have had here except Grial. Steffenson sings better than Grial can now possibly do—but her stage action, good as it is, is of course immeasurably below the marvellous perfection of the superb Grial.

Brignoli, as tenor, is a pleasant reminiscence of Mario: if we had not so lately heard Mario he would doubtless create an enthusiasm. But, quenched as he is somewhat by the contrast, he still gratifies a refined musical sense in a manner none but a very excellent singer could do.

Badiali, the animated, the ever wide-awake, who carries so stoutly his reported sixty years of vocal life, is ever the same. We have almost stopped writing about him, simply because he never gives a critic a chance to say a word. He has the happiest manner of alluring the tongue of criticism. We watch in vain to pounce upon some suddenly-developed defect of years or carelessness.

*Lucresia* and *Faustina* have been given the past week to applauding, and we should think from the look, paying houses. But this depends of course upon the salaries of the artists.

#### GERMAN OPERA.

The company performing at Niblo's has met thus far with signal success. They brought on the *Bleuer of Preston* on Tuesday evening last. We were on our way to hear it but did not reach the place. Miss Lehmann is unaccounted to appear Thursday evening in *Der Freischütz*. We are no reason why this opera should not be permanently sustained by Germans alone, if need be. But care should be taken to make it superior in every respect.

Cornelius Matthews, Esq., delivered an Alumni Lecture at the New York University on Friday, 16th inst. His subject was *Americanism*—which we presume was treated in his peculiarly original manner; another engagement prevented our personal attendance.

### MUSICAL WORLD CORRESPONDENCE.

BALTIMORE, March 17th, 1865.

MR. BARTON.—The "Faye and Harlowe Troupe" had here on Monday night to a very good audience. Some were pleased, and others were very much disappointed. All I believe uttered in pronouncing Miss Lewis a very fine singer. On Wednesday they sang again to a smaller, but much better satisfied audience. Mr. Hornsby gave the old Bar room song "Lord Lovell and Nancy Bell" at the very much delighted. Perhaps it was not the song however, but the idea of a man of his pretensions making such a vulgarism of himself.

Perhaps when he goes back to England he will write some more severe criticisms on the Yankees and let some editor forth with it to publish them. A Yankee's memory is more than ten years long, which any man who receives the hospitalities of the country and then turns around and abuses the people should be taught to know, if he appear before it publicly afterward.

The Sabbath School Children of the Universalist Church gave a musical exhibition on Tuesday night under the direction of Mr. Camp the Leader of the Choir. He has had much experience in those matters, and it was a very pleasant affair, and probably to be repeated.

I was wrong in my last about the opera to be performed by the *Leander's Singing Society*. It is *Der Freischütz* and not the *Child of the Empire* as before reported. Mrs. Miller, I think, is to be the Prima Donna and will be supported by some fine solo voices and a powerful chorus, together with a large orchestra under the direction of Prof. Charles Lenbow; well known as the former solo leader of the celebrated German Band. He is now permanently located here and is on ornament to the profession. The above named opera will be performed at the Holiday St., Theater on next Monday night.

I understand that the *Black Swan* will give two concerts at the Front St., Theater next week. Curiosity will of course attract many there.



opening of the opera, Mr. Phalen called on me for \$400 the weekly rent of the building, upon which I asked Mr. Maresch (who had taken from me \$2450 to expend as he might see necessary about the opera) if he had \$400 of the amount left. At this request, simple and reasonable as it was, I was assailed with all sorts of epithets and abuse, and from that time until the closing of the Academy, he was ever vigilant in throwing obstacles in the way of my proceeding harmoniously. He at first demanded that he should have an accommodation with the house, and should receive \$1000 per month salary as musical conductor. Two days after he raised his demand to \$1000 per month, thus making for the services of himself and wife at the rate of \$1200 a year.

Mr. Maresch also engaged the following persons:

|  |       |
|--|-------|
| Albert Maresch, stage manager, (per month) . . .                 | \$120 |
| Robert Maresch, (to mount the theatre) per month . . .           | 60    |
| Pauli, father in law of Strakosch, (supintendent wardrobe) . . . | 120   |
| Mr. Leder, wife of the bookkeeper at the Academy . . .           | 100   |
| Particular friends of Albert Maresch (as dancer) . . .           | 150   |
| Mr. Windt, playing the trumpet and notify orchestra . . .        | 100   |
| Mr. Arzengue, (Mr. Maresch's housekeeper) . . .                  | 100   |
| Taylor, treasurer . . .  | 80    |
| Horatio, chorus master . . .                                     | 80    |
| Narini, (brother of Mrs. Strakosch) . . .                        | 800   |

—besides numerous other retainers, messengers, and hangers on, at equally enormous salaries.

When it is remembered that, besides the above, I offer all the higher artistic services, together with orchestra, chorus, &c., but to be paid, the public can judge what position my dear friends, Maresch and Strakosch, had placed me in at the Academy.

That a plan had been concocted between these two wretches, previous to the latter sailing for Europe, there is no doubt, as Maresch declared in presence of Mr. Phalen that he held a power of attorney from Strakosch to protect his interests, assigning that as a reason for not allowing me to have the contracts or letters which Strakosch had sent from Europe to him.

On the 20th February, the day after the opera commenced, I met with a very accident while walking in Broadway, and was in some degree confined to my bed, under the care of a physician, until the 1st of March. Although prohibited by him to leave my room, I went up to the Academy on that day. I was again abused and insulted by Maresch, who then demanded \$2000 more for himself, and refused to go on with the rehearsal unless it was paid. This sum was not due him, nor was any amount due, nor did he pretend that there was, yet I paid that also.

After all these things had come to my knowledge, and many others which I will not weary the public with reciting, I deemed it my duty to cease the ruinous and unhappy continuation at once.

Notice was given to the employees that they would be paid as soon as the accounts could be adjusted.

To the better sense of them, I am happy to be able to say, that this was satisfactory, and that they took no part in the disgraceful resolutions drawn up by Max Maresch, and passed over me by his family and those to whom he had been so liberal in providing salaries out of money not his own.

It is proper here to state that the Secretary, Treasurer, and, in fact, every one connected with the Academy who took part in that meeting, were employed by Maresch. The Treasurer, who was one of the deceivers of the meeting, stated there that he had not been paid his salary, when he had taken it out of the treasury before it was due, as his receipt, which I hold, will show. He also stated publicly that Mr. Bulky, my lawyer, received all the receipts of the house, which he knew to be false, and of which his own letter published in the *Herald* of 10th March, is further proof.

As to the third preamble, at said meeting, which states to the effect that no one was paid anything, I would merely answer by asking—what has been done with the receipts of the house?

|  |            |
|--|------------|
| Taylor, in the account which he gives of the money, in the <i>Herald</i> , makes the receipts, exclusive of some \$400, subscription money . . . | \$3,927 00 |
| Out of this he states as paid for "sundry expenses" . . .  | 668 36     |
| Salaries paid . . .  | 3,896 24   |

—Making, instead of "nobody paid," the sum of \$2784 50 as paid out to employees, &c. Thus ends "Whereas" No. 3.

Number four reads: "Whereas Ole Bull, or his attorney, has taken the receipts of all the performances," &c.

I hold in my hand a certificate from Taylor in which he states that the only amount received by me or my attorney was \$1100; and another paper, in which he states that out of the receipts Mr. Phalen had received \$1700.

And these are the only accounts I have ever received from the Treasurer, although I have repeatedly sent him to him. I have no vouchers for the \$2784 50 before-mentioned, nor for the \$2450 taken by Maresch, and presume I shall not be permitted to give any knowledge of the affairs until legal means are taken to set it off. The motive which induces this conclusion is that Mr. Maresch will not attempt to do this.

As to the \$1100 which was received by Mr. Bulky for me, I will state, that almost on the instant of its being received it was paid out to the employees and artists at the Academy, and I hold receipts therefor, which fact was known to Maresch and Taylor when they passed these receipts.

The next resolution which I do not assent to is: "Whereas, there existed, and will exist, the greatest harmony among the troupe, &c., without one single exception."

If this be respectfully answered by what I have already said, I will merely give, verbally, the opening paragraph of a letter addressed to me by H. C. Watson, the Secretary of the Academy, and also one of the Secretaries of the meeting, which were originated this supremely ridiculous preamble. The paragraph is as follows:

OFFICE OF ACADEMY OF MUSIC,  
March 3, 1874.

Ole Bull, Esq.—My Dear Sir: I think it my duty to inform you of the state of things at the Academy of Music. It is impossible to convey to you an idea of the anarchy and confusion which reigns here from morning until evening.

(Signed) H. C. WATSON.

The resolutions which follow these preambles are probably not more litter and inflammatory than might have been extracted from those friends of Maresch, who saw in the announcement of the closing of the Academy a bomb shell that centered to the wreck their princely salaries.

The resolution of Maresch at that celebrated barroom convulse, acquitting himself from all blame, and approving his own conduct at the Academy, completely throws into the shade the rest of a gladiator—volving himself a firm "I would simply inquire if any of the numerous sufferers by Maresch's former adventures" stand in the shout "Fire Maresch!"

Thus the public will perceive that for only two weeks continuance of the Opera, instead of pocketing the receipts and paying nobody, I did thus:

|  |             |
|--|-------------|
| Advance to Strakosch . . .   | \$4,000 00  |
| Advance to Maresch . . .   | 2,400 00    |
| First week's rent of Academy . . .   | 500 00      |
| Another advance to Strakosch by Mr. Phalen, for which he looks to me . . . | 4,000 00    |
| Bills already presented to me since the closing of the Academy . . .       | 1,863 25    |
| Paid to employees and artists, by me . . .                                 | 1,109 00    |
| Total . . .  | \$15,928 24 |

By whose amount of monies received by me from the seven performances . . .

|  |             |
|--|-------------|
| 1169 00  |             |
| Making a loss of . . .   | \$12,813 25 |
| What another two weeks, under these circumstances, would have done, can better be imagined than described without, for the present, further troubling the reader. I remain, very truly, yours, |             |

Ole Bull.

REPLY FROM MR. MARESCHE.

I have no desire to enter into a newspaper quarrel, and would have left the matter, which has already lost its public interest, to fade from remembrance like all other idle day's wonders, had not Mr. Ole Bull come forward in the eleventh hour, like a mustard after dinner, with a statement which is full of wilful misrepresentations. I will not now enter into the history, or as it has been a lie, the mystery of the Ole Bull opera campaign, but I am compelled to rebuke sharply upon the public platform, in order to answer the charges made against me personally—leaving it to others likewise attacked to defend themselves, if they think it worth while.

In October last, Maurice Strakosch called on me and stated that Ole Bull was no longer attractive as a concert-giver, and requested me to join the party, with my wife, in order to give concerts through the western country. I consented, and, as Ole Bull had appeared twenty times in the various cities and myself and Madame Maresch

never before, I believed that it was a good occasion on my part to allow Ole Bull on equal share with me. Furthermore, I never asked charity from any one. I never doubted I may or may not have been.

2. As to the charge that I signed the name of Ole Bull & Co. without authority, I publish the following, the original of which is in my possession:

"DEAR MARESCHE: You are authorized to engage Lott, Rees and Radial, on the terms as set forth in above. New York, January, 1866. Ole Bull & Co."

The reason why at this time Ole Bull signed for himself and Co. and afterwards took the whole responsibility upon himself, must hereafter appear.

3. All other engagements made by me, such as the choruses, &c., were made with the full knowledge and consent of Mr. Ole Bull, and no one was allowed to attend the first rehearsal without having received his notice.

4. The assertion that I dared to break down in conducting the orchestra, every other prima donna, but my wife, is utterly false. The whole night before I retired appeared in "F. Fortia." I kept six copies in my pocket to be used to transcribe and arrange the part of L. Jones to her part of "F. Fortia." If I desired to break her down I had only to have "F. Fortia" as Daniel wrote it, and Eugene Verall would never have gone through the rest of the opera. Trem, Rude, St. Bonnet, Sontag, and many other prima donnas who were engaged, will, I am sure, ever stand with me with full participation in conducting, and a modern like Mr. Ole Bull should know that to willfully conduct badly is an unpardonable act.

5. As to the engagements of Mrs. Maresch and Mr. Strakosch, I would say, that they might have been willing to sign for nothing, if Mr. Maresch and Mr. Strakosch had been partners in the concern. (as they should have been.) But Ole Bull having assumed supreme and absolute power—having repudiated my partnership, and taken the lease intended for Ole Bull, Maresch and Strakosch, in themselves, he could not expect that Mr. Maresch, Mr. Strakosch and myself, would work for the honor of leasing Ole Bull's employees. Although he maintains the salaries by the year, the engagements were only made for months.

In connection with the subject of the lease, which expires on the 15th of June, instead of being for eighteen months as originally contemplated by the partnership, the curious may inquire, what has become of the \$1000 per Opera for which competitors were to send in their bids before August, which will consequently arrive about two months after the termination of Ole Bull's lease.

6. As to the other persons employed, there are only two belonging to my own family, and it is of no consequence to the Manager whether the number be two or twenty from the same source, so long as they are *fit for the service*, and do their duty faithfully. The two persons of my family mentioned, one was Mr. Albert Karsch, formerly Stage Manager of Drury Lane, London, under J. J. Jones, also under Mr. Fry in New York, and subsequently under me, and since under Mr. Ole Bull, at the enormous salary of \$30 per week. The other is Mr. Maresch, controller of the tickets, at the rate of \$15 per week.

These engagements could not have ruined Mr. Ole Bull if he had paid them; but Mr. R. Maresch took, and vainly, for the first week after four weeks work.

7. As to the charge that I would not allow Mr. Ole Bull to have the contracts, or to see the letters which Strakosch sent, the following receipt, dated the day after Brignoll arrived, is sufficient answer.

New York, Feb. 23, 1864.

Received of Max Maresch, for Europe, two contracts made by Maurice Strakosch in Oslo, via: To Ole Bull, Signor Brignoll and the other with Michael Paroli, his sister Signorina Theresa Paroli; also the receipt of Signor Brignoll for 4000 francs received by Mrs. Strakosch in Paris.

Hever C. Watson.

[Duplicats]

Concerning the letters, I am ready to declare on oath and prepared to prove, that no line was written by Strakosch which was not communicated to Ole Bull, and that Ole Bull himself opened some of Strakosch's letters first.

8. At the time I asked Mr. Ole Bull for \$200, he was to be debited to me \$750 per agreement, witnessed by Mrs. Watson.

9. In regard to the \$2400 which Mr. Ole Bull advanced unwittingly and a small sum, in order to bring out "Rigoletto," "William Tell," and, consequently, previous to the opening, his expenditure is easily accounted for. It was used to procure the entire scenery, costumes, prop-

ties and music of "Rigoletto," most of the costumes, properties and music of "William Tell," advance on salaries, artists, and the small current expense of doorkeepers, messengers, &c., from the second week of January. Mr. Ole Bull says, "It shall never be permitted the knowledge of the expenses," but the following letter from the Secretary proves that he knew all about them some time since:

New York, March 10, 1855.

MAY MARTEKX, Esq.—Dear Sir: In answer to your inquiry I would say, that I received from you, the day after it was required from you by Mr. Ole Bull, your statement of your expenditures of \$2,400, some odd dollars and also vouchers for the same. On Wednesday, February 23, I gave the statement into the hands of Mr. Ole Bull, together with all the contracts with artists, &c., &c. Among them, the contracts of Brignoll and Pardi, made in Paris by Strakosch, on behalf of the Academy of Music. I should have rendered your statement to Mr. Ole Bull earlier, but for the fact that I was unable to get a sight of him for six days, although I called twice and sometimes three times a day.

The vouchers remained in my possession together with other vouchers, at all times ready for inspection until they were attached by the Sheriff, in which state they at present remain. Yours very truly, HENRY C. WATSON.

Space will not permit me to particularize the items, but as my statement is in the hands of Ole Bull, I challenge him to prove one error in my accounts.

10. In answer to his inquiries, I mean to state categorically, that it was just these persons who were offenders by my former enterprise who should "Fire Martekx!" What better proof can you give of the honorable position I still hold in regard to them? They compare the results of my services in America, with the fortnightly experience of his management, and gave honest vent to their enthusiasm at the mention of my name. I wonder whether the family of Mr. Ole Bull, in Norway, or his colonists in Pennsylvania, whom he left in the same innocent way that he has left the Academy of Music, would about "Fire Ole Bull?" If they met with him.

As to the \$12,813 25 which Mr. Ole Bull asserts that he lost, I beg to make a few deductions as follows:

1. Advanced to Strakosch to engage artists in Europe, \$4,000 00

This sum must be accounted for by Mr. Strakosch. Mr. Ole Bull cannot expect to get it, the first fortnight the capital he loaned in Europe to bring out artists for the Academy.

2. Advanced to Metelski, 2,450 00  
Nearly the whole value of this is to be found in the Academy in scenery, properties, dresses and music, (exclusive of advanced salaries) and represents stock.

3. Advanced to Strakosch by Mr. Phalen, 4,000 00

This has not been paid by Ole Bull to Mr. Phalen. He contests the payment, and cannot, therefore, claim it as a loss.

4. Bills presented for payment, 1,863 35  
These bills, though presented, are not paid, and cannot yet be counted a loss.

Total deduction, \$12,313 25  
Mr. Ole Bull's statement of loss, \$12,813 25  
Deduction as stated above, 12,313 25

Loss to Ole Bull, \$500 00

So, for the expense, according to Mr. Ole Bull's statement, the receipts were, \$3,927 00

Season subscribers for six Opera nights by Ole Bull, 500

Total, \$4,427 00

Paid by Treasurer, \$2,754

Ole Bull, (he says), 1,160— 3,923 00

Remaining in the hands of Ole Bull, 504

Deduct the loss, as above, 500 00

There remains a balance in the hands of Ole Bull, \$4 00

In conclusion I would say, that had Mr. Ole Bull been a capable manager, he need not have closed the Theater on the 6th of March, for I am satisfied that those engaged with him would have been willing to go on out of respect to the public, giving him time to make such arrangements as was in his power. Had he intended to act in good faith, and had not the means to meet his engagements, he should have met his people and stated the case, and not have discharged them illegally, and without a moment's notice.

In my belief, the only insuperable difficulties which

arose the sudden close of the Academy of Music, were Mr. Ole Bull's utter incapacity and entire bad faith.

MAY MARTEKX.

EXCERPTS FROM OLE BULL.

With much reluctance I once more intrude myself upon your notice, in reply to the letter of Mr. Martekx, which appeared on Saturday.

As that letter in itself is a great misapprehension of my previous statement, I am willing, with a brief comment, to allow the public to judge between myself and those who have assailed my reputation.

Mr. Martekx's assertion that "in wilfully conduct badly is an impossibility," is so eminently absurd, that the impartial reader will attach little credit to a communication containing such an insult to his understanding.

Beyond this, I will briefly refer to the exceedingly innumerable mathematical calculation with which Mr. Martekx closes his harangue.

He admits that I advanced to Strakosch, \$4,000

Does any one suppose that I shall ever see one cent of this sum again?

He admits that I advanced to himself, 2,450

But says that he spent the same in salaries, properties, &c. Is it probable that any part of this will be refunded to me?

He admits that the Treasurer paid out for expenses, \$ 923

How much of this will be repaid to me?

Making total paid out, \$10,378

The receipts he says were, 4,427

Making loss of \$5,951

—according to his own figures. My readers will understand that I make the above statement on Mr. Martekx's admission, merely in a way of showing the utter absurdity of his statement. I will only add that as my former statement of losses was much under the real figure, as it does not include any of the salaries of the artists for the second week. Possibly some people might not consider any item as a loss until actually paid. There are others who consider an obligation to pay, of some little consequence, and, therefore, might estimate the matter somewhat differently.

As Mr. Martekx, through the interpolation of the Sheriff, has seized his own vouchers, as appears from the statement of Mr. Watson, the public will see the truth of my former statement, that I had not received them.

Respectfully, OLE BULL.

## LITERARY BUDGET.

### PARISIAN GOSSIP.

Translated from the French for the Musical World.

In honor of the Carnival this year, all Paris and the environs have been clothed in a white domino. So snowy a winter has not been seen for a long time. The influence of the weather is very perceptible in the fashions, pleasures, and exercises of the Parisian world. For a few days past, the *Champs Elysees* have been very animated in the afternoon. The deep carpet of snow has been furrowed by sleighs in every direction. You might have fancied yourself at St. Petersburg or Stockholm. The extraordinary rigor of the winter has multiplied these Northern equipages. Formerly there were not more than a dozen in Paris, but now you cannot count them. Many are very elegant; the most graceful are in the form of a swan or dolphin. Some affect an odd configuration, among these was to be seen one representing a turkey. Another offered to the spectators the carved and painted image of a frightful crocodile. These two animals were occupied by two distinguished sportsmen. In some "turnouts" the beauty of the horses harrowed to the sleighs excited great attention. Two magnificent black horses in particular, driven by the intrepid and charming English woman Lady Em. R. were much admired.

The ball given last Saturday by Vely-Pacha

was one of the most brilliant fetes of the season. The most distinguished society in Paris was assembled to bid adieu to the magnificent Ambassador, who is about to abandon the career of diplomacy to accept a government of high importance in Anatolia. He will leave the Rue de Grenelle to establish himself on Mount Olympus. It is a great disappointment to the Parisiens, whom he has captivated by the grace of his manners, the charm of his intellect, and the good taste and splendor of his hospitality. In his diplomatic relations also, he has won the esteem of the most eminent men in Paris by his talents and integrity.

This farewell hall was remarkable for the elegance of the toilettes and the profusion of diamonds displayed there.

The robes of the ladies have assumed such an amplitude of development that there are many doors through which a lady of fashion could not pass. The hoops of the last century did not produce more vast results.

A lady exquisite in full hall costume enters her carriage; her husband put his foot on the step to follow her.

"Eh bien! Monsieur, what are you doing?"

"What am I doing? I am getting into the carriage."

"But don't you see there is no room for you?"

"How! not room for two persons?"

"No, not when I am in full toilette. Do you wish me to enter the hall room with my dress all rumpled and crumpled?"

"But I wish to go to the ball also!"

"What hinders you? Send for a hackney coach."

"That will take some time, and—"

"Well, well, get up on the box then; arrange it in any way you like, but to sit here with me is absolutely impossible. Pray shut the door, the air is chilly; and tell the coachman to drive on, it is near midnight."

So goes the conjugal world. There is no town where we do not find husbands treated in this fashion. The toilette of their wives, which costs them so dear in the first place, for an additional discomfort, makes them go on foot when they keep a carriage, or constrains them to follow in a hackney coach the comfortable equipage which their egotistical partners forbid them to enter. Thus the width of skirts will be a new cause of separation and estrangement between husbands and wives who are not usually too often together.

One fashionable lady, not content with excluding her husband from the coach on all grand occasions has had a carriage constructed on purpose for balls. There is no seat in it. He placed to observe the world. In there a seat outside the coachman, but the lady will stand. Leather straps covered with velvet will aid her to support herself, if her equilibrium should be for a moment compromised, in a carriage admirably balanced on its springs. Our exquisite arrives thus at the ball without the smallest wrinkle in her dress; the freshness of her toilette has not been injured by the slightest contact; the engraved figure in the fashion plates is not more perfectly correct in its *tenue* ensemble. Her success at her entrance into the hall room is immense, every one is dazzled. Of course, she does not sit at the hall, until quite exhausted, never, till after the fourth quadrille, and the

fifth waltz; such respect she has for her robe; such horror for ugly creases!

There were a great number of weddings in Paris last week. It is not customary among a certain set to marry in Lent, and there is danger in deferring a marriage for six weeks; such trifles will sometimes break off an engagement.

M. X., a gentleman of talent, but excessively absent minded, accompanied some fashionable ladies not long since to the theater; among the number was the elegant Madame de Bre—. On entering the box she took off her hat, and gave it to M. X. to hang up for her. He takes the little hat, light, coquettish, transparent, a mere butterfly's wing, and seeks a support for it, but does not find one. Then his attention is attracted to the stage by the rising of the curtain, and he rolls it up abstractedly, and puts it in his pocket.

When the play is over Madame de Bre— demands her hat. M. X. hunts for it uselessly in the box.

"Perhaps," says the elegant dame, "you have been so careless as to intrust it to the box keeper?"

M. X. interrogates her; she has not seen it; but, suddenly the absent minded gentleman recovers his memory; "Ah! I know; I remember; here it is;" and drawing the hat from his pocket, he unrolls it carefully, and presents it with a satisfied air.

You may judge how it was received.

Yet, would you believe it that M. X. is as touched by this trifle—he calls it a trifle? has broken off his marriage with the cousin of Madame de Bre—. Madame has shown her cousin very easily, that such absence of mind might have very dangerous results, and that men capable of treating with such a want of respect an adorable little hat, a masterpiece of fashion, must make a bad husband.

The theaters have furnished several weddings for the Carnival. Some journals have announced among these the marriage of Mlle Wertheimer, of the opera, to a wealthy Englishman; but it is her sister, N.émie, who is married, and an anecdote is related about her, which recalls the story of Cinderella, minus the glass slipper and the fairy godmother. It appears that papa Wertheimer, who is a Jew, esteems and loves those daughters only who can make money, and had therefore concentrated all his tenderness upon the eldest, and made a kind of servant of N.émie. An Englishman came one day to see the Jew on business. He was not at home, but his daughter, N.émie received and entertained the stranger till the return of her father. It was more than an hour before he made his appearance, and when he came he immediately sent Cinderella back to the kitchen, and began to talk to his guest of the talent and merit of his eldest daughter.

"All very well, sir," replied the Englishman, "but the other one pleases me. My name is Edward Casper, and I have prospects in Australia worth eight or nine millions of francs. Do you wish to have me for a son-in-law?"

The papa, at first startled with wonder, soon recovered, accepted at once himself and the proposal, saying, "If instead of nine millions

it had been one or two, it would still be a fine affair." The impromptu marriage was celebrated last Sunday at the Israelite Temple, Rue Notre Dame de Nazareth. The bride and bridegroom will set out this week to spend two or three years in Australia.

One of the most brilliant marriages of the Carnival week was celebrated at the Chapel of the Senate. The bride was Mlle. Delegré, daughter of the honorable President of the *Cour Impériale*, and himself a distinguished member of the senatorial body. A remark made upon this occasion has caused much amusement. A Tenor, who sang in the musical mass, was far from perfection in his performance, and one of the guests addressing his neighbor, said, "Can you tell me the name of the senator who is singing?" "It is no senator, sir," replied the neighbor, laughingly, who was himself a member of that illustrious body. "Ah! I beg your pardon," replied the other, naively, "but he sings so badly."

Among the rumored marriages are cited, that of M. Ponsard, the dramatic poet, with Mlle. Rachel, the great tragic actress, and also, that of her brother, M. Raphaël Felix, with the young and pretty Judith Ferreyra, actress at the *Gymnase*; but these two unions are either imaginary, or remain in the *morganatic* state.

At theater of the *Porte St. Martin*, a drama is to be produced whose author is Victor Églé-Jour, a young Louisiana mulatto. This work will have for its interpreters the united talents of Ligier, Mme. Guyon, and Mlle. Lia Felix, a sister of Rachel. It will be followed by a piece of colossal dimensions, in which Paul Meurice has undertaken to represent, under the form of dramatic tableaux, the most remarkable scenes of the history of Paris, which is about the same as the history of France from the Frouces of Pharamond to the present day. Nothing is said as yet of beds for the spectators, that they may be able to await the termination of the panorama, yet they would seem to be necessary.

#### READABLE EXTRACTS.

##### MARRIEDAHEMY.

At this season of the year, when the fresh spring tints of the silks and ribbons displayed in the plate glass windows of Broadway, attract side glances even from thoughtful students and grave men of business, we think some papa and husbands will find the following extract from the last number of *Chambers' Journal*, timely.

I am going to break good in a totally new question, but with wonder that it has been reserved to me to do so. When I look along a fashionable business-street in one of our large cities, and observe the temptations presented by mercers and milliners to my friends of the softer sex, I feel that the *Malice à Quers* Law has at least the objectionable character of being a partial measure. I ask myself, Why should we endeavor to put down only one traffic of a seductive and mischievous kind? There is a *Gin Palace*, with its baleful attractions, at one corner; but here is a *Muslin Palace*, with equally bewraying, though not so deadly attractions at another.

If I am wrong, may all concerned forgive me; but I cannot help thinking that the *Muslin Palace* carries guilt on the very face of it. Given the weak

female heart as the subject of experiment, and be hold how well adapted is the apparatus brought to bear upon it! The lofty entrance, with plate glass sides and flanking windows, displaying colored cuttings of all sorts of inconceivable forms and incomprehensible purposes—the long retiring vista of counters and tables, attended, not by women, who are perfectly fit for the silly business, but by Young Men—the dazzling mirrors, inviting the victims to self-worship trials of shawls and scarfs—the soft, winning manners and insinuating talk of the shopmen, addressed to every whim of taste or tastelessness which they may detect in the votaries—an honest business could not require all this. Were the question only that women should have decent attire, the *Circens* spells would serve. The object manifestly is, to tempt the poor sex in the purchase of habitments beyond what they need, and of finer kinds than are most for them; and hence the magnificence of the system and all its enervating arrangements. The *Muslin Palace* betrays its character by a *bag à Palece*.

The husbands should look to it, suggest a Mr. Gough, get up an Alliance, and establish so argue to make themselves heard by. It is very much their concern, both as it affects the solidity of character of their wives and daughters, and their own pockets. I am afraid they are far too inebriated to their own work. Men will pass a seductive business-shop as they way to "Change every day for a series of years, and no more regard it than if it were a mangling establishment. They reflect not on the tremendous interest which these gowns, crapes, ribbons, bewitchments have for hundreds of the other sex; how the wives have dreamt for weeks at certain specifiers about the size of a tolerable butterfly; how their daughters never pass without scolding a fairfellow; and how than airy insignificances will tell upon their business at Christmas. There were wretchedness and phillies long ago for entangling the hearts of the fair; and some ages here as now and then with their fears for the effect of novel reading upon the female imagination. But corsets, phillies, chloroform, and *Meal Lord Henries*, take on, in my regard, an aspect of perfect innocence. In comparison with the functions of these rainbow-like windows into which we see our women gaze day by day, and wish and wish the soul away.

We protect minors from premature marriage, and punish a good many eccentricities of the affections which don't much trouble us. Why should we not be allowed to protect the gentle partners of our bosoms from any particular danger or corrupting agency which we see besetting them? No, not I am clear for a short head way of serving the fair: nothing but a *Malice à Quers* Law will do.

Is such a law workable? Obviously ten times more so than a *Malice à Quers* Law; for with the use of alcohol up to a certain point can be concealed, dress will not exist unless for being exhibited, and there can therefore be no difficulty in laying our fingers on the *corpus delicti*. A lady sees proceeding along the street in an immoderate style of dress, can be arrested as contributory, and reduced to respectability of exterior, scream as she may. Certain stuffs of more than a fair degree of simple elegance can be forbidden; any monstrous superfluity of flounce, or frill, or trimming, can be set down. We shall have a law for introducing coarseness into the female figure, and making them convenient to themselves, even against their will. As to the number of dresses which should be permitted to any one lady, on easy-working classes is at our service. We have only to restrict them to dresses made by their own industry, in order to insure a sufficient moderation in this respect. Some, indeed, under such restriction, might be in danger of something like a distillation of clothing—which, of course, might lead to exhibitions not desirable for the public. But I would merit such cases with a slight relaxation of the law, permitting a provably bodiless lady, or one laboring under that fatal disease the *vis inertia*, to receive

aid from her well-disposed friends, or from charitable societies.

If any of our fair readers are pouting, we will propitiate them by an extract from our scholarly and gentlemanly contemporary "The Crayon," a journal whose whole air and aspect is so refined and aristocratical, that we never consign it to rubbish basket or grate, the fœal destiny of exchanges, without a feeling of remorse. The article is written, not like the preceding, by some ornery Englishman, but by a gallant American, who considers dress a fine art, and would entreat the ladies in their selections. It is entitled:

#### ÆSTHETICS OF DRESS

There are certain laws of Form and Color which we wish to evolve before going into detail or illustration of our views. In Form, simplicity and long unbroken lines give Dignity (a robe is therefore more dignified than a coat, vest and pants), while complicated and short lines express Viracity. Curves, particularly if long and sweeping, give Grace, while straight lines and angles indicate power and strength. In Color, softity of tint gives Repose—if sombre, Gravity, but if light and clear, than a joyous Serenity—variety of tint giving Viracity, and if contrasted, Brillancy.

Observing these laws, let us suppose a lady of a tall figure, dignified mien and tranquil temperament, inclining to joyousness, wishing to array herself so as to heighten the impression her character would give. She would select softity of tint, light tints, probably greys of one character mainly, and have them made up in the simplest form possible, coming high in the neck and flowing down to the ground—if in the *parlor*, possibly trailing. She would have no founces to disturb the simplicity of the lines (unless she should be short-waisted, when founces would hide it by dividing the length of the skirt). She would display little or no jewelry, or any other ornament, except perhaps a pale flower on her bosom, or a ribbon at the throat. If she used ornament to any extent, it would probably be around her head, which being the noblest portion of the physique, deserves the fullest adornment.

Her opposite, a gay, sparkling little beauty, would of course go to the opposite side of the scale, except that she would avoid the *femineities* use of high color. The great masses of the stuff being of nearly neutral tints, the trimmings of brilliant contrasting colors, will tell most more forcibly than if there were large masses of the same colors, which would make her look gaudy rather than brilliant. She would wear founces, probably, and brilliants.

The color of a dress, would in all cases be determined by the complexion; the rule being, that if any color is in excess in the face, it must be destroyed by the same color occurring more intense in the dress. Thus if the face is too ruddy, the dress should be of a pale red, but in the trimmings, an intensely red ribbon should "kill," as the artists say, the red in the face. The same object may be attained by the ribbon with a dress of another color; but at all events, the dress should not be of a brilliant red, as then the only sensation received would be one of overpowering warmth of color—a *tout ensemble* of red.

It will be seen at once why the Bloomer costume can never become of general estimation, in that it forbids all dignity by breaking up the sweeping line of the skirt into several shorter ones, and interfering with its simplicity.

#### CHESS PLAYING.

We find in one of our English Journals a notice of a method of gaining subsistence, which we believe has not yet been introduced into this country.

If we enter one of the many public places in Lon-

dou where chess is played, be it humble coffee shop or lordly divan, we may be almost sure to see, seated in the darkest corner of the room, a man attired in rather seedy habiliments, whose not very clean face is bearded like the pard, and surmounted by a high intellectual-looking forehead. He is gloomily poring over a combination of the pieces, and probably making hieroglyphical chess-notes with the bare stump of a pencil on the back of a dirty hand-bill. An amateur enters; a nod and a smile of recognition pass between them; they seat themselves opposite each other, and arrange the pieces for a game. Before the first move is made, the amateur, somewhat ostentatiously, takes a shilling from his pocket, and puts it on the table; the champion, with an air of serious dignity, places another beside it. The game commences. We immediately observe that it is a very one-sided affair; the professional plays the strongest moves, but he also directs his antagonist how to meet them with the best counter-play. The opening being thus made, according to the strict rules of art, the hostile armies are deployed upon the checkerboard without either having obtained any decided advantage. The game proceeds, the champion still directing the play of the amateur; at one time advising him to castle, at another to defend his queen from the long range of a *sly* bishop, or the treacherous flank movement of a marauding knight. When the game has lasted some half-hour or so, the champion proclaims that he will give mate in a certain number of moves, and shows his adversary how to protract a sure defeat, until the last moment. The fatal check mate is at length given, and the champion, lifting both eyebrows with a polite smile, gives an order to the expectant waitress. "Oh!" exclaims the reader, who has been mentally observing the game, "this is gambling; I thought chess was never played for a stake. How silly the amateur must be to play with one so immeasurably superior in skill and knowledge of the game, and for money too!" You are mistaken, friend; that cup of coffee, penny-roll, and Yarmouth blotter, which the waitress has just taken to the champion—probably the first food he has tasted since yesterday—was not won, but fairly earned. What you have witnessed was not gambling—nothing more, in fact, than a chess-lesson; but with that perverse pertinacity which prompts meekness to avoid selling things by their right names, neither of the players would acknowledge it to be so. The amateur, who has acquired more knowledge of chess in the last half-hour than he would from an inferior player in a year, will boast to his friends, particularly to the ancients, that he plays with Colonel Cuthbertshay; that he can strangle a player beats him, he allows, but he can strongly contest the game, without receiving the odds of a single pawn. On the other hand, the Magyar noble, in poverty and hopeless exile though he be, does not condescend to give lessons. On, he plays merely for amusement—and a trifling stake *pour entretenir la partie*.

#### A MENAGERIE.

Blackwood gives us, in the "Revelations of a Showman," a graphic picture of the mingled terror and delight of a child's first visit to these abodes of wild beasts. To whom will it not recall one of the most vivid impressions of his childhood?

In the days of our boyhood there were no zoological gardens; and we remember what intense delight the arrival of a caravan of wild beasts occasioned. There, on the Mount of Eilmbargh, stood the mysterious quadrangle of waggon, with a huge and somewhat incongruous picture of lions, tigers, panthers, leopards, wolves, and box-constrictors, making their way towards some common centre piece of carnage; whilst pelicans were seen feeding up bankets of fish; and meadows, with bills like pickaxes, were smiling into the hearts of cocoa-nuts. But what were the outward depicted glories to those of the interior! Wretched paint! Our shilling paid, or

rather paid for us by a sympathizing relative, we walked into the menagerie with a far more excited feeling than any middle-aged traveller experiences when he first catches a glimpse of Timbuctoo. Strange and wildly tropical was the commixed odour of the sawdust, ammoniac, and orange-peel. An undefined sensation of terror seized us as we stepped into the quadrangle into the interior of the caravan; for a hideous growling, snarling, hissing, baying, barking, and chattering, warned us that the inmates were upon the alert, and between the entrance and the quadrangle there seemed danger of a protruded paw. But—once in—what a spectacle! There was "Nero," the indulgent old lion, who would stand any amount of liberties—into whose cell you might go safely as another Androcles, for the moderate fee of half-a-crown, and pluck with impunity the beard that erst had swept the sands of the Sahara. But in those days nobody gave us two-and sixpence to make the experiment; and, sooth to say, we would rather have expended the money if offered, in the purchase of nuts and gingerbread, for the monkeys, racoons, and the dearly beloved elephant. What a nice beast that elephant was, and what an appetite he possessed! From nine in the morning till six in the dewy eve, his truck was a mere vehicle for cakes, of which he must have swallowed as many as ought to have deranged the digestion of a ragged school; and yet, when the ordinary postmen hour approached, the unappeared devourer trumpeted with his proboscis, and absorbed as many carrots as would have made broth for the army of the Titans. Then there was "Wallace," styled, *par excellence*, the Scottish Lion—a rampant, reddish-manned animal, who, though whelped in the North, retained all the ardour and passion of the Libyan blood, was characteristically tenacious of his dignity, elevated his tail in defiance, and would not tolerate the affront of being roared by the application of the long pole. Harried, with his down eyes, lay prone at the awful form of the royal Bengal tiger, for whose insatiable ferocity we needed not the vouchment of the keeper. Never shall we forget the ecstasy of fear that came over us, when the growler of the Hoglay, waking up from some pleasant reverie of masticated Hindoo, directed his glary stare right at our chabby countenance, and gave utterance to his approval of our condition by a suppressed growl, accompanied by a licking of his grisly chops, and a display of the most tremendous fangs! Need we be ashamed to confess that we recoiled from the dangerous proximity with a scream of abject terror; and, in doing so came within sweep of the trunk of our former friend, the elephant, who possibly conceiving that our cry costated inexhaustible stores of gingerbread, plucked it from our head, and instantaneously added it to the miscellaneous contents of his stomach! Then there were at least half a dozen leopards, leaping over each other in fun, as though they were the most innocent creatures in the world; and by means of their everislinging snarl; and shaggy wolverines; and, O, such a magnificent grisly bear, brought direct from the Rocky Mountains! We need not speak of the serpents, who, poor devils, spent most of their time under blankets, and seemed to survey with perfect indifference the rabbits who were munching grass beside them; nor of the ostrich, good to swallow a peck of twopenny calls, if not to furnish head gear to a lady from its somewhat bedraggled plumage; nor of the *serbs*, whom we greatly coveted for a pony. There can be no doubt whatever that the ambulatory menageries were most valuable schools for instruction in natural history; and therefore we regard with reverence the names of Wombwell and of Polton.

WHAT'S BRED IN THE BONE, &c.—As a proof of Menschikoff's pastry-cook origin, it has been observed that when he speaks of the *Czar*, it is in a *puff* like strain; but that if questioned regarding any other monarch, he always replies in a *tart* manner.

## INSTRUCTIVE MUSICAL READING.

NOVELLO'S LIBRARY for the DIVISION of MUSICAL EDUCATION. J. Alfred Novello: New York and London.

The third volume, or treatise of this interesting Library is, *A Treatise on Choir and Chorus Singing*; by F. J. Fétis; Chapel-Master to H. M. the King of the Belgians. Director, &c. This little work has been translated into English by the Rev. Thomas Helmore, M. A., a clergyman of the Church of England.

That our readers may have at least a tolerable idea of the excellent work under review, we quote the following heads of chapters, viz: Chap. 1.—Of the choice and classification of voices. Chap. 2.—On the proportion of voices in the choir or chorus. Chap. 3.—Of the Concord of voices in the unison and octave. Chap. 4.—Concord and exercise of the voices in Harmony. Chap. 5.—Of the modifications of Sound in the different shadings. Chap. 6.—Of the different accents or tonal quality of voices. Chap. 7.—On the pronunciation of words and vocal articulation. Chap. 8.—On the articulation of the vocal organ or vocalisation in chorus. Chap. 9.—On the Melodic Phrase, the Harmonic Phrase and the Rhythmic phrase. Chap. 10.—On animation.

From the 2nd Chap. on the proportion of voices in the Choir or Chorus, we extract the following:

Exactness in the relative proportions of the different parts which compose the Choir or Chorus, is one of the most important conditions for the effect of the music; but it must not be thought sufficient, in order to attain this due proportion, that it should be observed with regard to the number of the singers of each kind of voice; for the vocal qualities of the individuals may be so unlike that one part might scarcely produce half the sonorous effect of another part, although the number of singers might be double. To obtain a satisfactory result, it is therefore necessary that the Director of the Choir and Chorus should make himself acquainted with the capabilities of each singer in particular, making trials of comparison among the different vocal masses, and equalising and regulating their proportions, whether by the number or by the quality of the voices. In general, quality goes further than quantity. If it is not possible to strengthen a part which is too weak, the others must be weakened; for, I repeat, exactness in the relative proportions of the voices is an absolute necessity. Well sung choruses have often failed in their effect because certain parts, being too powerful, have prevented the others from being heard.

From what has just been said, it follows that the proportion of voices in a chorus depends less upon the number of singers than upon the nature of the voices. This proportion does not imply the necessity of giving an equal force to all the parts; their intensity or weight should be according to the importance of the parts: thus the first treble, where the melody is generally found, and the base, which is the foundation of the harmony, are in almost all the choruses of theaters a little stronger than the contralto and the tenor. For instance, if the chorus consists of fifty voices, of tolerably equal quality of tone, there should be fourteen trebles, fourteen basses, twelve second trebles, and ten tenors.

If the chorus is written in the modern style for first and second trebles, two tenors, and a base, and if the vocal mass consists of fifty voices, the number of trebles and basses must be lessened, and the tenors augmented in the following proportion:—twelve first trebles, ten second or contraltos, eight to each tenor part, and twelve basses.

If the music is in the fugue style, of which all the points should be equally perceptible, the strength of the parts should be maintained with as perfect an equality as possible.

It will be seen by what has been said, that the intelligence of the Choir or Chorus Master must be incessantly on the alert to regulate the balance of voices, with regard to their quality of tone being more or less sonorous, and to the kind of music which it is proposed to execute. There can be no precise rules on this point.

The following remarks upon degrees of loudness, &c., will be interesting.

It is remarkably singular, that in vocal music, where the sense of the words ought to show the necessity of the various shadings, and point out their nature, the execution of these effects is, in general, less understood by the performers, and more imperfect than in instrumental music, although the voice has an undoubted advantage over instruments, from its accent, of which I shall speak hereafter. There is no *pyro-acoustic* on the violin, flute, or clarinet, who does not understand the necessity of shading the sound when he plays a piece of music, or even when he preludes earnestly; chorists, on the contrary, often seem to have only one kind of sound in their voices, and that sound is almost always loud. However, if the effects of loudness and softness were well given in the execution of vocal music, these effects would have a power superior, perhaps, to those of instrumental music. It is time to work a reform in this respect in the Choirs of our churches, and in the choruses of our theaters; and it is to hasten the period of this reform, that I have determined to write this little work, which is intended to serve as a guide to Directors of Choirs and Choruses, whether for the church or chapel, the concert room, or the theater. I do not doubt that its end will be eventually attained, by means of such exercises as I am about to point out.

There is no composer of music for the theater or the church, who has not observed that it is only with great difficulty he can make the choir sing *piano*, and that when they are obliged to do so, the pitch sensibly flattens; so that instead of producing a good effect, there is nothing but cacophony, arising from the little accordance there is between the voices and the instruments. Long practices made without accompaniment, and without any other guide than a tuning-fork, with which the singers may be recalled, from time to time, to the proper pitch—proceeding from the half voice to the most absolute *piano*, first on simple vowels, then on the articulation of words—will cause all defects of this kind to disappear from Choirs and Choruses.

From Chap. 6, On different accents, we quote the following:

There is an accent of the voice which I know not how to name; a mysterious accent which expresses fear and astonishment,—which is produced by concentrated sounds, with a word short without dryness; an accent which effects a sort of heavy *staccato* as if caused by an oppressed heart. This accent can only be taught by example. It is to those Professors who have a lively sense of their art, that I refer for the demonstration; but that it may be understood to what cases this accent is applicable, I have given an example. If on effects upon the "Dies Ira" of the Requiem Mass, with regard to expression, one can conceive that these words—

"More stupendi et nature,  
Cum revocet creatura,  
Judeantis responsa!"

awaken the idea of nature, and even of death itself, being struck with terror, at the aspect of men who

"Death is struck, and nature quaking,  
All creation is awaking,  
To its Judge an answer making!"

For this sublime sequence of Thomas of Celano, and an English translation in like metre by the Rev. W. J. Irons. It is one of those *Stabat* and *Commemorations* Harmonies, where also will be found the ancient melody, full of the highest kind of devout expression—that, namely, suited to the act of Divine Worship, as offered up in the Church of God, by a whole Congregation of Christian people, where none are mere listeners but all are alike intent upon the greatest of human duties—the adoration of Him Whom the Hymn addresses—now the Saviour, hereafter the "Judge of the quick and dead."

rise from the grave to appear before the Supreme Judge. Now, the accent of the Choir should be the interpretation of the religious terror which reigns in these words.

On articulation, or vocalization, the author thus speaks:

There are beautiful models of vocalised choruses in the works of Mozart and Handel; the latter is particularly distinguished in this style. His *Oratorios* contain admirable models; among those the *Messiah* appears to hold the first place. In the choruses of this *Oratorio* we find a richness of form which exists, perhaps, in no other composition. I will here mention, as excellent studies some of the finest choruses in that beautiful work which, contain the vocalised divisions, viz:—"And he shall purify the sons of Levi;" "For unto us a child is born;" "His yoke is easy;" &c.

On the subject of Melodic Phrasing, the author thus speaks:

Melodic phrasing is indispensable in the execution of all the ancient Italian music, of the works of Bach, Handel and of many pieces of Haydn and Mozart. Among Handel's beautiful choruses, occasions frequently occur where all the singing mass should enter, by the melodic phrasing, into the spirit of the composition. This phrasing does not consist solely in executing with more or less precision the effects of *piano* or *forte*, of *crescendo* or of *decrescendo*, but in giving also the accent of the voice most suitable to the sense of the words, and to the impression with which the soul ought to be moved. For instance, the chorus "For unto us a Child is born," is instinct with an ineffable joy, such as ought to be awakened by the thought of the birth of the Divine child, of the coming of the *Messiah*, of the Saviour of the world. The great artist, the author of this piece, has marvelously well expressed this sentiment in the principal theme, and in its different repetitions by all the voices. The notes should not be dry, but soft and sweet; the first note of the phrase, so emphatic in the song, should be like a transport of the soul—an exclamation of happiness. This sentiment is spread over all that follows; then comes that exclamation so energetic in the English version, "Wonderful!"—here the whole power of the voices should be used—there should appear with irresistible power the happiness with which the whole world is filled at the thought of its salvation. After this burst, the first sentiment re-appears, and this alternation of different impressions forms one of the most perfect pieces that could be quoted of its kind. The style of the singers' phrasing should correspond to the beauty of composer's idea.

Our last extract shall be on the subject of Animation. It is as follows:—

The art without love is powerless; it is because the animation which is felt at the heart of the artist, communicates itself as the electric fluid; it is because to move we must ourselves be moved, and to persuade we must believe in what we say. I do not know any professor who can teach this animation, but I believe in the possibility of creating it, by speaking to artists with love of the art. I think then that the Head of a School, or the Director of a Choir or Chorus, if worthy of their mission may develop the latent of this animation, if any trace of it exists in the bosoms of chorists. There is often more idleness than inability—idleness has no place in an impassioned soul: be, then, eloquent in speaking of your art, you who would teach it; and you will soon inspire that animation, without which all your efforts would be fruitless.

—A grocer's wife having in a passion thrown an inkstand at her husband and scattered him all over with the black liquid, some atrocious wretch declared that she had been engaged at the battle of Ink-berry-man.









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A Journal for "Heavenly Music's Earthly Friends."

Richard Storrs Willis, Editor and Proprietor.

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## THE LONE FISH-BALL.

[The following touching narrative is sung in Cambridge and vicinity, and has extended itself to the social circles of our New York metropolis. Having by the aid of an obliging friend, secured the words and the melody, we have put such accompaniments to the music as seemed to us appertains, and present it to the readers of the *Musical World* this week on our usual music page. This song is now in press as one of the series of Student-songs. (See announcement.)

1. There was a man went up and down,  
To seek a dinner through the town.
2. What wretch is he who wiffs forsaken,  
Who best of jam and waffles makes?
3. He feels his cash to know his price,  
And finds he has but just a few cents.
4. He sits at last a right cheap place,  
And saters in with modest face.
5. The bill of fare he searches through,  
To see what his cents will do.
6. The cheap-st viand of them all  
Is "Twelve and a half cents for two Fish-ball."
7. The waiter he to him doth call,  
And gives him whippers—"one Fish-ball."
8. The waiter roars it through the hall,  
The guests they start at "one Fish-ball."
9. The guest then says, quite ill at ease,  
"A piece of bread, sir, if you please."
10. The waiter roars it through the hall,  
"We don't give bread with one Fish-ball."

### MORAL.

11. Who would have bread with his Fish-ball,  
Must get it first, or not at all.
12. Who would Fish balls with fishes eat,  
Must get some friend to stand a treat.

## ON THE TREATMENT OF WORDS IN MUSIC.

Of two associated persons one will almost always control and subordinate the other: and a union in art is very like any other union. Thus in wedding music to poetry, the music may be subordinate to the poetry or the poetry to the music.

This subordination is shown in the treatment of the words. Instances of both styles of treatment may be cited. Poetry is made subordinate to music, for instance, to a great extent in opera: where it is not required, if the plot be good, that its literature be of a superior quality. The words are secondary: they merely give the plot of the opera and then serve as a means of articulation. Indeed, the dramatic action is often made to present the story much more vividly than the words: and an expressive pantomime makes the words almost superfluous.

Thus, it often happens that the text of an opera is thrown exceedingly into the background. Italian opera is the prevailing style upon the stage of the world; and of the thousands who listen to it, but very few understand the native Italian: whilst the translated libretto which is put into the hands of the public, is generally such excessive trash, considered as poetry, that no one ever thinks of reading it, except for the purpose of becoming informed as to the plot.

The text of Mozart's celebrated *Zauberflöte* is quite remarkable for its conciseness—even as to plot: and this splendid work of musical Art has always been a monument of what genius, like Mozart's, will accomplish, under the severest poetical difficulties. It may here be remarked, in connection with this subject, that a new school of music is now forming in Germany, whose main object is to give the words greater prominence, and raise poetry from the disgrace into which it has fallen in its association with the opera. This school is headed by Richard Wagner and actively espoused by Liszt, to whom its already brilliant success is mainly to be ascribed. Wagner is a political refugee, living in Switzerland: a man of rare genius, musical and poetic. He furnishes the text as well as the music of his operas, and learned Germany is divided on the question, whether he shines more as a poet or a composer. His *Tannhäuser* has already had great success, although opposed, as are all his works, by the various governments of Germany, for the author's political-opinions sake, and also by the adherents of the old school of opera. Wagner is now writing a stupendous opera, which will consist of three grand parts, to occupy three evenings of performance: each part being so complete in itself, that it can be listened to as a single piece.

But to return—other instances where poetry is subordinated to music, we frequently find in songs. Many songs which are exceedingly popular would certainly never have gained the popular ear for the excellence of their poetry. Indeed much music of this character which we listen to in the drawing room with pleasure, is recollected to our common sense only because some loving, like love, is intended to be portrayed—which is a common sense thing; and having secured the general subject we heed not the words so much, which in the mouths of most singers are exceedingly unintelligible, but listen to the far better embodiment of the theme in music. Songs which are just the reverse of this in style, will directly be cited.

Still other instances where words are subordinated to tones we often find in sacred music: the Hallelujah chorus of Handel, for example. This chorus is written mainly upon this word *Hallelujah*. The constant repetition of this word, intellectually considered, seems preposterous. But, not so—the composer is developing musically the theme suggested by the word, *praise to Jehovah*. The word *Hallelujah* having furnished him with a theme serves, then, only as a means of articulation. The word *Amen* is also often repeated in a way to do violence to common sense, unless one hears in it a strong affirmation of the sentiment which has preceded, forced emphatically home by the music.

People often ridicule this repetition of words in music. But there is philosophy in it—musical philosophy. The words, for the moment, are subordinated to the tones, and made to subservient merely the purposes of articulation. Music is the language of feeling. If, then, an opera or a song, contain vivid and varied feeling, the music is the emotion whatever it may be at the moment, love—jealousy—fear—indignation, &c.—and develops it, without reference to the fact whether this emotion be well expressed in the words, or not. The words give the theme only; which is *developed musically*. In this sense, then, are words subordinated in music.

But music is, in very many instances, subordinated to poetry, both in a secular and sacred style. Of the former we find a marked instance in Moore's songs; particularly in those to which he composed the melody himself. Moore was more a poet than a musician; he wished to be thought this. He was even jealous of music and its reputation; and did not wish to be esteemed a musician. His songs, or rather the Irish melodies to so many of which his songs are written, are but indifferent music—at least to a cultivated ear and considered as compositions. Their chief merit is, that by Moore's exquisite and subtle adaptation of his words to the tones, they are made to subservient admirably the purposes of *clear articulation*. These songs, indeed, have the character of a musical recitation; and possess more rhetorical than musical merit.

Another instance where music is entirely subordinated to words is the *recitative*; both in operatic and oratorical composition.

Still another instance is the church chant; in which music plays but an humble part.

More instances might be cited; but these may suffice to show, that in wedding music to words one is generally made subservient to the other; and that this inferior service may be rendered either by the poetry or the music.

Now, inasmuch as music is often composed to poetry than poetry written to music (like Moore's songs to the Irish melodies) it has generally been

an optional thing with the composer how he would treat the text; whether subordinate to his musical purpose or not. And yet we cannot but think that there are certain considerations by which the composer should be guided in this matter, and the question decided when the text may be subordinated to the music and when not. For instance, we cannot think that it is an optional matter with the composer how his text should be treated in the *devotional* style of sacred music.

Here, music cannot have the pre-eminence, and the words be sacrificed to the purposes of mere musical effect for obvious reasons. Music is not devotion.—Can we pray in music?—can we confess our shortcomings and ask for forgiveness in music? Therefore, in addressing directly the Supreme Being a language of the intellect—the intelligible language of words—cannot be subordinated to a language of the feelings, whose definite signification is so undecided as is that of music. But this improper subordination takes place when words embodying a prayer are so treated by the composer, as to become an indistinct melody, and all intelligent sequence of thought is destroyed to those participating in the act of devotion by "vain repetitions" and involutions of the text.

Aside from a case like this, however, where such solemn interests are involved, the composer can treat the words as he likes; guided only by good taste and by what he thinks will produce the greatest effect. There are many poems, the words of which are so exquisitely beautiful, that the composer despairs of producing anything more so: and he only attempts to attach such a melody to the words as that they may pleasantly be dwelt on, and made emphatic, and brought more deftly home to the heart and the fancy. Again, there are many poems suited to music, where the musician thinks he can do better than the poet has done—and accordingly undertakes it.

The composer may also be governed in this matter by the tastes of persons to whom he addresses himself. One person is more poetical than musical: another is more musical than poetical. Hence, one person gives the preference to the poetry and listens only to that, another person is completely absorbed by the music, and listens only to that. One likes a song because the music is good: another dislikes it because the words are poor. The same fondness for this or that is shown in peoples' preferences for singers: one person likes a singer because he articulates clearly and he can understand the words: another dislikes him, because although his articulation may be good enough, his voice has no music in it; or, perhaps his style of singing is bad; and so for as the articulation goes, the effort in pronouncing the words clearly, injures, to his musical ear, the liquid movement and flow of the music. Thus, a composer may aim at cutting either the one or the other class of his auditors: and subject his music to the words or not, as he pleases. Aside, then, from the purposes of devotion, poets and composers can properly decide this question of precedence among themselves—although we suspect there are very few poets who would willingly have their poetry subordinated to music, if they knew what the composer was about.

It may be remarked, that words attain the greatest prominence when each syllable has but one tone. The further the composer departs from this, slurring a single syllable over two, three, four, eight, ten, twenty or more tones—as is done

indefinitely in ornate musical composition—the more he subordinates the words to the music: treating the text like a mere means of articulation, and rendering it more and more indistinct. We arrive here, then, at something by which composers ought to be governed in the devotional style of church music. In chorals, like *Old Hundred*, *Dundee*, &c., we have but one tone to a syllable; and in all music, composed for purely devotional purposes, each word should, in a similar manner, have but one tone—except in occasional instances where a slur over two tones is unavoidable from the course of the melody and the demands of a musical ear. These instances are not very frequent, and a monosyllabic style of composition may safely be considered as best adapted to devotional purposes.

#### THE WORLD OF MUSIC.

The Glee and Madrigal Society gave their last Soléré on Monday evening. We could only say to hear the first part, which in itself was rich enough for an evening's programme. The pieces that pleased us best were the *Hort and Hind* as in their lair by Bishop, (a composition of great elegance) and Kücken's exquisite *Hark the lark*. Mr. Morgan conducted with his usual good taste. The room was filled, and everybody delighted with the performance.

By the way, we hope that next season the society will expel one very unsocial feature of their arrangements. We allude to the stiff and austere programmes, the rattling of which in the hands of the audience so mar the effect of the music. None but soft tissue paper should be used for such musical purposes and the audience be furnished with a noiseless programme.

Last week, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday, Mr. Erben exhibited at his factory, 173 Centre street, N. Y., a very large Organ, which he has just erected for the Church of the Attonment (Epia.) Philadelphia. This Organ has three sets of keys, thirty-two pipes, two octaves of pedals and about fifteen hundred pipes. It is twenty-seven feet high, twenty feet wide and thirteen feet deep. Cost about five thousand dollars. Wednesday night, Messrs. Bristow, C. J. Hopkins and others played. Thursday night Mr. William A. King played a selection of pieces from *Aduri*, *Rince*, *Flotow* and others. Friday night, Mr. G. W. Morgan played classical selection of pieces from *Hase*, *Handel*, *Bach*, *Spohr*, *Mendelssohn* and *Weber*.

This exhibition convinced the delighted auditors, five hundred or more, that the Organ was a well-made and powerful instrument, and also that the organists were masters of its resources.

Weber's masterpiece, *Der Freischütz* was given for the second time to a crowded audience at Nihil's on Thursday evening last. Miss Caroline Lehmann as *Agatha* was quite equal to her task and warmly applauded. She was ably seconded by Mad. Siedenbergh in the character of *Anchen*. Mr. Uss, the tenor, without possessing a voice of much capacity, interpreted acceptably the part of *Max*, and in several instances gained well deserved laurels. The chorus was of no superlative quality: besides sundry objectionable tones which here and there startled our ears, the singers did not keep with the orchestra. The celebrated Hunting

Chorus was poorly given and was not accorded—as it usually is when properly performed. The orchestra, although not very large, was sufficiently proportioned to the room, and in the overture, and the descriptive scene which opens the second act, showed excellent appreciation of the wonderful instrumentation of Weber. Upon the whole, the performance did not lack earnestness and spirit, and went off to the general satisfaction of the audience.

Mr. Eisfeld's fifth soirée came off on Tuesday last, March 27th. We exceedingly regretted that in consequence of the continued illness of Mr. Eisfeld he was not able to be present. No one is more missed from the director's stand, or as a musical cooperator in any manner, than Theodore Eisfeld. There is an universal regret felt in our musical and social circles of New York at the continued absence of a gentleman who has so won the respect and attachment of the many with whom he has come in contact during his career as artist among us. We trust that his efficient balm will right soon gladden the sight of his friends again.

Berthoven's septet for violin, tenor, alto, bass, clarinet, horn, and bassoon, was creditably performed. We should have liked a little more purity in Mr. Noll's violin. We were surprised however at the omission of one movement: the *andante con variazioni*. Why was this?

Mr. and Mrs. Mayer sang a duet from *Joseph* by Mehul. It is a composition full of soul and was admirably rendered by the performers. We are sorry not to have more frequent opportunity of hearing Mrs. and Mr. Mayer. They sang also on this occasion a barcarole by Abt, which was loudly echoed.

Mr. Schaffenberg presided at the piano, and altogether the soirée went off with great satisfaction.

We would call the attention of our friends to an advertisement in this week's *Musical World* of the celebrated violin manufacturer A. Mirmont. Mirmont is the best manufacturer of violins in this country or in France—as attested by the decision of the Jury at the Crystal Palace, and by all competent artists. He has now on exhibition some violins which are to be sent in a few weeks to France for the Exhibition. As a young man of very decided ability he is worth a visit: his place is 544 Broadway.

The N. Y. Harmonic Society give their second soirée at McDermott's Academy, on Monday evening next.

OLD BULL'S PENNSYLVANIA COLUMN.  
(To the Editor of the Herald.)

Will you permit me a small space in your columns to insert a letter received by Mr. Ole Bull from Mr. Mills, one of the best lawyers in Pennsylvania, and the attorney for the colonists in the settlement of matters between him and Mr. Ole Bull. I wish to add no comment, except to state that Mr. Ole Bull does not owe my intention to publish it, the letter having been handed to me by him, with several other papers. I request the publication out of justice to my client, and because I have repeatedly, since the publication of Marwick's letter on Saturday last, been inquired of whether Mr. Bull was (as Marwick had insinuated) denounced by his countrymen at the colony.

L. E. BULLOCK, 69 Wall street.

CORRESPONDENT, Pa., March 20th, 1846.

OLD BULL, Esq: My Dear Sir—I have noticed, with deep regret, the disasters attending the Academy of Music. I have seen your statement in the *Herald* of the 16th inst., and, notwithstanding Marwick's counter statement, I think I but express to you the unanimous feeling

of the people here, when I tell you that your talent is revered with entire confidence, and the sympathies of this whole community are with you. As to the fling about your Pennsylvania colony, you may be sure that no person was ever more fully convinced of your philanthropic intentions than your countrymen, and of your entire success in everything which related to that disastrous undertaking, than the people of Potter county; and if Max Maretz has any curiosity to know whether the people here regard you with favor, let him come here and say aught against you in relation to the affairs of the colony, and my word for it, he would no longer be in any doubt as to the respect entertained for you, what he might think of the want of gentility of our mountaineers towards himself. I trust that you may be so disengaged at some future period not far remote, you may find it agreeable to come and spend a few quiet weeks among your old friends here, and I beg you to believe me when I assure you that no person on the face of the earth would give you a more hearty welcome.

With assurance of my continued regard and deep sympathy in your misfortune, believe me very truly your friend, &c.  
C. W. ELIAS.

**Philadelphia.**—The Pyle and Harrison Opera Company have been giving concerts in our city with considerable success. They embrace a good deal of talent, and we superlunally furnish a good price for at least fifty cents. They are managed by L. O. and Smith, one of Chavallier Baran's favorites; hence, of course, a shrewd and successful proper manager. Perini gave one of his grand solos on Saturday evening last, which, as usual, was well attended, and by our most fashionable circle. The programme embraced some of the best compositions of classical composers. Among the volunteers on the occasion was the handsome and clever young contralto, Miss Pintard, a pupil of the Maestro, and a lady who, both with Jenny Lind and Madam Sontag, gained decided applause.

**Baltimore, March 26th, 1855.**—**ENTRÉE MUSICALE.**—We have at last a little pleasant weather, and it does really seem so good to be enabled to go out without the trouble of an umbrella. On Monday evening at the "Liederkreis Singing Society" performed at the Fidelity street Theater. The house was full to overflowing, and everything received with great applause. Mr. Miller (the very accomplished lady of one of our most respected and successful professors of music) has an excellent voice with brilliant execution, and performed her part very finely. The *Anna* of Miss Behrens was well conceived, and very neatly performed. Caper by Dr. Widenand, was not only a fine musical performance, but an excellent piece of singing. Mr. Hollman as Cuno was perfectly at home. Mr. Kaler as Max performed his part very finely, if it could be criticized at all it might be said to have lacked power. He has a very good tenor voice. Mr. Leuschke gave good evidence that he had not forgotten how to use the lichen. The music by the orchestra was quite effective. I am glad to inform you that it will be repeated this evening with additional force, altogether numbering over one hundred performers—On Tuesday evening last I attended the Exhibition of the Universalist Sabbath School, and was very much pleased. It was gotten up under the direction of Mr. Camp, assisted by the "Wells Children," who have fine voices, and very superior musical talent. I attended the Sacred Concert at the First Union Church on Tuesday evening. It was a complimentary concert to Mr. Geo. W. Waller, whose performances were of a tasteful, and highly elevating character. The music was well selected, and well performed, with some few exceptions. Mrs. Holland's solo was both most beautifully sung. The young lady who sang *With verdant clad* has a very fine voice, and will, (if indolence) make an excellent singer; but she cannot match this piece yet. Mr. Tabler sang in native voice very finely. Mr. Striel sang the music of *New Heaven in Jubel* Glory alone, excellently well, but the language was entirely lost. Mr. Brian sang his solo in very fine taste, his style is quite pure and his articulation is very distinct. The time and articulation in the quartets could not have been better, but these places were all spoiled by slugging the solo above the melody. The choruses were very well sung in general; some passages were weakened, however, by a tenor singer; who was continually embellishing his part with an extemporized tone. This does certainly spoil such music as *The Heavens are telling*.—I have heard nothing of the *Black Swan*, and cannot say whether she has been here or not. The members of the City Council are making an effort to put a stop to the playing of martial music in the streets on Sunday. I most sincerely hope they will suc-

ceed.—To-morrow evening Rossini's opera of *Cinderella* will be performed at the Fidelity street Theater: Miss Durand as *Cinderella*, Miss Gerson as *Colinda*, Miss E. Morrel as *Theresa*, and Mrs. J. H. Allen as *Alcina*. Mrs. E. Morrel as *Fide*, Mr. Meyer as *Don Papademo*, Mr. Lavore as *Alcina*, and Mr. Lewis as *Fido*. A key chorus is engaged alone. No person has a spare to get it up in this style.—Mr. A. J. Clearland's new Cantata the *Fairy Queen*, (written for young ladies) is to be rehearsed, and will be brought out sometime this spring by the pupils of that gentleman. Truly yours, O. B. T.

**Washington.**—Ed. Musical World.—It is remarkable what a sudden accession our city has had lately of accomplished musicians. In the vocal department we have now among us, Sig. Louis Barolotti, late of the Boston troupe; also Sig. Strint, late of Mad. Bishop's troupe, both of whom appear to have good claims. In the pianoforte department, Miss de Boys, recently from Stockholm, and Mr. Robert Heller, lately of Boston, have become residents and are apparently well pleased. I had the pleasure of attending a soirée at which Miss de Boys performed the piece from B.ethoven's Grand Sonata, arranged as quartet. Her performance on the piano was certainly very commendable and her rendering of Beethoven's inimitable.

Mr. Heller gave a public concert here last week, at which the elite of the city were present. You and all Bostonians must certainly have heard him; for his beautiful lyrical style and perfect rendering of Mendelssohn has already become proverbial here among all lovers of good music. Upon the whole we now certainly have not more teachers but Artists as well among us of which any city might be proud. Preparations are already making for the next musical convention which is to take place here next May, and to judge from the energy of the Fells' having the matter in charge it will be a grand affair. CONGRATULATIONS.

**Portland, Me.**—**ORCA CONCERT.**—The concert on Monday evening last went off fairly. A very respectable audience was present, and everybody seemed to be pleased with the performance, two or three of which met with an encore.—**ORCASTRALE SCIENTIA.** We learn that this society will give a concert some evening next week, probably Wednesday. The Society has for a long time been practicing some choice music, and with its recruited members and larger experience, we may expect a fascinating concert.—**THE OLD FOLKS.** This may be the season to remind the lovers of Ancient Harmony in town, that a concert has been announced by the Old Folks for Thursday evening, at the church of the second Parish. This, we believe, will be their last appearance this season.

**Canada.**—Concerts in aid of the parolee fund have been all the rage of late. In Toronto, Hamilton, Brantford, London, Woodstock and many other places of less note, concerts have taken place to swell the already magnificent grant of our Legislature. It is now our pleasant duty to record the patriotism displayed by the inhabitants of our own little town in this matter. Through the indefatigable exertions of our townsmen, Mr. J. Herford, a concert in aid of the parolee fund was projected and carried into effect. The entertainment took place at the Casino Hotel on Tuesday evening, to a well filled and highly respectable house. Messrs. C. C. Ferguson, the blind piper, F. H., and V. Graham, James Marshall, James Campbell, Dr. Isaac, and a couple of able harmonicas, along to whose indelible resemblance of any persons we recollect ever have known, we are unable to record the praise due them, all volunteered on this occasion. Mr. Ferguson's performance on the "Union Pipes" elicited the warmest applause of the audience. The Messrs. Graham rendered most of their songs in splendid style. We would refer more particularly to "The white eagle," and the "Life of the old slave." Mr. O'Neill of Hamilton made a few remarks after the first piece, on the bravery of the allied army, and the probable results of the contest, and was repeatedly cheered in the course of his speech. Mr. James Marshall's performance added greatly to the amusement of the audience. He sang the "Doctor's Boy," in a manner that fairly "brought down the house." On the whole, notwithstanding the absence of a couple of artists, and to hail from Utopia, whose names were on the bill, and whose absence was attributed to "severe colds"—the concert went off as near to the satisfaction of every one, and with most concerta generally do. Respecting the champagne supper which took place subsequently, we know nothing.

FOREIGN.

**Berlin.**—The *Ora*.—The Berlin opera has three grand merits which, together, render it a most delightful



time, made his residence in Berlin. Here, as he grew up, were frequent opportunities afforded, for redounding to practice the lessons severely received, both in becoming acquainted with distinguished musicians, and hearing their music. Here, that soul-shattering enthusiasm, which, connected with greater and exalted love will communicate to a mind prepared to receive it, took possession of him, who was already esteemed a prodigy of youthful genius. This enthusiasm it was, which fed and fanned that inner fire which glowed so brilliantly, and also: so fatally, before he had reached the meridian of life.

#### HIS EARLY EFFORTS.

It is said that when Mendelssohn was only eight years old, he could "play at sight the most intricate scores of Bach, and, without premeditation, transcribe Cramer's Exercises into all sorts of keys." "If this be true, pianists and composers of our own times may pause and wonder at the process, by which the labor of ordinary years was compressed into the triumphs of days, with the young Mendelssohn! Or, it may be asked, in his case, was there no palming? In fact, between a lesson given, and a lesson learned? Or, if there were difficulties of mental or manual interpretation, were they not solved by that incalculable power which only a genius can wield? Certain it was, however, that the gap which ordinarily separates the laborious and patient toils, from the wonderfully facile and expeditious master, was spanned by Mendelssohn, when he was eight years old.

#### CHOICE OF A PROFESSION.

Before he was fifteen years old, Mendelssohn had composed many pieces for the piano and various other instruments, consisting of solos, duets, trios, &c. He was not generally known as an author, however, until he was quite fifteen years old. His first opera, *Die Hschritze des Camacho*, was performed in Berlin, without any demonstration of public approval which might have been expected towards one who was so gifted. His father was opposed to the choice of profession, which the son had made; but was finally induced to visit Cherubini then in Paris, to whom the son was presented, and, by whom he was subjected to the most severe trial. Young Mendelssohn was required by Cherubini to compose a Kyrie, "for chorus and full orchestra."—He accomplished it, as his historians have said "to the perfect satisfaction of the renowned judge."—After this, his father waived all objections to the pursuit of that fame, which the son had resolved to achieve only in his devotion to the profession of Music.

#### HIS PUBLIC AND PROFESSIONAL CAREER.

In 1829, when he was about twenty years old, Mendelssohn left the Continent, and went to London, whither he had been most warmly invited by the leading artists. He was not obliged to compose or perform for a living; owing therefore to the independence of his position, he could and did choose to consult his own pleasure in everything he did. He was popular wherever he went, and the pleasing manners and physique of the independent gentleman and tourist were never lost in the reputation and fame of the artist. Whilst he was in London, several of his compositions were successfully performed at the Philharmonic Society. He traveled over Scotland with the eye and heart of a musician, and the overture of the *Hall of Fingal*, was one of the results. Two years later, 1831, he was in Rome, where he composed those *Lieder Ohne Worte*, (songs without words), which have since been the study and admiration of the musical world. In 1834, he visited Aix-la-Chapelle, to take direction of the musical Fête of the Pentecost; subsequently he visited professionally, Cologne, Düsseldorf and Frankfurt, at which latter place he was married. This is an epoch in his life, concerning which his biographers are silent, an omission which is much to be regretted. Mendelssohn was now about thirty years old.

We are best acquainted with Mendelssohn, by his overtures and oratorios. The Midsummer Night's Dream, the Oratorio of St. Paul and Elijah, will

always be ranked as models of classical music, from which artists will continue to draw inspiration, instruction and pleasure. The oratorio of Elijah, in so far as we know, the last of his published compositions. This was finished in England in 1846, and was performed that year at the Birmingham Festival under his own direction, with unqualified success.

#### ANECDOTES &c.

Before Mendelssohn was fifteen years old, on one occasion when he was playing on the piano before a delighted but select audience of personal friends and eminent artists, he displayed such extraordinary acumen in detecting an informality in one of Bach's fugues, that his hearers were astonished. He suddenly stopped, and declared he had found consecutive fifths! The celebrated Hummel, who was present, was called upon to decide the question. After a minute investigation, Hummel decided that the passage which so offended Mendelssohn's ear actually contained *reversed fifths*—a fact, which until that moment, had escaped observation. This was a triumph decided to the "severe and methodical" Zeisler, who had been Mendelssohn's teacher in counterpoint and fugue.

In latter years, it is said that the churches in which he played the organ, were crowded with eager and enthusiastic admirers of his genius. On one occasion, when he was playing the concluding voluntary after Divine service in St. Paul's Cathedral, London, the vergers who were impatient to close the doors, were obliged to resort to the trick of stepping the bellows! The audience would not leave, so long as Mendelssohn was playing.

During a portion of the last year of his life, Mendelssohn resided at No. 4, Hobart Place, Eaton Square, London, where he permitted himself to be seen by only a few of his most intimate friends. So many however were the calls of friendly solitudes, that it is reported an old and faithful servant used to say, "Ach! me almost run down—dare be so many visitors!"

A friend asked him to play, soon after the successful performance of the oratorio of Elijah, at the Birmingham Festival. Hurrying into tears, he replied—"I cannot play,—aria and practice too much—no strength, cannot play!" Then grasping his forehead, he exclaimed,—"O my head! my head!"

#### MENDELSSOHN'S DEATH.

Consumption had marked him for a victim!—signs of which were detected several months if not years before he left England. In 1837 he removed to Leipzig, where he was made Concert Director; and he continued there, with the exception of brief and occasional visits to London, Paris, Berlin, and other continental cities, until his death, which took place on the 6th of November 1847, at the age of thirty-eight. We may say he died early, but "not prematurely." His Artist-life was about the average length,—indeed, his, was only an artist life, for, we may say, he was born an artist.

#### LITERARY BUDGET.

##### BURLESQUES.

Some of the best things that we find among our exchanges, whether American or Foreign, are of a burlesque character. There are several living before us at this moment that have afforded us a hearty laugh, which we feel strongly inclined to communicate to our readers. One is a parody of some lines of Edgar Poe, by the lamentable John Phoenix, correspondent of the California Pioneer. But the whole letter is so good that we may as well copy it entire.

LETTER FROM JOHN PHOENIX.

MISSION OF DOLOREY, 16th Jan., 1853.

DEAR EWING:—It was my intention to furnish you, this month, with an elaborate article on a deeply interesting subject, but a serious domestic calamity has

prevented. I allude to the loss of my stove pipe, in the terrific gale of the 21st December.

These are few residents of the city, whose business or inclination has called them to the Mission of Dolorey, who have not seen and admired that stove pipe, rising above the kitchen chimney to the noble altitude of nearly twelve feet, it pointed to a better world, and was pleasantly suggestive of hot cakes for breakfast. From the window of my back porch, I have gazed for hours upon that noble structure; and watching its rotatory or shifting with every breeze, and pouring forth clouds of gas and vapor, I have mused on politics, and fancied myself a politician. It was an accomplished stove-pipe. The melody accompanying its movements, happily termed creaking by the natives, gave evidence of its taste for music, and its proficiency in drawing was the wonder and delight of our family circle. It had no bad habits,—it did not even smoke.

I fondly hoped to enjoy its society for years, but one by one our dearest treasures are snatched from us: the soot fell, and the stove pipe has followed suit. On the night of the 21st Dec., a gale arose, perfectly unexampled in its terrific violence. Houses shook as with terrific agues, trees were uprooted, roofs blown off, and ships foundered at the docks. A stove-pipe is not a pyramid,—what resistance could mine oppose to such a storm! One by one its protecting wires were severed; and as it bowed its devoted head to the fury of the blast, shrieks of more than mortal agony attested the deplorable nature of its situation. At length the Storm Spirit fell upon the feeble and reeling structure in its wrath, and whirling it madly in the air with resistless force, tearing several tenacious nails, and loosening many of the upper bricks of the chimney, dashed it down to earth. Just why harrow up the feelings of your readers by a continuation of the distressing narrative. The suffering that we have endured the tears that have been shed since this loss will be understood, and commemorated, when I add—the next morning the kitchen chimney smoked—and has been doing it intermittently ever since.

Since my last, secretly a gleam of fun has come to illumine the usually dull monotony of the Mission of Dolorey.

"The days have been dark and dreary;  
It rains, and the wind is never weary."

A little occurrence at the toll gate, the other day, is worthy of notice, perhaps as betokening "the good time coming." A well known gentleman of your city, who frequently drives both on the Plank Road, perched on one of these little gigs that somebody compass to a tawdry iron wherry, with the reins hanging down behind, like unfettered suspenders, in an absent frame of mind, drove slowly past the Rationer without harrassing the customary half dollar. Out rushed the individual: toll gatherers, shouting, "Toll, art thou! you've forgot your toll!" "Oh! I don't bother you, gentlemen," replied the absent one, in a lethargic tone and with a weary expression, "I'm an orphan boy!" This appeal to the sympathies of the toll men was effective; their hearts were touched, and the orphan went on his way rejoicing.

It is amusing to observe the shifts a maker of Poetry will resort to, when compelled to make use of an irrelevant subject to the one on his rhyme, to convince himself and his readers, that the *faux pas* was quite intentional, the result of study, and should be admitted rather than criticised. In a poem called "Al Azaaz," by Elgar A. Poe, who, when living, thought himself, in all seriousness, the only living original poet, and that all other manufacturers of Poetry were mere copyists, continually infringing on his patent,—occure the following passage, in which may be found a singular instance of the kind alluded to:

"Ligela! Ligela!  
Oh! beautiful one!  
Whose herbaret icon  
Will to melody run  
Oh, is it thy will,



On the breeze to toss;  
Or exultantly still,  
Like the lone Albatross,  
Incumbent on Night,  
(As she on the air),  
To keep watch with delight  
On the harmony there!"

Observe that note: "The Albatross is said to sleep on the wing." Who said so? I should like to know. Buffon didn't mention it; neither does Audubon. Colridge, who made the habits of that rare bird a study, never found it out; and the undersigned, who has gazed on many Albatrosses, and had much discourse with ancient mariners concerning them, ever suspected the circumstance, or heard it elsewhere remarked upon.

I am inclined to believe that it never occurred to Mr. Poe, until having become embarrassed by that unfortunate word "toss," he was obliged to bring in either a *hoax*, or an *albatross*; and referring the bird as the more poetical, invented the extraordinary fact to explain his appearance.

The above lines I am told have been much admired; but if they are true poetry, so are the following:

Highder! Highder!  
My long legsed ones!  
Whose mildest idea  
Is to kick up and run;  
Oh, is it they will  
They switch it all to toss;  
Or ever viciously still,  
Like an old sorrel horse, [from "hoax,"]  
Incumbent on thee,  
As on him to rear, [from "rare,"]  
And though spring in the knee,  
With thy heels in the air!

A note for me, and the man waiting for an answer, said yes! Now by the shade of Shadrach, and the chimney of Nebuchadnezzar's furnace! I wish-bill for the new chimney! Bill, bill, bill! How can a man come his child William! The horrid idea of the partner of his joys, and sorrows, presenting him with a *Bill*—to have that Bill continually in the house—constantly running up and down stairs—always unneeded.—Distraction's in the thought! Tell that man, Bridget, I'm sick; and, lucky thought, say it's the small pox; and ask him to call again when I've got better and gone to San Diego for my health—He's gone. I see him from a hole in the window curtain, slyly off in a sly dog direction, and looking back timorously, like a jacksnipe, with his long bill. I shall write no more; like that bill, I feel unneeded. Adieu!

I am Ever, Ever obedient servant,  
JOHN PHOENIX.

"The Albatross is said to sleep on the wing."

[The sorrel horse is said to be the most vicious of quadrupeds, and to sleep standing.]

There is another letter in the same number, by "Podgers, the European correspondent and reporter of the Pioneer Magazine," who writes an admirable burlesque on the wonderful exploits of individual soldiers in the Crimea, recounted in private letters from the English army. We fear it is too long for our columns, but here is a good thing which we translate from Charivari.

#### OBITUARY NOTICE.

It grieves me to announce that the cause of literature has just sustained a great loss by the demise of Monsieur X—, one of the most distinguished and agreeable writers of the day. I would remind the public, at the same time, that my own health continues uniformly good, and that my business is still carried on at the old stand. A few remarks respecting poor X— cannot fail to interest the reader.

My friend X— was nearly fifty years of age, about ten years older than myself, so that my present age is forty, though no one would imagine it from my appearance. Our acquaintance

has been of long standing; it dates from the period when I medley *debut* in literature by the *Grignouille hydrophobe*, that celebrated romance which excited so lively a sensation.

X—, whom I had not known previously, came to see me of his own accord, to compliment me upon my success, and predict for me a brilliant future. This step will astonish none of his friends, who all knew how incapable he was of any feeling of envy.

From this period we became very intimate, and I had often the pleasure of placing my parrot at his disposal.

X— had great taste for the theater, and our conversations often turned on this subject. It was this which first gave me the idea of trying my fortune in the drama. My *debut* was brilliant. My great comedy in five acts, entitled *Tondre sur un aul*, attracted crowds in Paris. The day after the first representation, the kind X— wrote me the following note.

"MY DEAR FRIEND:—You have invented the true comedy of the nineteenth century. If you wish me to tell you frankly my opinion, it is this; I place you between Moliere and Beaumarchais."

I would say with reference to this note, that X— was, in my opinion, one of the most acute and profound of all our critics, and his decisions were considered authorities in the literary world.

In the year 1838, I was married, and I did not fail to invite X— to my wedding; he composed on this occasion a kind of epithalamium, which is one of the finest things that ever proceeded from his pen. My wife is a brunette, and we have at present two sons, who have commenced their studies already at one of our best schools, and give me the most entire satisfaction.

I often reproached my good friend X— for his negligence in dress, but on this point it was impossible to make him listen to reason. He would sell a new coat at any time to purchase some trifle that chanced to strike his fancy. Though gifted like himself with an ardent imagination, I have always known how to guard myself against such eccentricities and it is to this that I owe the success of a well furnished wardrobe.

I am engaged at present in composing some lines on the premature death of poor X—, which I shall publish very soon. Meanwhile, I have read them to some friends of approved taste, who have been so kind as to pronounce them magnificent.

This short notice respecting the life and works of the distinguished writer who has been taken from us when he was in the full vigor of his talents, will enable the reader to appreciate the loss which literature has sustained. A child of the North, he united to the most solid intellectual qualities all the Southern brilliancy. For myself, who am a native of the central provinces, I excited from my earliest years such hopes by the precocity of my intellect—but let us intrude nothing personal amid these lines consecrated exclusively to the memory of the most amiable of our authors.

Adieu, X—, my excellent friend, adieu.

CLEMENT CARAGUEL.

—A young lady declared to us on hearing the other day, that she would marry no one who could not keep a carriage and horse. We presume her favorite air is—"Wait for the wagon."

#### PARISIAN GOSSIP.

Translated from the French for the Musical World.

A few days since, a senator, whose name I, not of yesterday, wishing to give a very exquisite dinner to some distinguished guests, sent for his steward and inquired what rare and incredible dish could be furnished, which would make his banquet serve as an epoch in gastro-nomy. After some reflection the steward replied, that he could think of nothing really incredible except a fish which is not seen in Paris twice a year, the dorado!

The senator exclaims, that this is precisely what he wants, that he remembers having eaten it on one occasion, and that it was a subject of conversation for a month afterward; he must have a dorado at any price. Chevet, the purveyor for the fastidious of Europe is consulted. He replies that the dorado is a rare fish, which never approaches the coasts, and can only be obtained at what the sailors call "off soundings," still, if his excellency wishes one, he does not despair in spite of the season, of being able to gratify him.

Ten days pass, and Chevet, who has his agents everywhere on sea and land, sends a message to the senatorial mansion, that he has received not one but two dorados.

The senator is enchanted; the invitations are sent out to the most distinguished epicures of the aristocratic world. On the day appointed the guests assemble, and are astonished to see on the elegantly printed bill of fare a dorado announced immediately after the turtle soup.

"A dorado!" they exclaim. "It is incredible." The fact is, that at Paris a dorado is almost as fabulous as a mermaid or a sea serpent.

The dorado is served! It is extended on a quadruple napkin of damask which forms a snowy couch for it upon the long dish which rests upon a silver waiter. Its brilliant rainbow hues, its large eyes, still blue though cooked, its fine form, which on account of the swiftness of its motions is studied as a model by ship-builders, adds to its aristocratic rarity, call forth cries of admiration and desire from the excited guests. The exhibition over, the major domo leans forward to lift the dish from the table, but the fish is enormous and the dish heavy—it inclines a little, and lo! the magnificent dorado slips off, falls to the ground, and its friable substance is scattered in a thousand hits upon the floor.

It was a scene of distress and horror which might have moved the bronze statues which uphold the candelabras. The senator alone is undisturbed. He waits with perfect composure till the first shock of the disaster is over, then in a calm deliberate tone, he says—"It is of no consequence.—Bring another immediately."

Another dorado! You can judge of the effect! "He is demented surely." Not at all! The other dorado is brought, to the great astonishment of the guests and—to their great joy.

Was the fall and sacrifice of the first fish a theatrical scene concerted beforehand?

So they say, however that may be, no table incident ever produced such a sensation.

Last Tuesday, a ball was given by a wealthy lady, who had announced beforehand that she should invite no ladies over thirty years of age. This announcement caused a prodigious agitation among her "dear five hundred friends."

Inquiries, perquisitions, requisitions, immense though secret, were made in every direction to ascertain what ladies were invited. For a note of invitation was equivalent to a register of birth, and this was no trifle. Report says that Madame Rem— conceived this audacious idea for the purpose of getting rid once for all of a dozen pretensions elderly dames, of whom she could never discomember her arm-chairs on the evening of her soirees, and who, although fifty years and upwards, would be sure to take offence if one pronounced them thirty.

It is said that a woman is only as old as she appears, and we suspect Madame Rem— applied this rule in the distribution of her soloistic invitations, for we met there A, B, C, D, etc., who have large seeming children. But what matters it! There were many young women present far less agreeable to look upon than this dozen of almost *quadragesimaires*. The idea however, was an original and bold one—and it succeeded. The dowagers were crimson with anger under their pearl-white, and Madame Rem— is rid of them. But, in revenge they say, "Such a ball is very well for once, but next year the mistress of the house will not be able herself to do the honors of it."

A few years since, a young and charming couple in one of the principal cities in the south of France, were united in what is commonly called a love match. Their mutual affection, which had existed for a long time, had found so much sympathy among their friends, and excited such an interest in the city, that the parents had been obliged to give a reluctant consent to the marriage. But these romantic unions are not always happy, and in this case, soon after the honeymoon, misunderstandings arose, which before long terminated in open quarrels. Which was wrong? Both, undoubtedly, and each by turns. Hostilities finally reached such a point that they could no longer dwell under the same roof: the relatives interfered and the family tribunal pronounced a decree of separation of body and goods; the wife returned to her parents, and the husband went to Paris. Once there, he found it necessary to seek some diversion of mind. Perhaps he suffered secretly from the very separation which he had sought with so much ardor; the heart has strange contradictions. But, be that as it may, he abandoned himself to pleasure with no little restraint, that he was soon completely ruined. Family misfortune deprived him at the same time of all hope of assistance from others, and, thus left to his own resources, he made several unsuccessful attempts to retrieve his fortunes. Flushing his efforts in other ways unavailing, he determined to employ his musical talent as a means of subsistence. He had played the violin as an amateur, and he now attempted to give lessons, but finding no pupils, he was glad to obtain an engagement in an orchestra for balls.

In this capacity he was present, lately, at a fête in the *Chausée d'Antin*. While, concealed in the group of musiciens, he contributed easily to the pleasures of the soiree, he observed a lady, young, beautiful, richly dressed, and surrounded by a crowd of admirers. Just then, she arose, and took a place in the quadrille directly opposite the orchestra. It was his wife! The violin dropped from the hands

of the unfortunate musician, and he fell fainting upon the floor. A crowd gathered around, they raised him and transported him to another apartment. The young lady, who did not suspect that she was the cause of the accident, approached, recognized her husband, and, in her emotion, cried out:

"Edward! is it possible! Edward!"

Some minutes after, the musician, on recovering his senses, saw his wife standing alone near him, and said:

"Fear nothing, madame; you have a claim on my discretion; I will not speak; I will not mortify you by telling who I am. Recover yourself and return to the ball."

"Yes," she replied, "that you will return with me; I am waiting till you are able to give me your hand;" and leading the stupefied violinist, she returned to the saloon, and said to the guests:

"Let me introduce to you my husband."

It was a good thought—a return of tenderness—and then it was necessary to justify an exclamation which every body had heard, and which would have compromised her if not explained. They are reunited. The husband will share the brilliant position which a rich inheritance has given to his wife, and, undoubtedly, they will be happy. These repetitions are sometimes more successful than first representations.

#### DOMINIQUE CIMAROSA, THE COMPOSER.

Dominique Cimarosa was the son of a shoemaker in Naples, and his father bound him apprentice to a baker. It was the boy's duty to go round to the customers' houses for their unbaked bread to carry it to his master's oven. Among the customers was the celebrated singer, Joseph Aprile; and the boy, in whom a love for music had early developed itself went to remain in the porch listening with rapture to the singer's morning practice. Sometimes he became so entranced as totally to forget his master's business, and thus incurred his displeasure. Aprile was in the habit of giving lessons to a little girl ten years old, named Térésina Balante. This child, often perceiving the baker's boy standing motionless, plunged in his musical trance, one day addressed him—"What are you doing there standing in the corner?" "Listening to the singing, Signorina." "Do you love music?" "Oh yes." "Do you understand it?" "Oh no! my father is too poor to have me taught." "Could you not be taught in the Conservatorio?" "I would require the interest of a patron, and I have none." "But if Signor Aprile would do it?" "I would be the happiest being in the world!" "Have you any voice? Can you sing?" "Yes, Signorina; I try to imitate the songs I hear." "Then you would be very glad to sing like Signor Aprile?" The boy replied only by an expressive look, and the fair little girl tripped away. Next morning she repeated the dialogue to her teacher, and obtained permission to introduce Dominique into his apartment the next time he should come for bread. The kind little patroness did so, and, after a few preliminary questions, Aprile desired the boy to try his voice, and he obeyed by singing a celebrated comic song he had casually picked up. The tone and expression were given with such perfection

that Aprile was enchanted. He got him at once admitted into the Conservatorio. He prosecuted his musical studies there with great success, and with the prospect of fame and fortune before him, he married the fair Térésina, whose innocent kindness many years before had been the beginning of his prosperity. Before Cimarosa had attained the age of thirty-eight he had composed more than sixty standard works, besides a quantity of fugitive music. He afterwards produced his *chef d'œuvre*, "Il Matrimonio Segreto," which excited so much interest in Vienna that the Emperor Leopold, after having given a splendid supper to the actors and musicians of the orchestra, commanded them the same evening to recommence the entertainment; and he is said to have enjoyed the second representation as well as the first.

#### THE BRETHREN OF JOSEPH.

Goupil & Co., 366 Broadway, New York, respectfully make known that they are preparing for publication a Fine Engraving, by A. Maseott, the painting by Horace Vernet, "THE BRETHREN OF JOSEPH."

"And they took Joseph's coat, and killed a kid of the goats, and dipped the coat in blood."—GEN. xxxvii, 31.

This new picture by Horace Vernet, now on exhibition at the very elegant gallery of Goupil & Co., No. 366 Broadway, N. Y., must not be mistaken for a picture of Joseph and his Brethren—Joseph not being a character in the group. The picture is of Joseph's brethren. Those who wish to see how much can really be made of Hamlet, with Hamlet's part omitted, or of the story of Joseph, with Joseph omitted, should not miss this superior work of Art. We copy the following admirable and instructive criticism of the picture from the *Crayon*—an Art-paper which we very heartily recommend to all who wish to be informed in such matters.

The New York public is indebted to the enterprise of Messrs. Goupil & Co. for the pleasure of seeing another noble picture—"The Brethren of Joseph," by Horace Vernet. The advent of such a picture deserves more notice than the passing announcement of its being on exhibition. It is a work by a man who has made a point in the history of Art—he has done as much as any artist to individualize his age by a new development of the artistic power.

What Raphael did for the Religious Art—what Michael Angelo for the Intellectual—Titian for the Sensuous—Turner for his Landscapes—ideal—that Horace Vernet has done for the Real, i.e., brought it to that consumption where we no longer feel that any thing is wanting to fulfill all its purposes—where the Feeling for the subjective and the Power of expression keep so entirely together, that we know that the artist has done all that can be done in that way. We give to such men a solitary throne—we may not kneel before it, or offer our allegiance to it, but we concede it to them so, for the present, at least, the conquerors of a new realm of intellect.

That which Vernet has accomplished is his own—he has no rivals; and, though it is folly to say that the human mind cannot, at any moment, surpass its highest effort of the past moment, we can safely say that until the Philosophy of the external world has made another advance, we need look for no fuller representation of it than he has given us.

Receiving our impressions of him from his works alone, he seems to us a clear, uncomplicated, impassive mind, receiving every influence from the outer world, and transmitting it in its exact form and color, without the slightest infusion of his own individuality, and with a power which accomplishes with ease whatever it undertakes, and leaves you scarcely conscious that the Artist was any thing more than a transparent medium through which the

light of nature shone unrefracted and untinted. Poetry, Sentiment, Philosophy, are alike overborne by this full flood of the perception of the Actual. There is nothing of the glow of poetic thought—nothing of the individual strength, weakness, or aspiration—but, having forgotten himself, he has made us also forget him. He has no view of the thing which he desires you to consider, because it is himself apparently regards himself as an agency, rather than a component part, of the artistic result achieved. He does not win your love, because you do not feel that he loved that which he paints, but rather that he saw it with a clearness, marvellous in itself, and represented it by a mighty mechanical impulse.

Except his faculty of seeing so much and so accurately, there is nothing so wonderful as the unobtrusive consciousness of the power manifest in his pictures. There is no doubt, no hesitation, no weakness. It is said that if he wishes to draw a figure, he places a model in the desired attitude for a moment, and then paints his figure without further reference to it, and that he has only to look at a costume to be able to reproduce it. Whether this be true of all his pictures or not, it still illustrates the genius of the man; it is true to the ideal not to the fact. It would seem to be true of his great battle-pieces at Versailles, where the rush of action and the motion represented apparently forbid further study than a momentary glance; but the "Brethren of Joseph" is evidently painted more at leisure, and studied with more care for artistic completeness. Without the power and wonder-producing qualities of the "Smala," therefore, this picture is more satisfying as a whole. The composition is more harmonious than the other thrown panoramic groups of the Smala. It seems to be rather the results of a play of thought and study, than one of his power driven works, and seems scarcely to need an elaborate criticism to point out its excellences; yet there are some points well worth thinking of.

Those who saw Landseer's "Twins" will find an instructive contrast between his animal painting and that of the "Brethren of Joseph." The former is dexterously-imitated hide—mere surface; while the latter, with less attempt at superficial truth, still gives under the skin the anatomy of the creature, and though the only thing of moment of this kind is the dead goat, there is more profound knowledge of animal nature than in all Landseer's pictures. The goat is very dead, and the painting of the hair as well as other texture-painting in the picture, is thorough enough to satisfy any but a Pre-Raphaelite taste. The sheep-skin jacket of one of the brothers is as well realised as any thing of the kind we have ever seen, yet without being obtrusive.

Compare, also, the accessory landscapes of the two pictures. In that of Veret every object has a natural connection with the picture, and is given with botanical accuracy; nor is anything painted otherwise, than as though the artist thought it worthy his attention.

There is one thing which indolence—still more perfectly than anything we have spoken of—the realism of Veret's talent. The figures are all modern Arabs and in the costume of the day, and this, which seems, at first thought, a fault, is really one of the prime excellences of the picture. Veret felt the force of the present too strongly to attempt, in any degree, to go back to a past, of whose habits and circumstances he knew nothing, and of which he must paint at random. Joseph has really nothing to do with the picture; but, if he had lived, and been thus treated at this day, he would have been so represented. This is the true artistic idea of life. Humanity is always the same; and the Joseph of Pharaoh's day is the Joseph of to-day, in a different dress—the form is different—the substance the same. The brethren may be had Hebrew, but they are perfect Arabs; and thus the picture, though inconsistent with the legend, is, in all respects, consistent with itself.

Technically, there is a falsehood in the perspective of the picture—the figure being on one plane and the

landscape on another—but it is evidently intentional, and for an adequate purpose, in that we shall not at present speak of it; more particularly as we have the intention to treat of artistic license at length shortly.

#### MY CONFESSION.

I had always been a passionate boy. They said I was almost a fiend at times. At others I was mild and loving. My father could not manage me at home; so I was sent to school. I was more flogged, both at home and at school, than any one I ever knew or heard of. It was incessant flogging. It was the best way they knew of to educate and correct me. I remember to this day how my father and my master used to say, "they would flog the devil out of me." This phrase was burnt at last into my very being. I bore it always consciously about with me. I heard it so often that a dim kind of notion came into my mind that I really was possessed by a devil, and that they were right to try and scourge it out of me. This was a very vague feeling at first. After events made it more definite.

Time went on in the old way. I was for ever doing wrong, and for ever under punishment—terrible punishment that left my body wounded, and hardened my heart into stone. I have bitten my tongue till it was black and swollen, that I might not say I repented of what I had done. Repentance then, was synonymous with cowardice and shame. At last it grew into a savage pride of endurance. I gloried in my sufferings, for I knew that I came the conqueror out of them. The masters might flog me till I fainted; but they could not subdue me. My constancy was greater than their tortures, and my firmness superior to their will. Yes, they were forced to acknowledge it—I conquered them: the devil would not be scourged out of me at their bidding; but remained with me at mine.

When I look back to this time of my boyhood, I seem to look over a wide expanse of desert land swept through with fiery storms. Passions of every kind convulsed my mind; unrest and mental turmoil, strife and tumult, and suffering never ceasing;—this is the picture of my youth whenever I turn it from the dark wall of the past. But it is foolish to recall this now. Even at my age, chastened and sobered as I am, it makes my heart bound with the old passionate throes again, when I remember the torture and the fever of my boyhood.

I had few school friends. The boys were afraid of me, very naturally; and shrink from any intimacy with one under such a potent ban as I. I resented this, and fought my way savagely against them. One only, Herbert Ferrars, was kind to me; he alone loved me, and he alone was loved in return. Loved—as you may well believe a boy of warm affections, such as I was, in spite of all my intemperance of passion, isolated from all and shunned by all—would love any one such as Herbert! He was the Royal Boy of the school; the noblest; the loved of all—masters and playmates alike; the chief of all; clever; like a young Apollo among the herdsmen; supreme in the grace and vigor of his dawning manhood. I never knew one so unselfish—so gifted and so striving, so loving and so just, so gentle and so strong.

We were friends—fast firm friends. The other boys and the masters, and the masters, too,

warned Herbert against me. They told him continually that I should do him no good, and might harm him in many ways. But he was faithful, and suffered no one to come between us. I had never been angry with Herbert. A word, or look, jangling on the humor of the moment, would rouse me into a perfect fiend against any one else; but Herbert's voice and manner soothed me under every kind of excitement. In any paroxysm of rage—the very worst—I was gentle to him; and I had never known yet the fit of fury which had not yielded to his remonstrance. I had grown almost to look on him as my good angel against that devil whom the red could not scourge out of me.

We were walking on the cliffs one day. Herbert and I, for we lived by the sea-side. And indeed I think that wild sea makes me fiercer than I should else have been. The cliffs where we were that day were high and rugged; in some places going down sheer and smooth into the sea, in others jagged and rough; but always dangerous. Even the emphatic gutters dreaded them. They were of a crumbling sandstone, that broke away under the hands and feet; for we had often climbed the precarious parts, and knew that great masses would crumble and break under our grasp, like mere gravel heaps. Herbert and I stood for a short time close to the edge of the highest cliff; Haggle's Crag it was called; looking down at the sea, which was at high tide, and foaming wildly about the rocks. The wind was very strong, though the sky was almost cloudless; it roared round the cliffs, and lashed the waves into surging foam, that beat furiously against the base, and brought down showers of earth and sand with each blow as it struck. The sight of this life and fury of nature seared my blood and excited my imagination to the highest. A strange desire seized me. I wanted to clamber down the face of the cliffs—to the very base—and dip myself in the white waves foaming round them. It was a wild fancy, but I could not conquer it, though I tried to do so; and I felt equal to its accomplishment.

"Herbert, I am going down the cliff," I said, throwing my cap on the ground.

"Nonsense, Paul," said Herbert, laughing. He did not believe me; and thought I was only in jest.

When, however, he saw that I was serious, and that I did positively intend to attempt this danger, he opposed me in his old manner of gentleness and love; the manner which had hitherto subdued me like a magic spell. He told me that it was my certain death I was rushing into, and he asked me affectionately to desist.

I was annoyed at his opposition. For the first time his voice had no power over me; for the first time his entreaties fell dead on my ears. Scarcely hearing Herbert, scarcely seeing him, I leant over the cliffs; the waves eddying to me as with a human voice; when I was suddenly pulled back, Herbert saying to me, angrily—

"Paul, are you mad? Do you think I will stand by and see you kill yourself?"

He tore me from the cliff. It was a strain like physical anguish when I could no longer see the waters. I turned against him savagely, and tried to shake off his hand. But he threw his arms round me, and held me firmly, and the feeling of constraint, of imprisonment, overcame

my love. I could not bear personal restraint even from him. His young slight arms seemed like leaden chains about me; he changed to the hideousness of a jailor; his opposing love, to the insolence of a tyrant. I called hoarsely to him to let me free; but he still clung round me. Again I called; again he withstood me; and then I struggled with him. My teeth were set fast—my hands clenched, the strength of a strong man was in me. I seized him by the waist as I would lift a young child, and hurled him from me. God help me!—I did not see in what direction.

It was as if a shadow had fallen between me and the sun, so that I could see nothing in its natural light. There was no light and there was no colour. The sun was as bright overhead as before; the grass lay at my feet as gleaming as before; the waves flung up their sparkling showers; the wind tossed the branches full of leaves, like boughs of glittering gems, as it had tossed them ten minutes ago; but I saw them all indistinctly now, through the veil, the mist of this darkness. The shadow was upon me that has never left me since. Day and night it has followed me; day and night its chill lay on my heart. A voice sounded unceasingly within me. "Murder and a lost soul, for ever and ever!"

I turned from the cliff resolutely, and went towards home. Not a limb failed me, not a woman's weakness was on me. I went home with the intention of denouncing myself as the murderer of my friend; and I was calm because I felt that his death would then be avenged. I hoped for the most potent degradation possible to humanity. My only desire was to avenge the murder of my friend on myself, his murderer; and I walked onward quickly that I might overtake the slow hours, and gain the moment of expiation.

I went straight to the master's room. He spoke to me harshly, and ordered me out of his sight; as he did when ever I came before him. I told him authoritatively to listen to me; I had something to say to him; and my manner, I suppose, struck him: for he turned round to me again, and told me to speak. What had I to say?

I began by stating briefly that Herbert had fallen down Hagia's crag; and then I was about to add that it was I who had flung him down though unintentionally—when—whether it was mere faintness, to this day I do not know—I felt senseless to the earth. And for weeks I remained senseless with brain fever, from it was believed the terrible shock my system had undergone at seeing my dearest friend perish so miserably before my eyes. This belief helped much to soften men's hearts,—and to give me a place in their sympathy, never given me before.

When I recovered, that dark shadow still clung silently to me; and whenever I attempted to speak the truth—and the secret always hung clogging on my tongue—the same scene was gone through as before; I was struck down by an invincible hand; and reduced perforce to silence. I knew then that I was shut out from expiation—as I had shut myself out from reparation in my terrible deed. Day and night, day and night always haunted with a fierce thought of sin, and striving helplessly to express it.

I had come now to that time in my life when

I must choose a profession. I resolved to be some a physician from the feeling of making such reparation to humanity as I was able, for the life I had destroyed. I thought if I could save life, if I could alleviate suffering, and bring blessing instead of affliction, that I might somewhat atone for my guilt. If not to the individual, yet to humanity at large. No one ever clung to a profession with more ardour than I undertook the study of medicine; for it seemed to me my only way of salvation, if indeed that were yet possible—a salvation to be worked out not only by chastisement and control of my passions, but by active good among my fellow-men.

I shall never forget the first patient I attended. It was a painful case, where there was much suffering; and to the relations—to that poor mother above all—bitter anguish. The child had been given over by the doctors; and I was called in as the last effort, from despair, not from hope; I ordered a new remedy; one that few would have the courage to prescribe. The effect was almost miraculous, and, as the little one breathed freer, and that sweet soft sleep of healing crept over her, the thick darkness hanging round me lightened perceptibly. Had I solved the mystery of my future? By work and charity should I come out into the light again? and could deeds of reparation dispel that darkness which a mere objectless punishment—a mere mental repentance—could not touch?

This experience gave me renewed courage; I devoted myself more ardently to my profession, chiefly among the poor, and without remuneration. Had I ever accepted money, I believe that all my power would have gone. And as I saved more and more lives, and lightened more and more the heavy burden of human suffering, the dreadful shadow grew fainter.

I was called suddenly to a dying lady. No name was given me, neither was her station in life nor her condition told me. I hurried off without caring to ask questions; careful only to heal. When I reached the house, I was taken into a room where she lay in a fainting fit on the bed. Even before I ascertained her malady—with that almost second sight of a practised physician—her wonderful beauty struck me. Not merely because it was beauty, but because it was a face strangely familiar to me, though new; strangely speaking of a former love; although, in all my practice, I had never loved man or woman individually.

I roused the lady from her faintness; but not without much trouble. It was more like death than swooning, and yielded to my treatment stubbornly. I remained with her for many hours; but when I left her she was better. I was obliged to leave her, to attend a poor workhouse child.

I had not been gone long—carrying with me that fair face lying in its death like trance, with all its golden hair scattered wide over the pillow, and the blue lids weighing down the eyes, as one carries the remembrances of a sweet song lately sung—carrying it, too, as a talisman against that dread shadow which some how hung closer on me to-night; the darkness too, deepening into its original blackness, and the chill lying heavily on my heart again—when a messenger hurried after me, telling me the

lady was dying, and I was to go back immediately. I wanted no second bidding. In a moment, as it seemed to me, I was in her room again. It was dark.

The lady was dying now, palsy from her feet upwards. I saw the death-rings mount higher and higher; that faint, bluish ring with which death marries some of his brides, I bent every energy, every thought to the combat. I ordered remedies so strange to the ordinary rules of medicine, that it was with difficulty the chemist would prepare them. She opened her eyes full upon me, and the whole room was filled with the cry of "Murderer!" They thought the lady had spoken feverishly in her death-trance. I alone knew from whence that cry had come.

But I would not yield, and I never quailed, nor feared for the result. I knew the power I had to battle with, and I knew, too, the powers I wielded. They saved her. The blood circulated again through her veins, the faintness gradually dispersed, the smitten side flung off its paralysis, and the blue ring faded wholly from her limbs.

The lady recovered under my care. And care, such as mothers lavish on their children I poured like life blood on her. I knew that her pulses beat at my bidding. I knew that I had given her back her life, which else had been forfeit, and that I was her preserver. I almost worshipped her. It was the worship of my whole being—the tide into which the pent-up sentiment of my long years of unloving philanthropy poured like a boundless flood. It was my life that I gave her—my destiny that I saw in her—my deliverer from the curse of sin, as I had been hers from the power of death. I asked no more than to be near her, to see her, to hear her voice, to breathe the same air with her, to guard and protect her. I never asked myself whether I loved as other men or no; I never dreamed of her loving me again. I did not even know her name nor her condition: she was simply the Lady to me—the one and only woman of my world. I never cared to analyse more than this. My love was part of my innermost being, and I could as soon have imagined the earth without its sun as my life without the lady. Was this love such as other men feel? I know not. Only know there were no hopes such as other men have. I did not question my own heart of the future: I only knew of love—I did not ask for happiness.

One day I went to see her as usual. She was well now; but I still kept up my old habit of visiting her for her health. I sat by her for a long time this day, wondering, as I so often wondered, who it was that she resembled, and where I had met her before, and how; for I was certain that I had seen her some time in the past. She was lying back in an easy chair—how well I remember it all!—enveloped in a cloud of white drapery. A sofa-table was drawn along the side of her chair, with one drawer partly open. Without any intention of looking, I saw that it was filled with letters, in two different handwritings, and that two miniature cases were lying among them. An open letter, in which lay a tress of sun-bright hair was on her knee. It was written in a hand that made me start and quiver. I knew the writing, though at that moment I could not recognize the writer.







# Musical World.

A Journal for "Heavenly Music's Earthly Friends."

Richard Storrs Willis, Editor and Proprietor.

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## Music in this Number.

THE SULTAN'S POLKA:  
composed by Charles d'Albert.

## NEW SONGS.

Firth, Pond & Co., No. 1 Franklin Square, N. Y. have now in press the following songs, which from time to time have been published in the *Musical World*. The price of each song is uniformly 25 cents. Orders can be sent to the office of the *Musical World*, or direct to the publishers:—

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1. *Shool*,
2. *Coca-cho-lunk*,
3. *The Sheepskin*,
4. *Gaudemus*,
5. *Alma Mater O*.
6. *Integer vito*.
7. *The lone fish-bell*.

### HOME MUSIC.

1. *Nannerl*, (a Tyrolean peasant-song.)
2. *Spring Song*,
3. *The Lord is my Shepherd*,
4. *A hymn of rest*.

### SONGS OF SOLITUDE.

1. *Sleep*,
2. *Twilight*,
3. *The kind angel is near me*,
4. *Penalty*,
5. *Night-Song*.

For the Musical World.

## SING TO ME.

How dear to me those songs divine  
That from my infancy I've heard!  
Sweet memories cluster round each line  
Heaven's sacred peace flows from each word.

Alike when blessings fill my cup,  
Or when I feel the cheateful road,  
That song shall still inspire my hope  
Of "All Thy mercies, O my God."

Should, one by one, my dear loved friends  
Forget or act a treacherous part,  
Sing, thrice sweet peace, the hymn that breathes  
"Give me a calm, a thankful heart."

And when my heart its coldness mourns,  
Its vile ingratitude to God,  
Sing, till with holy zeal it burns,  
Of that bliss "Souls fill with blood."

If, lured by folly's glittering snare,  
I careless tread the downward road,  
Sing, till my soul joins in the prayer,  
"O for a closer walk with God."

When standing by the graves of those  
Whose love we prize, whose loss we weep,  
Sing of their calm, their sweet repose,  
"Asleep in Jesus! blessed sleep."

And when my dying hour shall come,  
Sing to me o'er and o'er again,  
Of that bright "land" beyond the tomb,  
"Where rests no shadow, falls no stain."

## TO EXCHANGES AND SUBSCRIBERS.

We find that distant exchanges are still copying the circular which we issued two years since in conjunction with the *Home Journal* and *Kneicher-becker*, offering the three publications for \$5.00. This arrangement has expired; and we cannot, of course, longer comply with the terms then offered. We have now no control over the other two publications. Any attention on the part of editors to our own circular for 1855, we are ready of course to respond to as proposed.

We have so much trouble in meeting the demand for portraits, that we shall be obliged to make henceforth the arrangement to supply portraits three times a year, at the close of each volume. We have already supplied all our subscribers who have designated what portraits they wish: we will therefore send all to whom portraits are still due, editors included, on the close of the next volume, which will be the end of August next. The regular time of forwarding portraits hereafter, then, will be (from August next) the last of August, the last of December, and the last of April.

Subscribers will please recollect, that those whose subscriptions commenced last year are entitled only to Wallace, the choice of two from the larger list

being offered for the year 1855, or to those whose subscriptions are commenced, or renewed in that year. Please recollect, also, that the postage on two portraits under 1000 miles, is only a 6d. therefore, suffer no over-charge by the post office department.

## MISS JULIANA MAY:

AN AMERICAN PRIMA DONNA'S DEBUT AT VERONA.

A musical success of no ordinary interest to Americans has been achieved in Italy this winter by a fair Southerner, Miss Juliana May of Virginia. Miss May is a niece of Joseph Gales, Esq., the eminent Editor of the *National Intelligencer*. She has been several years in Italy, pursuing her studies under the best masters, with a view to an appearance on the Italian stage as *prima donna*. Having already sung in Philharmonic and various test-concerts for young singers, Miss May made her first appearance in *Rigoletto*, at Verona on the 17th of February, 1855. Only the evening before, SIOKORA SCOTTA, an artist of high reputation had sung the same part on the same stage, so that our fair countrywoman was brought into immediate comparison with a favorite singer. The translations which we give below from various Italian journals will attest to the brilliant result of Miss May's debut.

In personal appearance Miss Juliana May possesses marked attractions. She is of that Saxon type—blonde, blue eyes and florid complexion—so much admired by the Italians, and possessed of a remarkably fine physique. She is eminently a night beauty—a very fortunate circumstance for prima donnas. The mother of Miss May accompanies her, and Miss Juliana—it need hardly be said, from the family whence she springs and her careful education as a lady before that of an artiste—as distinguished for her modesty and irreproachable bearing as for her musical gifts. The new and pure school of prima donnas, founded by Jenny Lind, will be, we are confident, the only one known in the uprising genius of our American woman.

We congratulate our respected and beloved "Gales and Seaton" that such a flower of art has blossomed from the blood of their race: we must of course all consider Miss Juliana May as the editors' singing bird and should she return to this country, as under American editors' special charge and supervision.

We will now give the opinion of Italian critics on the merits of Miss May:—

VERONA.—PHILHARMONIC THEATRE.—If ever there were a situation calculated to produce indignation in a *débütant*, it was certainly that which Miss Juliana May encountered, when she presented herself upon the boards of this



hearer, before a Verona audience, in the opera of the *Rigoletto*, in the costume in which an article of high reputation, only a few hours before, had represented the same part with the most brilliant success. Thus did Miss May present herself in a part sustained with as much aplomb by the admiring Scitte, having the judgment of spectators already pre-judged in favor of the artist with whom she was about to come into comparison. It was an opportunity which she would be called upon to overcome a few judgments; and to prove to the public that she possessed the ability to sustain with dignity, the difficult and arduous part of "the May" succeed! The Veronese have decided it. We say only how they watched her in the course of the opera. When she first presented herself it was visible to every one that "The May" was suffering under a fearful emotion, upon which a spontaneous applause arose to encourage her, and it succeeded so well, that in the execution of the duet with Crezzi her voice was so fine as to call forth a long continued and general salvo of applause. The same may be said of the other duet, with Angiolini, and of the romance which precedes the last piece of the first act. In the last two acts every place was hailed with plaudits, particularly the finale of the last. Such was the debut of Miss May, who possesses a sweet, musical, clear and manageable voice, capable of achieving the most brilliant success.

(From *The Collector* of the Adèle of the 21st of February, 1855.)

#### A GLANCE AT THE STAGE.

The opera of *Rigoletto* was presented at our Philharmonic Theatre on the evening of the 15th instant, and though it was not unfavorably received it did not give us entire satisfaction. Signora Scotta and Signor Gaillet, however, were much applauded in many of its parts.

On the evening of the 17th, Signora Juliana May made her appearance on the same stage in the same opera. As we have already taken occasion to remark in this Journal she had shown herself adequate to the graceful execution of several pieces of music in the entertainments of the Philharmonic Society. She was then applauded for her fine execution, and was repeatedly so in various pieces of this opera, especially in the quartet. Considering the difficulty which this opera presents and the feebleness of some of Miss May in the execution of it in the commencement of her career, we have every right to predict, that she will become a distinguished artist, more especially when the habits of the stage shall have given her that confidence and truth of expression, which it would be unjust to expect in a beginner, and which is only to be acquired by long practice.

(From a Milan Journal.)

Verona, 15th February.—Yesterday evening Miss Juliana May made her first appearance upon our stage in the part of *Giudith* in the opera of *Rigoletto*.

If we were unable yesterday evening to judge of the entire capability of her voice, we could nevertheless admire its clearness, its exquisite intonation and perfect execution, no different to be perceived in so opera abounding in such abrupt changes.

She was continually and rapturously applauded in the first act, and the public were restrained from even a more perfect exhibition of their applause by a delicate apprehension that it might offend the excellent Signora Scotta.

#### MUSIC—USED, NOT ABUSED.

(Writing for the Musical World.)

Nothing is in its influence more universal, more controlling than music; from the highest to the lowest, all owe its power. The extremes of joy and grief may be poured forth in music; every passion, sentiment and emotion; the highest and most sublime devotion, and the lowest and most grovelling debauchery; the most profound sentiments, and the most boisterous mirth.

We have sympathy with music in its expressions, can partake in the sublime emotions it may awaken, and the soothing and comfort it may bring to the wounded soul. And we love its joyous tones; the school-boy moves with a quicker step and the workman with a lighter tread, as he whistles or sings some inspiring air. Always we can have sympathy with music but when it is used to debauch and to destroy.

It is sad to find that some of the most spirited songs, both words and tunes, but sing the praises of those indulgences so truly described by the wise man.

"Wine is a mocker, strong drink is raging."

"Whoever is devoted thereby is not wise."

These customs and habits are not presented to us in their true light. Some of our best, or rather we should say ablest writers, speak the praises of the wine cup, and laughingly tell of the consequences of libations of punch or brandy, as if there were infinite fun in the recital. Songs are quoted and sung, of which the words translated by plain common sense, would only disgust us.

We need not speak of the customs themselves. It is a sufficient proof of the estimation in which men hold them, that the wine cup never circulates freely, and the songs are never sung "until the ladies have retired." We have ever learned why they may not with the same propriety use stimulants freely as men. If there be comfort in exhilaration, they need it quite as much; and yet a woman who should sing a drinking song, and leave the dinner table excited by wine, would be branded with disgrace almost indelible.

The plain prose of the whole is, that men sing the praises and the pleasures of an indulgence which excites them at the time, and then stupifies and deadens the sense; reduces them, not to a brutal state, but below the brute, who would never be found so totally bereft of sense; a degraded, helpless being, exposed to the scorn and derision of all lookers on, and unable to protect himself from their insults. The consequences, a prostrate system and an aching head, from which he does not soon recover and which tempt him to the same indulgence for relief.

And to sing such a state as this, music is called in, is debased and lowered. Is it not almost profanation?

We would have the influence of music good and only good, elevating, and purifying and inspiring, leading to noble feelings and noble deeds; softening and subduing all evil, and leaving the soul better instead of worse for its influence.

He has a mournful account to give for the use of a noble talent, who has written music for any other purpose, or who dares to throw the charm of song and verse around any customs and habits which do not bear the light of day and the voice of truth. X.

For the Musical World.

#### A STUNNER.

Theatrical describes a young lady's performance of the variations on "Such a getting up stairs," in the following style—the lady being what he calls a "stunner."

"She first, with great deliberation, played the original and beautiful melody, cutting it, as it were out of the instrument, and firing off each note so loud that it must have been heard in the stable. Then she began a different manner of 'getting up stairs,' and did so with a fury and swiftness quite incredible. She spun up stairs; she whirled up stairs; she gillipped up stairs; she rattled and banged up stairs; and then, having got to the top landing, as it were, she hauled it down again, shrieking, to the bottom floor—where it shrank in a crash, as if exhausted with the breathless rapidity of its descent. Then Miss W. gathered again the 'getting up stairs,' with a most pathetic and ravishing solemnity; plaintive moans and sobs issued from the keys, and you wept and trembled, as you were 'getting up stairs' and Miss W.'s hands seemed to faint and wail, and die in variations. Again, and she went up with a savage clang and clash, and rush of trumpets, as if she were storming a breach."

#### THE WORLD OF MUSIC.

The Harmonic Society gave their second miscellaneous concert on Monday evening last at Dadworth's Academy. Mr. Timm was the conductor and presided at the piano; Mr. Blinow, as we were told, having volunteered his services elsewhere. This circumstance spread a certain uneasiness among the performers. They were somewhat left alone, and were looking at each other as

if astonished to find themselves under another's sway. The audience itself could not escape this evil influence; they were cold and without enthusiasm. Let us say, however, that in spite of this the members of the Society acquitted themselves satisfactorily. Their programme was good and varied, and one of the most interesting of the season, especially on account of the great number and excellence of the concerted pieces. A very young lady vocalist greeted the performance. Miss M. S. Brainerd, Miss M. E. Hawley, Miss Constable, Mrs. Crump and some others. Talented gentlemen had also contributed their valuable aid. Messrs. Cyrus Y. Bradley, D. S. B. Beaser, R. M. Ferris, and the flutist, Mr. John A. Kyle.

The choruses were judiciously chosen and effective; with the exception, however of the *Flots they away*, from the *David*, of Neokom: which as a composition is insignificant, and little suited for the concert room. But the chorus, *Daughters of Israel*, from the same oratorio, is grand, solemn, and was well given by the ladies and gentlemen of the chorus. Their best achievement was the *lasting chorus* from the *Seasons* of Haydn.

Miss M. S. Brainerd presented us two grand scenes and arias: the first from *Der Freischütz*. If we consider the purity of tone, the correctness of style, and even the taste with which this lady translated this composition, it was irreproachable; but the soul of W.-ber was not within her, that soul so full of fire, enthusiasm and feeling. But if Miss Brainerd was deficient in this respect, she redeemed herself in the grand *Aria* from *Norma*: the *Casta Diva*. If not given with the pathetic enthusiasm which characterizes the great priestess, was most acceptable from the dignity of style with which it was conceived by the composer. In the following allegro movement, she displayed a great facility of vocalization, and was really excellent in her rendering of this difficult piece.

Miss M. E. Hawley sang an admirable solo from the *Stabat* of Rossini, full of pathos. Her contralto is melodious, full of power, and well adapted to the sacred style. In her rendering of the song by Proch, *Fair Star*, she rather lacked pathos, though she sang correctly. A peculiarity in the talent of this lady is, that her high register is as full as that of a first soprano. A charming duet, *Holy Mother*, from *Martina* by Wallace, was ably supported by Miss Hawley, and Miss M. S. Brainerd. Another duet: *Er ben Pia memora* by Rossini, was presented by the two distinguished vocalists Mrs. Crump and Miss Constable. The duet is a masterpiece of vocalization, and the two ladies were ever equal to their difficult task. They were loudly applauded, and received.

Mr. Cyrus Bradley performed the sacred song, *O thou Omnipotent*. Perhaps a higher cultivation was needed to the singer, to give effectiveness to this composition, which of itself has nothing very novel in ideas. We would point to the *Grateful Consort's* Duets from the *Creation* by Haydn, as a piece judiciously chosen for such a concert as that given by the Harmonic. This duet is so long, besides being little interesting in itself. All that it produced around us, was a *musical* concert, though not improperly given by Miss Brainerd and Mr. Beaser whose voice is sweet and not devoid of cultivation. It is a pity for talented singers to bestow their pains on troublesome music. The Flute of Mr. J. A. Kyle is a charming instrument when it warbles so prettily as under the lips of so skilful a player and musician as this gentleman.

the music presented by him was good and well delineated between flute and piano. He was much and justly applauded.

The concert closed with the beautiful cantata of Mozart the *Hymn of praise*. The solos were sustained by Miss Brainerd, Miss Hawley, Mr. R. M. Ferris, and Mr. D. S. Bennett. The audience retired especially satisfied with the proceedings of the evening.

**Manchester, N. H., March 31st, 1855.** Mr. Knowles.—We had a concert here on last Wednesday evening which well deserves notice. Our popular Flautist and Teacher of music Mr. G. W. Stratton gave us altogether the best concert that has been given here for a long time. Mr. Stratton is a modest, unassuming young man with little ambition for celebrity: he has studied the higher branches of music with earnestness from boyhood and was only induced to bring out the fruits of his labors by the earnest solicitations of his friends. He had an orchestra of twenty-two performers made up mostly of native talent, which played sweetly for a young band; they seemed to follow Mr. Stratton's baton like old musicians, and certainly did credit to themselves as well as their conductor. Our Miss Lucy A. Doane and Mr. Ang. Kriesman of Boston were the principal singers on the occasion, and did their part to the perfect satisfaction of the audience; the music was of a higher order than we often have the pleasure of hearing in New Hampshire. Miss Doane sang "Come unto him" from the *Messiah*, "Jerusalem" from *St. Paul*, and several Italian songs and Ballads to please the mass. Mr. Kriesman gave us some few German songs, sung with much expression. Our large hall was filled at an early hour, and all were highly pleased.

**Baltimore, April 24, 1855.**—*Evening Musical.* Woman.—The "Baltimore Ladies' Singing Association" performed "Der Feichtest" as announced last Monday evening, to a large and delighted audience. In many respects it was a better performance than the first representation. The part of Mary was sung with more power, which was a decided improvement.

The Opera of *Cinderella* has been performed at the "Holly Street Theatre," for the last five nights. Miss Rosina A. Duran (a new candidate for public favor in Opera) has won for herself many friends, by her beautiful singing, and ladylike deportment on the stage.

She has a very sweet voice, with good compass, the lower notes being very strong, and the upper ones remarkably sweet. Mr. Fayer was in fine voice, and his part was both sung and acted in a very critical manner.

Mr. F. Meyer, as Baron Pompadour, proved himself an artist of no inferior order. Miss M. Gannon, and Miss E. Moran, as *Cinderella*, and *Thais*, and Mrs. G. H. Allen, as *Fairy Queen*, acted their parts exceedingly well. Mr. Eyster's *Dandini* was good. Mr. Herbert as *Polo*, kept the audience in a roar of laughter.

On this Monday evening *Pia Diavola* is to be performed by the same company.

On Tuesday evening Miss Caroline M. Sheppard is to give her concert, and the "Black Swan" also advertises her first concert the same night at the Frost Street Theatre.

The "Independent Brass Band" (from A. Holland) announces a concert. They always have had a fine audience. I trust they will do now.

A good "April Fool" joke was perpetrated yesterday. On Saturday a card appeared in "The Sun," saying that the "Black Swan" would sing a new piece of music called *four Liras* (not composed for the occasion,) at a church for the colored people called the Bethel; and "front seats reserved for our white brethren." Many of the white brethren were in attendance, but no "Black Swan." The victim found out quite too late that "Loof Liras" can be spelled backwards.

Your sincere friend, O. B. T.

—It has been found that women make the very best clerks for the electric telegraph. Very rarely, indeed are they at fault. The only difficulty is, to prevent each young lady at either end of the line from having the last word.

—A person who undertakes to raise himself by scandalizing others, might as well sit down on a wheelbarrow, and try to wheel himself.

## BRIEF BIOGRAPHIES

OF DISTINGUISHED MUSICIANS.  
Specially prepared for the New York Musical World.

NO. II.

Gregorio Allegri, was a ecclesiastical, composer and singer. We know him only as a musician; in which latter capacity, he was celebrated in the seventeenth century. At least, one of his compositions is now well known; we mean, the celebrated *Miserere*; though, of the thousands who have heard it, and the tens of thousands who have read about it, few have known that Allegri composed it.

HIS BIRTH.

Allegri was born in Rome,—when, history does not inform us. If we may hazard a conjecture, he was born not from A. D. 1600,—for in 1620, he was a contrabass singer in the Pope's chapel. He was also a composer of music for the same place of worship. His

MUSICAL EDUCATION.

was chiefly confined to the care of the famous Nanni, who was the friend and contemporary of Palestrina. Under this master, he diligently studied for several years, and became for the age in which he lived, master of harmony. Besides his great work, the *Miserere*, several others are preserved, which are still performed at the Sistine chapel at Rome. As an

ECCELSIARIST.

all we know of Allegri, is, that he bore an estimable character, and was remarkable especially for his devotion to the poor. He not only relieved them as they flocked in crowds to his own house, but was daily seen visiting the filthy prisons of Rome, where, with a liberal and discriminating hand, he bestowed alms. As a

COMPOSER.

Allegri was well known. It is said that "he set many parts of the church service with such divine simplicity, and purity of harmony, that his loss was much felt, and sincerely lamented by the whole college of singers in the papal chapel." As a

SINGER.

he was highly esteemed by the Pope, who, in order to secure and retain his services, gave him a place of distinction in the Sistine chapel. Though his vocal abilities were not so great as many others, yet his character was so lovely, and he was so conscientious in the discharge of his duties, and consequently so reliable at all times, that he became one of the Pope's favorite singers, and by him, was entrusted with many important offices.

But Allegri's greatest work, the work by which his name has survived through whole centuries, and will live on through others to come, is the justly

CELEBRATED MISERERE.

the words of which are taken from the 51st Psalm of David. The Latin version commences thus:—*Miserere mei, Deus, secundum magnam misericordiam tuam*. Or, as we find it in English:—*Have mercy on me, O God, after Thy great goodness: &c.*—Several distinguished composers both before, and in his time, endeavored, but in vain to set these words to appropriate music, i. e.,—to music which should be entirely satisfactory to the Pope of Rome. These attempts were continued for more than a hundred years,—during the latter of which, Allegri was born, and educated for the Papal chapel. Allegri set himself to work, in the successful accomplishment of which so many composers had failed;—and, at last, he succeeded; and not merely did he succeed, but his work deserved, as it has received, a world-wide merit. For at least one hundred and fifty years, the *Miserere* was performed on the Wednesday and Friday (Good Friday) of every Passion Week, i. e.,—the week immediately preceding the great and glorious festival of Easter, when the Resurrection of our Saviour, is commemorated. Whether the *Miserere* is still performed on these days, in the Sistine or Pope's chapel at Rome, the writer knows not. It was, however, in 1852.

The words of this celebrated composition are, part of the 1st, the whole of the 2nd, 4th, 6th, 8th, 10th, 12th, 14th, 16th, 18th, and a part of the 19th verses.

On inspecting the whole Psalm, it will be seen that the language which is most descriptive, in a practical aspect only, has been selected;—the reason for this will appear as we proceed. Whilst we write, the music of the *Miserere* is before us:—the notes are but few, and though they are well modulated, the inquiry arises unbidden, whence the wonderful effect, which has always been so universally, willingly, and cordially conceded to it.

We moderns, on hardly appreciate the old music written on four lines and three spaces, with the curious and black characters called notes. Thus, was the *Miserere* written, and in *alla capella* time, i. e.,—two semibreves in each bar, or rather there were no bars at all. The music before us is completely modernized, for charity's sake, we suppose, towards those who cannot decipher ancient music written in the ancient style. The *Miserere* as now written, (in a London copy,) is to be performed *larghetto*, beating time slowly in each bar. We repeat, therefore, that in studying and reading the *Miserere* as modernized, we wonder whence comes the wonderful effect, which is conceded to it? Let us look therefore to the manner of its public

PERFORMANCE, AND ITS ACCOMPANIMENT.

The time of its performance must not be overlooked. The *Passion Week*, the last week in Lent. Its solemn tones are first heard on *Wednesday*, the day, on which our Saviour was apprehended. The recollections of the previous days of Lent, have not been imposed and borne in vain. "The eloquence of Rome's most learn'd ecclesiastics has not been poured forth upon the faithful, in vain. The religious solemnities of that holy season combined with their dramatic power, have not appealed to sensitive and sympathizing nature, in vain. On Good Friday, the day on which our Saviour was crucified, the climax of devotional enthusiasm is reached;—and the excited grief of the primitive disciple, for a Master and Redeemer thus untimely, shamefully and cruelly murdered, is reproduced in the hearts of the devout! The Christian world is in mourning.

The place of its performance, lends a powerful effect to the solemn scene. 'Tis in the Sistine Chapel where the Pope and other dignitaries usually worship. The Pontiff's throne is stripped of all its gaudy trappings, and becomes a simple obelisk. The dignitaries are divested of all their tokens of earthly pomp. 'Tis night,—tapers and torches light up with surreal splendor, Michael Angelo's painting of the *Last Judgment*, which looks down upon the Altar. The living figures thereon, in every variety both of infernal suffering, as well as heavenly bliss, seem to leap from the canvases, or solemnly vault in the gathering shade, as if the scene of horror had forever closed on the one, and the other had left the darkness of earth for a higher and a better world. The silence of the multitude, awed by the sanctity of the place, is unbroken, save by the heavy sighs of mourning penitents!

The manner of its performance gives effect to that, which under ordinary circumstances, would be tame and powerless. The voices of thirty-two thoroughly drilled male voices, without instrumental accompaniment, unite in the impassioned prayer, *Miserere mei Deus!* They swell and diminish the *mysterious* harmonies. In the utterance of some words, they accelerate the time, in others, they retard, and die away upon a single note. When the singing commences, the Pope, Cardinals and all, fall prostrate before the altar. One by one, the tapers disappear; darkness comes down gradually and gently; and, as the music closes *pianissimo* "to a perfect point, the singer closes before the majesty of his God, and prostrate before His throne, appears to await in silence the voice which is to pronounce his doom!" An English traveler concludes a description of the performance of the *Miserere* at Rome—thirty or more years since, by asking the following question—Is it wonderful that, in such circumstances, such music as that famed *Miserere*, sung by such a Choir, should shake the soul even of a Calvinist?

As a musical composition, the *Misereur*, unaided by the accessories of dramatic power, to which we have alluded, seems to us to be without any great degree of merit. It was evidently the intention of the composer that it should be performed, only under just such circumstances as would contribute to its solemnity, and, consequently, heighten its sublimity. It has been performed in other countries, but never with satisfaction. The reason is obvious.

#### THE MISEREUR ABROAD.

During the first two centuries after its composition, a singular kind of superstition contributed to shroud it in mystery. We allude to the idea very common, then, that on account of its sanctity, he who should copy it, would be excommunicated! We imagine, however, that inasmuch as the *Misereur* could not be properly and well performed anywhere outside of Rome, it was not, and has not been sought for.

One of the kings of Portugal caused a copy of it to be made for use in his empire, but with what success history does not inform us. The Emperor Leopold the 1st procured a copy of the *Misereur* for the use of the Imperial chapel at Vienna;—but, although he was said to have been "a great amateur in music, and likewise a good composer," yet, it was so tame in his estimation, he thought he had been cheated by a "vulgar and common composition." He wanted the *Misereur*, as it was performed at the Sistine chapel at Rome, not "a dull chant!" Supposing the chapel-master at Rome had been practicing a trick upon him, he complained to the Pope; the result was, that the latter sent away the *maestro*, in disgrace; but finally, after proving himself innocent, he was reinstated.

About the year 1771, Mozart, whilst very young, visited Rome during Passion Week, and heard the *Misereur*. By sketching a few notes at the time, he was able to write it correctly afterwards, and sang it himself accompanied by a harpsichord, at a public concert in Rome!

#### ALLEGORI'S DEATH

occurred at 1553 in Rome, and he was buried with the remains of the other singers who had belonged to the Sistine chapel, in the *Chiesa Nuova*, before the chapel of *St. Filippo Neri*, near the altar of the Annunciation. On the walls of this chapel there is an epitaph, which is at once striking and curious.—It runs thus, viz:

Castoreo Pontificali,

No quoque vixit,

Concessit melodia juxta,

Mortuus corporis diuersis dismisit,

His una corde volens.

Anno 1640.

Which, translated, is as follows, viz:

The Pontifical singer,

Who lived in harmony,

Should not be separated in Death,

Wished this at his burial-place.

A. D. 1640.

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Oh! the winter winds are sighing; W. Florence Lee Ballad: Composed by C. C. Coover. 25 cents. This is a very plaintive but pathetic ballad, set to appropriate music, by the hand of a master.

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In your eyes the placid joys; Romance, with recitative Come across guests! (I have felt the rapture) Sung by Signor Mario, in the opera of *Lucrèce Borgia*. 50 cents. The music is of course beyond our criticism; but we may say it is artistically gotten up, and we are glad to have the music in such a laudable shape. Many of our city readers, will welcome the music as an old and pleasing acquaintance. English and Italian words.

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Hear me but once; a ballad, composed by George Linley. 25 cents. Very sentimental, easy, and well sung by the young folks of a certain appreciative age.

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A new and complete edition of the songs, duets and trios of Mozart; with the original Italian or German words, and an entirely new English version. The whole arranged from the scores of Mozart, revised and adapted to music by E. S. Wesley, Mus. Doc. In this collection, there are thirty-five gems of the first water. Before us, are the songs *Now, Piss Andak*, (50, 45, 45) from the opera of *La Wanda di Pigeon*. 50 cents, and the first, *La Ci Dorem*, (Nay, bid me not resign, love), from the opera of *Duo Giovanni*. 25 cents.

Short Melodies for the Organ; intended principally for the soft stops, composed or arranged by Vincent Novello. 35 cents. No. 6 before us, containing an Air *Admiration*, by Spohr; a Gregorian Melody, harmonized by V. Novello; a Gregorian Melody of the Hymn, *Creator alme diuini*, harmonized by V. Novello; an Air Religioso, from Beethoven, by V. Novello; an Air from *Hydn*, an Overture (vocal Quartet) by V. Novello; an Air from Beethoven, and a Minuetto (Billie Anthem) composed by H. Mendel. These Melodies must be acceptable to organs.

Two Episodes are Collette; (Opera du Justin Caduc) poor piano, par F. Burgmüller. Before us, is No. 1, 25 cents. Pleasing melody, but not without difficult passages. We recommend it as a study.

Romantic Fancies; pour le piano a quatre Mains, par Jacques Schmitt. 25 cents, an easy four-handed piece for young players. As such, it is desirable.

St. Maurice De Salen; pour piano par H. Cramer. Before us, is No. 7, *Observe des Druides* et Air Sol de Horace de Bellini. This is at once a difficult, improving and satisfactory composition. Its study and mastery, would be no source of regret to the pianist.

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André's Collection for the violin; Solo: 11th set, wreath of polkas. No. 1, Fashion Polka. No. 2, Bontag's favorite Polka or Schottische. No. 3, the celebrated Ring: Ring: Schottische. No. 4, Amie Polka, by Bayer. No. 5, Brother and Sister Schottische. No. 6, Jumping Schottische. No. 6, Jumping Polka by Strauss.

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Morceaux de Concert; La Cadenza, for piano by P. 75 cents. Difficult, but improving music. Recommended for study and practice.

Farewell Polka; (Homage to the ladies of Philadelphia). For the piano by Alfred Joell. 50 cents. Brilliant, difficult and good.

Pour Fiddle; Scherzo Capriccioso pour piano par G. L. Kuhn, 7 pages. No price affixed.—There is an originality of conception pervading this composition, which is refreshing and charming. We have played it over and over with great pleasure.

Romance; Transcription by A. Jongsma. 7 pages. No price affixed. Carefully composed and highly melodious.

La Reine Médiane; Caprice de Genre, pour piano par Lefebvre Wely. 35 cents. As its name indicates this is a descriptive piece; and one of the best we have seen.—It is very nice, there is both method and merit in it.—It is very difficult.

#### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

E. M. B. Lafayette—Pieces by Weber which are moderately difficult are the following:—Von Weber's Last Waltz; Invitation à la Valse; Song, my heart, where comes; Come echo, catch my song; Hop Waltz from "Baryton"; Der Freyschütz Waltz; Der Freyschütz Overture; All is over; Magic Spell; Farewell flower; Laughing Chorus; Der Freyschütz.

T. J. C.—Tilton's improvement costs \$10. We know some manufacturer of violins who the name you mention. A notorious Stradivari is of course well known. We should think that the figure is referred to the year.

J. A. B. Mt. Joy.—The poetry is fresh and pretty. The music we cannot well insert from superabundance of the same material.

B. M. M. Portsmouth, Va.—Burgmüller's method for the flute costs \$2. The mailing will be a penny an issue.

#### LITERARY BUDGET.

##### ITEMS FROM FRENCH JOURNALS.

Translated from the French for the Musical World.

Mlle. Rachel has been condemned to pay M. Legouvé, the author of *Médée*, five thousand francs damages and interest, for refusing to play the tragedy composed at her request. In the first trial, the sentence was two thousand francs, but there was then a possibility that the play might still be represented. M. Legouvé has thus twice triumphed, but he has used his victory badly, adding the five thousand francs, which Melpomene was constrained to pay him to the funds of the Literary and Dramatic Society.

M. Scribe has been not a little piqued, that his *Cicérone* was so prematurely set aside, but Mlle. Rachel, whose engagement terminated on the 28th, but who has renewed it for fifteen days, preferred to close her career in Paris with the masterpieces of Corneille and Racine. This only would she become again herself, the incomparable classic tragedienne. Her last two performances were for the benefit of her sisters Lila and Sarah. This was not announced, lest it should excite the rapacity of ferocious creditors, but they did not the less extend their claw for the receipts which were very large. M. Raphael Felix interfered, like a good brother, and his claim was admitted by the president of the tribunal, who decided that the receipts

of a performance for the benefit of an *artiste* could not be seized by creditors. The friends of Rachel have been strongly urging her to give up her visit to the United States, but it is believed unsuccessfully.

Among the artists engaged by Strakosch and Ullmann for the Italian Opera in New York, is reported Mlle. Anna de Lagrange, who has just returned from St. Petersburg with Mlle. Tedesco. The Emperor Nicholas, unwilling to remain without a prima donna for the approaching season, gave orders to engage Madame Boie at any price, but Madame, for whom our two great lyrical theaters are competing, and who is afraid of the Russian climate, demanded a hundred thousand francs and a benefit for an engagement of six months, in the belief that they would not yield to such unexampled pretensions, for Grial herself had only twenty thousand francs. But Madame Boie was taken at her word, and the engagement contracted under the reign of Nicholas, has been confirmed by his successor Alexander, as a victory, (the first and last) gained by his august father over the Parisian dilettanti. Colonel Ragani was in consternation at learning that he was thus beaten by the Cossacks, and made to pay for the battles of Alma and Inkermann. He is seeking to repair this irreparable loss, and has submitted to the Emperor two plans for the reorganization of the opera. Part of his project consists in giving daily performances during the World's Fair in Paris, which has probably been approved by his Majesty, for the troupe of dancers and singers is nearly doubled. Among the singers, Mlle. Morera Sauti has been engaged, daughter of the former actress and professor of that name. She is a pupil of Mlle. Cinti-Damoreau, and is wonderfully endowed by nature. She has the voice of Falcon, and the beauty of an antique statue, though hardly eighteen years old. Her debut will produce a great sensation.

The agent for the Emperor of Brazil, as soon as he heard her, offered her an engagement of three years, at a hundred and sixty thousand francs a year, but she has preferred an engagement here at thirty thousand francs for the first year, forty for the second, and fifty for the third. This was offered her after a rehearsal, which equally delighted the manager, the leader of the orchestra, and the Minister of State.

While awaiting the unfolding of this bad of youth and melody under the rays of the footlights; the manager is watching for the return of Tedesco, who, with Stoll and Cruvelli, will form a trio rarely heard in any theater.

Their majesties will absent themselves from the theater for some time, as an act of public respect to the late Emperor of Russia. They will not wear mourning, because his decease cannot be regularly notified, owing to the cessation of diplomatic relations. The Princess Matilda alone will adopt it, as wife of Prince Demidoff, and because she is allied to the family of Nicholas, being daughter of a Princess of Wurtemberg.

The Academy of Moral and Political Science, in their session of the 28th of February, had subject of the United States before them in connection with the system of international exchange, established by Alex. Vattemars-

M. Guisot, while approving this system, took occasion to defend the American Republic against the too generally received opinion, that it is a mere nation of merchants, who sacrifice everything to the worship of the "almighty dollar."

He cited in disproof of this the large number of libraries, either public or belonging to societies, scattered over the Union; the enormous quantities of books and newspapers bought, read, and published; the vast and noble organization of common schools; and the constant and indefatigable efforts made for the study and amelioration of laws, both civil and political; and finally, the passion for the collection and publication of the historical annals of the nation, especially the collection of the papers and correspondence of Washington, Adams, Jefferson and Monroe.

Monsieur Dupin, Cousin, et Michel Chevalier supported his statements, and rendered the same homage to the American nation.

Monsieur Gallardet, from whom we translate, spoils this, very innocently in appearance, by adding that it was a graceful return for gratuitous invitations to a ball upon Washington's Birthday, "which must have cost not less than ten thousand francs." Has Monsieur Gallardet any Yankee blood in his veins, or is the almighty franc as potent in its influence as the "almighty dollar?"

#### READABLE EXTRACTS.

##### STATISTICS.

Statistical tables, which would seem at first sight rather dry reading, give occasionally somewhat entertaining as well as instructive results. There is a list of the causes of fire in London during a period of twenty years, in the last number of the *London Quarterly*, which is quite curious. We have not room for the whole of it but the Reviewer commenting on it says,

Among the more common causes of fire (such as gas, candle, curtains taking fire, children playing with fire, stores, &c.) it is remarkable how uniformly the same names occur under each head from year to year. General laws obtain as much in small as in great events. We are informed by the Post-office authorities that about eight persons daily drop their letters into the post without directing them—we know that there is an unvarying percentage of broken heads and limbs received into the hospitals—and here we see that a regular number of houses take fire, year by year, from the leaping out of a spark, or the dropping of a smouldering pipe of tobacco. It may indeed be a long time before another conflagration will arise from "a monkey upsetting a clothes-bore," but we have no doubt such an accident will recur in its appointed cycle.

Although gas figures so largely as a cause of fire, it does not appear that its rapid introduction of late years into private houses has been attended with danger. There is another kind of light, however, which the insurance offices look upon with terror, especially those who make it their business to insure fire property. The assistant-secretary of one of the largest fire-offices, speaking broadly, informed us that the introduction of the *lucifer-match* caused them an annual loss of ten thousand pounds! One hundred and twenty-seven known fires this arise from this single cause: and so doubt many of the twenty-five fires ascribed to the agency of cats and dogs were owing to their having thrown down boxes of matches at night—which they frequently do, and which is almost certain to produce combustion. The "rat gnawing lucifer" reminds us to give a

warning against leaving about wax lucifers where there are either rats or mice, for these vermin on a steady run away with them to their holes behind the inflammable canvas, and eat the wax until they reach the phosphorus, which is ignited by the friction of their teeth. Many fires are believed to have been produced by this singular circumstance. How much again, most lucifers have contributed in swell the large class of conflagrations whose causes are unknown! Another cause of fire, which is of recent date, is the use of naphtha in lamps—a most inflammable fluid when mixed in certain proportions with common air. "A delightful novel" figures as a proximate, if not an immediate, cause of twenty-two fires. This might be expected, but what can be the meaning of a fire caused by a high tide! When we asked Mr. Braidwood the question, he answered, "Oh! we always look out for fires when there is a high tide. They arise from the heaving of lime upon the addition of water." Thus rain, we see, has caused four conflagrations, and simple over heating forty-four. The lime does no harm as long as it is merely in contact with wood, but if iron happens to be in juxtaposition with the two, it speedily becomes red-hot, and barges on the rivers have been sunk, by reason of their bolts and iron knees burning holes in their bottoms. Of the singular error, "rat gnawing a gaspipe," the frames state that it is common for rats to gnaw lead service pipes, for the purpose, it is supposed, of getting at the water, and in this instance the grey rodent labored under a mistake, and let out the raw material of the opposite element.

It is not always safe however, to jump at conclusions from these statistics. An article on the "Curiosities of the Census" in the *North British Review* says,

It is sometimes found that your figures, where relied upon with the robust and child-like faith of orthodoxy, lead you in some conclusions utterly novel and astonishing. The untrained statistician proclaims as a startling discovery what the man of experience feels at once to be nothing but a monstrous fallacy. His sagacity convinces him at a glance, that the premises which have led to such an issue must contain some great inaccuracy or some great omission; and, knowing how common such are with arithmetical compilers, he refuses to place his philosophy at the mercy of a careless computer or an ignorant and incompetent turning officer. He rejects the conclusion and revises the faulty materials which led to it, till he discovers the flaw or the hiatus—which he is seldom at a loss to find. Thus, some years ago, before the Act for the Registration of Births, Deaths, and Marriages, and the care of the Registrar-General, had introduced an increasing and now nearly perfect accuracy into the returns, (for England and Wales, at least,) a student of figures observed an extraordinary and persistently regular excess of deaths at every decennial period of life. Nearly 50 per cent. more died, or were recorded to die, at the age of 30 than at the age of 19 and 21; 50 per cent. more at the age of 30 than at the age of 29 and 31; and so on. This was alarming and astounding enough; and a statistical society was applied to, to explain the anomalous excess. Of course, an experienced statistician, knowing the careless habits common both to individuals speaking of age, and to parish officers entering the same in their books, procured the explanation at a glance; the tendency to *quack* in round numbers had stepped in to vitiate the returns; and a death occurring at any age between 19 and 21 was constantly entered as occurring at the age of 20, so that the decennial year really included the deaths of nearly a year and a half.

One of the most striking things in this article is the statement of the disproportion between the males and females in England, especially when we contrast it with our own country, where of males over twenty years and upwards, there is said to be an excess of 199,067.

It is a curious fact, that in this country, and we believe throughout Europe, though more males than females are born, yet fewer females than males are always living. The former die faster, and about the age of twenty-one, the number seems to be equalized. The females, taking the whole population, are about three per cent. in excess of the males. The actual excess of females now in Great Britain is a quarter of a million (256,335). This has always seemed to us an arrangement fitted in call forth our gratitude. How many families are there which are dependent on the services of those superannuated women, who, if mistreated and ragged by more immediate life, would be unable to render the aid required where a wife and mother is incapacitated by sickness or death.

The next table, however, shows, that in artificial England there are far too many of those valuable unpermanencies of whom we have just spoken—too many for their own peace—too many for the preservation of a sound social and moral state. It is painful to record, that of the women in the prime of life, *i. e.*, between the ages of 20 and 40, forty-one per cent. in England, and forty-eight per cent. in Scotland, are spinners or that of 2,856,396 women the marriageable and child-bearing period of life, (between 20 and 40,) only 1,698,216 are married, and 1,248,182 are living in a state of celibacy. The causes and the consequences of this state of things are alike to be deplored. The causes are twofold; both we believe artificial, and both therefore curable.

One of these, indeed, is already in a great degree removed. For a long period antecedent to our day, an unfortunate and unseasoned commercial policy had fettered industry and exchange, and greatly limited the field for the employment both of capital and labor. It was difficult for the ordinary run of men in every line of life to earn an income adequate to the expenses of a family. Men were laboriously seeking work, instead of work seeking men to do it. A large proportion in every profession felt no certainty of succeeding by any amount of energy and talent. Barriers without breach,—crates on a miserable stipend,—urgency without practice,—penance without a penny pittance,—labors of all sorts and in all ranks "worthy of their hire," yet often unable to obtain it—preached lessons of abstinence and prudence which were not lost upon the nation. It became with the majority a matter of wisdom, and often of conscience, to forego or to postpone marriage till a provision for a family had been secured; and when that period at length arrived, the habits and tastes of a solitary and unaccommodating life were irrevocably formed.

Numbers, however, do and will remain unmarried, especially among our upper classes, from necessities artificially created, or gratuitously supposed. Younger sons are constantly doomed to celibacy, not because a marrying income is unobtainable by them, but because prejudice, custom, pride, or laziness forbids them to toil for its attainment. By inheritance, or by public employment, they possess perhaps just sufficient to permit them to enjoy the pleasures and amenities of a London life; miscellaneous society stands them instead of a domestic circle,—vagrant and disreputable amours (or amours that ought to be disreputable) make them unambitious of and unfit for wives, and they prefer to rest satisfied with a pleasant, rather than labor for a happy and worthy existence. Others, again, possess an income amply sufficient for the support of a wife and family, but will not believe it to be so. Their ideas of the style and comfort in which it is necessary to live, are formed on a conventional and unreasonable standard. They will not condescend to the faded indignities, or they cannot endure the trivial privations, of economy.—They will not ask the woman of their choice to share with them any home less luxurious than she has been accustomed to, and they condemn her to live without love rather than expose her to live without a carriage.

The last passage which we have marked for

extract is the concluding one on the progress of the race.

Figures can measure and record the progress of our race, in several departments; and with a striking significance and exactitude; but some facts which cannot be arithmetically expressed, are more eloquent by far. It is curious and deeply interesting to observe how much of the advance which mankind has made in some of the most essential branches of material improvement has been effected within the last quarter of a century; and on the other hand, in how many departments human intelligence reached its culminating point ages ago. It is not likely that the world will ever see a more perfect poet than Homer, a greater statesman than Pericles, a soldier or more comprehensive philosopher than Plato, a sculptor equal to Phidias, a painter superior to Raphael. Certain it is, that the lapse of twenty or five-and-twenty centuries has given birth to none who have surpassed them, and in few who have approached them. In the fine arts and in speculative thought, our remotest ancestors are still our masters. In science and its applications the order of precedence is reversed, and our own age has been more prolific and amazing than the aggregate of all the ages which have gone before us. Take two points only, the most obvious and the most signal—locomotion and the transmission of intelligence. At the earliest period of authentic history men travelled as fast as in the year 1830. Nimrod got over the ground at the rate of two or twelve miles an hour; Napoleon could go no faster. Between 1830 and 1840, we raised the maximum of speed from ten miles to seventy. The first six thousand years did nothing, or went to nothing,—the next six years did everything; reached the limits of possible achievement in this direction; for no one imagines that any greater speed is attainable or would be bearable. Again—it is probable that Abraham sent messages to Lot just as rapidly as Frederick the Great or George III. transmitted orders to their Generals and Admirals. In 1794, the old wooden telegraph was invented, and made a certain though a partial and a slight advance. But, with this exception, the rate at which intelligence could be conveyed had remained stationary at that of ordinary locomotion on horseback up to 1840. In 1840 we communicated at the velocity of twelve miles an hour. In 1850, we communicated over immeasurable distances in inappreciable infinitesimal subdivisions of time. The experiment was made, and a message was transmitted from Belgrade to Liverpool instantaneously. A spark given at Dundee could fire the cannon of the Invalides at Paris. Here too, at a single leap we have reached the *me plus ultra* of earthly possibility. In ten years—say, in five—we have cleared the vast space between the speed of a horse and the speed of lightning.

The other articles in the *North British Review* for this month are: The Continent in 1854. Finlay on the Byzantine Empire; The Vandals and Religion in Italy; The Oxford Reform Bill; How to stop Drunkenness; Old English Songs; Diet and Dress; and The Electric Telegraph.

#### OUR CINDERELLA.

It needed no second glance, when we first employed Our Cinderella, to discover that she was a real indigenous London plant, that had grown in some stifling court, where the sun, when it eluded there at all, only reveals hot beds of filth, while what little air enters, just stirs up the poisonous gases which cannot escape, to float into the houses, and be inhaled by the short-lived and fever-fed inhabitants. She was one of that class of precocious children, who at the first look can pick out the largest fried fish, the biggest ha'porth of damaged fruit, or through intricate windings and crooked passages

lead you direct, in the dark, to the low public-house that gives a farthing change out of the penny paid for half a pint of beer. She seemed as if she had never been properly a simple child, but had come into the world with her little head filled with strange cunning notions, which caused her to begin to think seriously as soon as she was born. She was never sent to school, saving when her mother went out to a day's cleaning in winter; then she was turned into a little back-room in the court, and left, like others of her class, to the care of a deaf old woman, with a piece of dry bread and a drink of water when the pipe that supplied the whole court was not frozen, for, as her mother said, "the twopenny a week she paid come cheaper than leaving her with a bit of fire." In fine weather, however, she was always left free to run anywhere.

Before she was selected to fill our vacant Cinderella, she had, to use her own words, "been out to m'as Mrs Smith's baby for her wittle; then she lit the fire and fetched the gin and beer for the washerwomen at the laundry; after that she was kept to answer the door, run errands, and clean a bit at a lodging-house; but she caught sick a cold through washing up in the damp cellar, that she couldn't do the work, and so they paid her half a week's wages (which was threepence), and sent her home." She introduced herself with a single knock at the door, and a "Please do you want a girl to help, clean, or anything?" Her earnest-looking eyes, and "plain unvarnished tale," were her greatest recommendation. There are many patient and painstaking people in the world, that spend weeks in teaching a parrot to talk, or a dog to play a few fantastic tricks, who would have been driven to their wits' end before they had given Our Cinderella a week's trial. We thought her of more value than many Polls and Pugs; and making patience a duty, and endurance the test of fidelity, it encouraged her at times to talk, and gathered information from her strange conversation, and knowledge from her shrewd tricks, far more instructive and amusing to ourselves than we ever could have got from bird or beast.

She made her first appearance in her mother's old bonnet and shawl; and when her offer was accepted, she uttered her "thank you kindly" with such a cheerful lighting up of her old-fashioned intelligent countenance, as to draw the eye away from her rough unkempt hair and dirty neck and shoulders, so suddenly revealed, when she threw off those outward trappings, and stood with her lanky long arms eager, ready, and willing to do her utmost to earn an honest penny. What a contrast she was to the little hangy mix, who with the curtain of her bonnet lowered to the very nose of her bit of a neck, and her nose pointing up like a chicken's beak after it has drunk, had with a swing, a bounce, and a slam of the door, vacated her Cinderella-like week before, "because she couldn't have a 'day' to herself to go to Green's Hair Fair." Our new girl did, indeed, rub and scrub in her peculiar way—sweeping and washing the space occupied by a chair, then during the latter and replacing it so that by the time she had finished her dustings and sweepings, the old dirt had settled down upon the furniture as quietly as if it had never been disturbed. Then her poor rent shoes, which 's

world too wide; were ever coming off; and sometimes the tap of the water-butt would be pouring into one, while she was scouring away in some corner with the other on, utterly unconscious of her loss; and when told of it, would only reply with "It's allers been bewed to having my feet wet, and don't feel it." She had never heard of any objection to nailing the same towel to wipe up the plates and dishes as she dried her hands and face with, to say nothing of her neck, which, when at home, she washed once a week, for Our Cinderella was very regular in her way. Her stockings were at first always falling about her feet, and she trod so softly over the floor as a feather-footed bantam-fowl, while the tops covered the unsightly holes in the heels. At her first experiment in cookery, she dressed the potatoes in the kettle; and when the sauce-pans were pointed out, she said "she allers bilid the taters in the kittle at home, had wrished it out a'ter before she put in the tea-water; and so did her mother."

Nearly everything which would take the impression, was for a long time stamped with Cinderella, "her mark;" there were traces of her little, industrious, and dirty fingers on the table cloth, in the butter and sugar, on the bread, on the new bonnet and shawl of her mistress, which she had been trying on to see how she looked in them; for she would use her fingers to scrape up the olivers, and as to patting on the old gloves that were given to her for the purpose while she scoured the pots and pans, she fairly laughed at the proposition as a joke, and put them away somewhere to be worn on Sunday. Having herself suffered cold, hunger, and every other privation, she was always an urgent pleader for the beggars that knocked at the door; and her "Oh, please, there's such a poor woman, with a dear sweet baby in her arms, so like our little Ellen, and she only asks for a bit of bread; and they do look so hungry, please," never failed to soften us, though we knew the woman would exchange the broken victuals for gin. The rapidity, however, with which our Cinderella flew to execute her glad mission, and the hearty kiss she gave the child at the door, outbalanced the coating whine of the old impostor.

After we had altered an old bonnet, and made it to fit her, almost the first thing she bought out of her trifling wages was a staring red wreath of cotton flowers with which to decorate it; and when we offered to trim it with neat ribbon, if she would throw the artificial abomination away, she consented; but on inquiry, we found that she had sold it, like a true child of the covert, to another Cinderella for threepence, which, she said, "was better than losing the whole shilling."

She had to be reminded many times before we could get her to fasten more than one button at the back of her frock; for though her little bare skinny back was exposed, she seemed unconscious of the cold air the opening admitted. It was also a long and difficult task to persuade her to fasten her shawl when she went out; if it blew off, she picked it up and threw it again over her shoulders, regardless of the weather or the state of the pavement, for, as she said, "she had allers been used to holding it, and *fingers* (fingers) was made before pine."

What an eventful day that was in the life of

our Cinderella, when we presented her with a five-shilling rosewood work-box, which had a little looking-glass fitted into the inside of the lid. She danced, "oh my'd," and "well I never-," as she made some new discovery in the intricacies of the plink cotton lining, clasped her hands, and seemed half-frantic with delight; and then to be her own too?—to keep?—to do what she liked with? This ascertained, she said "she would be so good;" then she sat down and cried with joy. For days after, whenever we had occasion to enter the kitchen, we were pretty sure to hear the sharp snap of the work-box lid as she closed it; and from the day it first came into her possession, there was a slow, strange, but sure improvement in Cinderella's appearance. No doubt it was occasionally the repository of hard bake, candy, toffy; but then it also contained her glass necklaces and string of bugles, which she threw round her neck (and wore as proudly as a countess would her diamonds), when she went to visit her mother in her court. It contained also a penny bottle of "real oil of roses" for her hair; this we ascertained through her having broken it, and inquiring what would take grease out of the much-admired plink cotton lining of her treasured box; a disaster that caused her to shed "a few natural tears." After this she took to letting her hair grow long behind, and in a few weeks we saw a little morrel, bound with ribbons, sticking out like the tail of a sparrow; she also put her front hair in paper, but this plan we suppose she abandoned, for we noticed on the following day that there was about as much curl in it as in the kitchen poker. For a long time, after a few of these failures, she gave up buying curl-paper, and used more freely her favorite denudation—"oil of roses." She made some kind of a flounce to one of her cotton frocks; but, as we heard her telling the Cinderella next door, it made her dress too short, so she let it out until she got her new boots, then she should take it up again to show them. Her boots will have the gaudiest colored tops she can find, and they will burst out at the sides in no time, for she will have them narrow at the toes, as she has heard "that small feet is fashionable."

Many, perhaps, would have seen only her faults, and kept up an incessant carping that would have rendered her poor life miserable; many, perhaps, who might have had children of their own, and, but for more fortunate circumstances, would have been some other body's Cinderella. Though it was not pleasant to find her rough unmistakable hair clinging to our own brush, we endured the annoyance once or twice till we could supply her with a cheap hair-brush; for such peccadilloes showed that she had a wish to improve her appearance—to advance instead of falling back; and the thought of discharging her never entered our head. Though the little folks she made for herself only served to render the dirt on her wrists more visible, this was not long the case; for the same taste that led her to aspire to a better style of dress, caused her to become more cleanly in her person. As she advanced in collars and cuffs, so she abandoned purchasing penny crabs, eating pickled eels in the streets, and drinking soured ginger-beer; nor were there any longer signs of shell-fish in the ash-bin. That look of overcleanliness about the feet was gone; her boots

laces were neatly fastened, instead of dangling like snakes about her feet, that threatened every moment to overthrow her. She now took more heed of her steps. I heard the baker's new man, not many weeks ago call her "Miss" as he delivered the bread; and though in my eye he looked a cunning artful rascal, who would not keep his place long—which has since proved true—yet Cinderella cannot for a moment believe that it was he who gave her the bad sixpence, although it was the only sixpence she took that day in change. I dare say she was too busily engaged with the compliment he paid her, to think of looking after her change. I sometimes fancy, when I see an intelligent light breaking through her good-natured countenance, and beaming out of her bright earnest eyes, that a new spirit has taken its abode in her not ungrateful body, and that many of those old, abhorred, selfish feelings are dead, which lived within her when she breathed only the foul air of the corrupt and corrupting court.

And now she no longer elms to the kitchen-door with a haughty toss of the head, and a "Well I'm sure it's like your impudence," when the young butcher calls; but if it is only a pound of chops she orders, she allows him to bring it home; and when he has nothing else to leave, he is continually bringing in something or other for the cat. She thinks he is one of the finest horsemen in the world; for when he rides by with his basket, and sees her either at the door or window, he is sure to start off at a "butcher's gallop." She has bought a shilling tea-tray, in the center of which is something intended for a parrot, with a couple of cherries in its beak. It is the pride of heart; and after having dined it, which she does several times a day, she will stand with her head aside admiring it, for she thinks it "so much like natter." Let us leave her to the worshipping of her few mishapen household gods; perhaps through her little temple—the kitchen—she sees down the long dim vista a far away home of her own, to which hope often points. In time she will shew all her treasured purchases to the young butcher, for we have more than once stumbled upon him in the kitchen; and the first time she blushed, and said in a trembling voice, "Please, it's only William," as if we had not known him for the last five years; and he, touching the brightest and largest portion of his suetier hair, muttered something about "keeping company," though it needed no confession, for we found it out long ago that he was "head over ears" in love with our Cinderella. We have frequently heard her elating over her work of late—

"With those love me then as now!" which shews that she is thinking over her "intended change" very seriously.—*Chambers's Journal.*

—Perhaps the oldest tree on record is the Cypress of Semna, in Lombardy. It is supposed to have been planted in the year of the birth of Christ, and on that account is looked on with reverence by the inhabitants; but an ancient chronicle at Milan is said to prove that it was a tree at the time of Julius Caesar, B. C. 40. It is 128 feet high, and twenty feet in circumference at one foot from the ground. Napoleon, when laying down the plan of his great road over the Simplon, diverged from a straight line to avoid injuring the tree.

## BEETHOVEN'S WILL.

[To many musicians this document is of course intimately known; to those, however, who may not be acquainted with it, it offers a charming example of fortitude and resignation.]

For my brother CARL, and my nephew LUDWIG BEETHOVEN.

Oh ye inconsiderate men, who pronounce me a morbid, strange, or misanthropic being, how great is the injustice you do me! Little do you know the real cause of what you consider singular in my conduct. My heart and mind were framed from my very cradle for the gentler feelings of our nature, while it seemed destined to accomplish something great. To the latter I always felt myself irresistibly impelled. But only conceive, that as early as my sixth year, I was unhappily attacked by a complaint, which was rendered still more afflictive by the blunders of the medical men under whose hands I was placed. After dragging on year after year in the hope of getting better, I was at last doomed to the unhappy prospect of an irreparable evil; no cure at least, if any were possible, was to be expected till after a long series of years. Though born with an ardent and lively disposition, and a mind susceptible of the pleasures of society, I was obliged to withdraw early from participation in them, and lead a solitary life. Sometimes, it is true, I made an effort to overcome every obstacle thrown in the way of social enjoyment by the defect in my organs of hearing; but, oh, how painful was it to find myself incapacitated, repelled by my weakness, which at such moments was felt with redoubled force. How was it possible for me to be continually saying to people, "Speak louder; keep up your voice, for I am deaf." Alas! how was it possible for me to submit to the continual necessity of exposing the failure of one of my faculties, which, but for mismanagement, I might have shared in common with the rest of my fellow-creatures; a faculty, too, that I once possessed in the fullest perfection; indeed, in a greater degree than most of those of my own profession. Oh, the thought is overpowering! I entreat your forgiveness if I seem to give too much way to my feelings. When I would willingly have mixed among you, my misfortune was felt with double keenness, from the conviction it brought with it that I must forego the delights of social intercourse, the sweets of conversation, the mutual overflowing of the heart. From all this I was debarred, except as far as absolute necessity demanded. When I ventured to appear in society, I seemed to myself a kind of excommunicated being. If circumstances compelled me to appear in the presence of strangers, an indescribable agitation seized me; I was tortured by the fear of being rendered conspicuous only by my infirmity.

In this state I remained a full half year, when a blundering doctor persuaded me, that the best thing I could do to recover my hearing, would be to go into the country. Here, incited by my natural disposition, I was induced to join in the society of my neighbors. But how bitter was the mortification I experienced, when some one near me would stand listening to the tones of a flute, which I could not hear, or to the shepherd's song sounding from the valley, not one note of which I could distinguish! Such occurrences had the effect of driving me almost

to despair; nay, even raised gloomy thoughts in my mind of seeking relief in self destruction. It was nothing but my art that restrained me; it appeared impossible for me to quit the world, till I had accomplished the objects I felt myself, as it were, destined to fulfil. Thus did I continue to drag on a miserable existence; truly miserable, inasmuch, as with so sensitive a constitution of body, any sudden change was capable of hurrying me to the most violent extremes. Yes, Patience, I must take thee for my guide and conductress; I hope to follow thy dictates, and persevere to the end, till it shall please the inexorable fates to cut the thread of my existence. Yes, be it for better or for worse, I am prepared to meet the issue. For one in his 28th year to become a philosopher is no easy task; and still more difficult is it for an artist than for any other man.

Father of Goodness, then lookest into the inmost recesses of this heart, then knowest that feelings of humanity and benevolence find a place here. Oh you that hear this, reflect on the injustice you do me! And let the child of misfortune console himself that in me he has, at least, a partner in unhappiness; and one who, in spite of all the obstacles of nature, has still done everything in his power to gain a place in the rank of able artists and honorable men.

I charge you, my dear brother Carl, and you my nephew Louis, as soon as I am dead, to send, in my name, for Professor Schmidt (on the presumption that he will survive me), that he may take down in writing the nature of my complaint, and I desire that the document may be joined to the present paper, in order that, after my death at least, the world may, as far as possible, be reconciled to me.

At the same time, I hereby declare you the joint heirs of the little property, if so it can be called, which I have been able to lay up; share it equally and justly; live in harmony together, and assist each other. Whatever you may have done against me, be assured that I have long since been forgiven. I thank you in particular, my dear brother Carl, for the affectionate attention I have experienced from you of late. It is my sincere hope and wish that you may lead a life more free from cares and sorrows than mine has been; teach your children to love virtue; she alone, and not perishable gold, can make them truly happy. I speak it feelingly, and from experience! her hand it was that upheld me in the midst of the life of life. To her influence, next to that of my art, do I owe the blessing of not having terminated my existence by suicide. Live morally, and love one another.

I return thanks to all my friends, and, in particular, to Prince Liechowsky, and Professor Schmidt. It is my wish that the instruments presented to me by Prince L. should be preserved by you with the greatest care, but let no dispute arise between you respecting them. If, however, it be more advantageous to both, let them be sold; for the thought of my having assisted you in life will render me happy even in death, and cheer in some degree the gloom of the grave. So let it be!

With joy do I hasten to meet death; nay, should he come even before time is allowed me to accomplish all the objects of art which I have in view, still, in spite of my hard fate, would I welcome his coming, and wish him early here, And have I not reason to rejoice at his approach,

since he will free me from a state of unceasing sorrows? Yes, come when thou wilt, thou stern messenger, I will go with joy to meet thee.

Live well, and be not forgetful of me even in death! I am not undeserving of this from you, since in life you were frequently in my thoughts; in my endeavors to render you happy. So be it!

LUDWIG VAN BEETHOVEN.

Heiligenstadt, October 6, 1802.

## OUR MODERN TROUBADORS.

From the N. Y. Tribune.

The number of persons supporting themselves by this vagabonding profession of organ-grinding has been variously estimated to us by the persons engaged in it. One, an Italian named Manuel Revardada, residing at No. 17 Baxter st., thought there were not fewer than one thousand employed in this and the adjoining cities at the present time. They are, generally, of a roving disposition, remaining but a short time in the same place. Thus, their number varies, according to seasons and circumstances. In the summer months, we find them forsaking the unhealthy climate of the southern cities to return to their temporary homes in the north, which they again desert at the first chill breath of returning winter.

The "troubadours" are divided into two parties, each cherishing feelings inimical to the other. This division is a natural one, caused by a common rivalry of different nationalities—the German and Italian. As for the natives of other countries, who adopt the profession of the *artiste*, they are repudiated alike by both parties, and are never admitted to the *salons* of the Italians, though they sometimes receive the *courtesy* of the plebeian German circles. The Italian has a horror of those professional persons, and will not on any terms consent to receive them on an equality. As a consequence, the habits of the two races are sufficiently apart to prevent the possibility of any collision between them—the Germans fixing themselves in the eastern section of the city, principally in the neighborhood of the Catholic Cathedral in Third street, while the Italians occupy that classic region known as the Five Points. The principal *Hotel des Italiens* is situated in Orange street, Nos. 17 and 19; they also occupy Nos. 26 and 28, which are rather better than most of the habitations in that locality. The rooms inhabited by these people are, as a general rule, comfortably furnished, and most of them are characterized by a degree of cleanliness, which is somewhat surprising, when we take into consideration that each apartment must accommodate at an average, half-a-dozen persons,—not including the monkey. It would seem a cause of surprise to many, visiting with us the homes of these people, to find whole families ignorant of the language of the country, as of everything appertaining to its social and political condition, and perpetuating the semi-barbarous customs of their native land; yet more surprising to reflect, that this race exists in the very heart of our populous city, unthought of by any portion of the community, and that this is the first faint glimpse of light thrown upon its strange details.

The itinerant musician is a social animal; he is not different from the rest of the great human family, in that respect. If he be a bachelor, he has hired lodgings; if married he "keeps



house." And, in the evening, when he returns from his peregrinations of the day, you can tell by the appearance of the monkey whether he has been fortunate or not. If that animal, more remarkable for its docility than its beauty, exhibits its usual activity, and receives the caresses of its owner with pleasure, you may rest assured that there is no cause to grumble at the gain of the day; but if, on the contrary, the monkey returns a sober and saddened monkey, receiving with contrition the nowise diminished expressions of his master's affection, why, then, the day has been an unfortunate one, and it will require a prosperous morrow to change him into a self-satisfied animal. We were pleased with the kind relations which we found existing between the master and the poor, despicable creature which constitutes the companion of his wanderings. Generally speaking, the Savoyard has a kind heart; numerous though his vices may be, he possesses a degree of humanity unknown to many a member of civilised society.

It would naturally be supposed that the amusements of such a class of persons must be few; and yet they enjoy life, after their own fashion as much as the greater number of us. Their frolics present a cheerful appearance; strange as it may seem, there is social comfort to be found in the dingy homes of these poor outcasts. Then, too, they have among themselves parties, and balls—ah, the ball! that is the event of a season! Parties are things of every day occurrence, what an excitement it causes among the musical denizens of Orange street, what a polishing up of decayed flattery, and polite phrases; what a general system of financiering in the money market for weeks preceding the occasion, in order to accomplish the ticket and et cetera. And when at length, the evening arrives, the entire city must be cognizant of what is transpiring—for not an organ grinder of any degree is to be met with in the streets. It might be supposed that a general stampede has taken place among them; that, for some unaccountable reason, there had been an exodus of the musical detritus. But, should curiosity prompt you to wander into the purchase of Orange street, you will find them gathered together *en masse*, within a spacious ball-room, hired for the occasion—and it will require considerable tact, not to say Wilekman diplomacy to gain admittance to these festivities. Among themselves, on such occasions, the laws of etiquette are strictly conformed to; for these exclusive vagabonds are great admirers of fine manners, and respecters of the *prestige* of high rank. Then, too, there are those among them of nobility of descent—such persons are looked up to with a species of reverence, and are treated on all occasions as superiors. The appearance of various signs of this patrician class in the ball-room, causes a momentary sensation, especially among the fair sex, who regard these aristocrats with special favor. And there are fair faces to be found in this obscure place—and bright eyes, which would add lustre to many a more pretentious reunion. And the sweet, soft music of the *futina* breathes a spell of enchantment through the dingy hall, until, forgetting all the rude incongruities of vice and folly by which we are surrounded, our thoughts begin to meditate upon what this race of people might become, and what in future might be its destiny.

"Signor," said an itinerant, somewhat more cultivated than the average of his fellows, in reply to an observation we had made, "what can be expected from these poor people, circumstanced as they are? Brought up in ignorance and idleness, physically they become weak and enervate, and morally degraded. Even if they had the moral strength to quit this vagabond occupation, they would be unable to earn a livelihood by hard work. This climate does not agree with the hot-house nature of the Italian; and though our people are constantly emigrating hither they do not increase among themselves. Their children are sickly and weak, and rarely live long. And after all, Sir, I believe our vocation is not a useless one. Even among us there has been something like progression. The old organ with its coarse, discordant sounds, has fallen into disuse, and the modern *futina* organ often rivals the finest effects of the piano. Besides, it is a humble medium to make popular the best works of the great Italian masters; for these instruments are usually adapted to the gems from La Norma, Lucia, and others of the grand opera. And who will assert that this music does not exert a refining influence upon the uncultivated classes of the people, sufficient to compensate for the coppers they bestow for its support?"

This poor musician, so eloquent in the defence of his vocation, may be seen in our streets, accompanied by his wife and little daughter. Do not think that his performance is a merely mechanical one—for he loves music, as he loves to think of his native country. While the instrument gives utterance to the melodious *Fra pace*, or some other sweet remembrance of Bellini or Donizetti, you may be sure his thoughts are often in the bright land of his birth, from which he was separated by iron poverty and oppression.

"Do you like America?" we once asked him. "Yes," he replied, "it is a fine place. But it is slavery! America to me; ah! there is but one Italy!"

#### MISCELLANIES.

WHY THE ROMANS WENT TO BED EARLY.—In one of the late London papers we find the following reasons "why" by Dr. Quincey: "They went to bed early in those ages simply because their worthy mother earth could not afford them candles. She, good old lady, (or good young lady, for geologists know not whether she is in that stage of her progress which corresponds to gray hairs, or to infancy, or to 'a certain age,') she, good lady, would certainly have shuddered to hear any of her nations inquiring for candles. 'Candles, indeed!' she would have said, 'who ever heard of such a thing? and with so much excellent daylight running to waste as I have provided gratis! What will the wretches want next!'" The Romans, therefore, who saw no joke in sitting round a table in the dark, went off to bed as the darkness began. Every body did so. Old Numa Pompilius himself was obliged to trundle off in the dusk. Tarquinus may have been a very superb fellow; but I doubt whether he ever saw a farthing rush-light. And though it may be thought that plots and conspiracies would flourish in such a city of darkness, it is to be considered that the conspirators them-

selves had no more candles than honest men; both parties were in the dark."

—There once dwelt in the cavern of Armenia a Vampyre, called Dakehanver, who could not endure any one to penetrate into the mountains of Ulimah Altötem, or count their valleys. Every one who attempted this, had in the night, his blood sucked by the monster from the soles of his feet until he died. The Vampyre was, however, at last outwitted by two cunning fellows. They began to count the valleys, and when night came on they lay down to sleep, taking care to place themselves with the feet of the one under the head of the other." How both could have managed to do this we leave to the reader's ingenuity to explain.) In the night, the monster came, felt as usual, and found a head; then he felt at the other end, and found a head there also. "Well," cried he, "I have gone through the whole three hundred and sixty-six valleys of these mountains, and have sucked the blood of people without end; but never yet did I find any one with two heads and no feet!" So saying, he ran away, and was never more seen in the country; but ever after the people have known that the mountain has three hundred and sixty-six valleys.

—A correspondent in Ottawa county, Michigan, from whom we are always glad to hear, gives us the following "Scene in the Mayor's Court at Grand Rapids." Mayor Church presiding. Witness called up to be sworn by the clerk:

Clerk:—"You do solemnly swear—"  
Mayor, (with dignity):—"Stop! That witness must hold up his right hand."

Clerk:—"The man has no right hand your Honor."

Mayor, (With some asperity):—"Let him hold up his left hand, then."

Clerk:—"He has had the misfortune to lose his left hand also, as your Honor will perceive."

Mayor (savagely):—"Tell him to hold up his right leg, then; a man cannot be sworn in this court without holding up something! Silence, gentlemen! Our dignity must be preserved!" (Witness sworn on one leg.)

THE INVENTION OF LOVE COMPUTED BY MATHEMATICS.—Mademoiselle de Larnay, a French authoress of the eighteenth century, whose writings were distinguished by their piquant delicacy and correctness of judgment, thus writes concerning one who had formed an early attachment for her: "Monsieur de Rey always showed me great attachment. I discovered, by slight indications, some diminution in his passion. I often went to see Mademoiselle d'Epinar, at whose house he most always was. As she lived very near my convent, I generally returned on foot, and he never failed to offer me his arm to conduct me home. We had to pass through a large square, and at the beginning of our acquaintance he took the road by the side of the square. Then I saw that he crossed it in the middle, whence I concluded that his love had at least diminished by the difference between the diagonal and the two sides of the square."

SOUTHAMPTON STREAMERS.—You may always tell the line to which an outward-going packet may belong by the appearance of the passengers. If you see about the dock, bearded moustached, jim crow-hatted gentlemen, who







# WILLIAM HALL & SON, 239 Broadway, New York.

MUSIC AT THE REDUCED PRICE.—THE CHEAPEST CATALOGUE OF MUSIC IN THE WORLD.

## OUR NINTH FAMILIAR CHAT WITH THE readers of the Musical World.

THE COMPOSITOR OF  
J. A. FOWLER.

Mr. Fowler, for many years principal of the Music Department of the Female Seminary at Cherry Valley, is widely and favorably known as one of the most successful music teachers in America. The many who have graduated under his charge as teachers, and who have settled in various parts of the country, as well as his numerous pupils from the Academy who have carried the benefits of his thorough plan of teaching into private life, have made his name and influence widely felt in the musical circles throughout the United States. His compositions first became popular from his light works, polkas, etc., written as recreations for his pupils. He is now extending his *œuvres* to meet the demands of teachers, the wants of Female Academies in the way of exhibition pieces, (see *Musical Recreations*.) etc., and his long experience, together with his good taste and judgment, makes him eminently qualified to put forth works perfectly adapted to their wants, and thus the success of all he has done is readily accounted for.

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WM. HALL & SON,  
239 Broadway, New York.

# Musical World.

A Journal for "Heavenly Music's Earthly Friends."

Richard Storrs Willis, Editor and Proprietor.

15—of Volume XL

New York, Saturday, April 14, 1855.

[211—of whole Number.

(Office 257 Broadway.)

THE Rates of Advertising and Terms of Subscription will be found first among the advertisements.

AUGUSTUS MORAND.

## Music in this Number.

### 1. ANDANTE:

composed by Boettcher.

### 2. SUMMER MORN:

Musie by Meyerbeer—poetry by Maria H. Calceott.

## EDITOR'S BUDGET.

### A visit to the Organ Loft of Grace Church.

By invitation from the accomplished music-director of Grace Church, Mr. King, we attended, some little time since, an evening rehearsal of his choir. Gropping our way up a narrow flight of stairs, which leads off from the vestibule of the church as you enter on Broadway, we found ourselves in what seemed a small and cozy apartment, comfortably warmed by a stove at one end, and filled with quite a little family party.

Mr. King sat in the center at his triple-rank key desk, controlling the thousands of voices which were eloquent at his bidding in the deep recess of the church tower, where the organ stands; while around him were arranged his quartet choir:—two of whom, the fair and gifted Mrs. Bodestein, and the stalwart Basso, Mr. Philip Mayer, were familiar faces to us. Another side-personality which could not fail to be familiar to a New Yorker, was the rubicund vintge and eldermanlike proportions of Mr. Brown, the stalwart sexton of Grace Church and grand ceremonial-master of our gay New York metropolis. Mr. Brown told us he was to be on duty that night: he was therefore in California boots, and port-winter, (for it was bitterly cold) and he was warming his toes by the fire, and catching a warm stove or two of church-music, before entering upon his duty of marshalling carriages and keeping the fashionables in order. In a little alcove we caught a glimpse of a sable assistant at the bellows, who looked as though he might supply the organ with wind himself, if he chose, in place of the bellows. Altogether, the scene was a cozy and genial one. The curtain asclosure made everything snug, and part-concealed, part-revealed the dark profound of the church beyond, through whose mysterious space the clear, sweet voice of Mrs. Bodestein was soon wandering, like a singing fairy through the shades of night.

We heard performed an effective hymn composed by Mr. King, admirably suited to the several quartet voices. A florid accompaniment on the organ served as a kind of arabesque work to the

melody, and the entire interweaving was in Mr. King's peculiarly elegant and ornamental style. We were sorry to have just missed hearing an anthem composed for this choir by Signor Torrente, which has since, we believe, been published.

Mr. King afterward played for us the Wedding-march by Mendelssohn in superb style: a piece fascinating enough, we should think, to lure the stoutest of bachelors to the altar. What does Mr. King think?

In a between-while chat with Mr. Brown on fashionable, musical and literary topics generally, after remarking to us that he read the *Home Journal* every week from the first article to the last advertisement in recumbent and luxurious posture on the sofa, he hinted his intention to write a book on New York society as it is—a book which will throw Mr. Wikoff, Mr. Barum and the forthcoming Mr. Buckingham into the deepest shadow of public oblivion: for we hardly think that either of these gentlemen's experiences could begin to equal in interest to the general reader the society experiences of Mr. Brown. Stand by, then, gentlemen: Mr. Brown is coming. Who is to be the publisher?

Altogether, our evening visit to the organ loft of Grace church was very charming; *sui generis*, and a thing to be remembered. We felt indebted to Mr. King, to his clever quartet choir, to the eloquent organ and the accomplished professor at the bellows who remotely produced the music; also to Mr. Brown and the circle generally for pleasant chat and pleasant music—all on a winter's evening.

## Exaggerations.

On our three-mile-walk down town of a morning we have occasionally found food for amusing reflection in the exaggeration of things here and there presented. On the side of a house next an open lot we read a huge sign, which covers the entire expanse of red brick—**MUSIC STORE**. On turning a corner we find a wee bit of a shop, into which it would be as impossible to get the sign as to turn a house into one of its windows. It is merely a pleasant exaggeration; and in it we see, as through an opera glass, the magnified ideal in the dealer's mind of what his shop ought to be, and, in process of time will perhaps grow to be.

Pasting on we read a sign, "Conservatory of Music"—our fancy immediately suggests a national institution like the *Conservatoire* of Paris, in which there are hundreds of pupils and twenty-five professors at least, and instruction imparted not only in music, but those essentials for public performers, Fencing and Dancing and the Italian lan-

guage. Passing up stairs we gain a small room, which is the conservatory, and in it sits a lone teacher, who is the corps of professors, and who is awaiting any chance pupil that may stray in upon him. No matter. We read through the opera glass of his sign, what space, in fancy, his soul fills—however much of a discrepancy there may be in what, thus far, the world has realized to him.

Still further down Broadway we see floating in the breeze, next to a star-spangled banner, a prodigious piece of canvas, on which is painted a woman so fat, that, as she sits in her chair, an umbrella and two horses might comfortably drive up and turn a corner within her limitations. Moreover, in order to get her into the house which is presumed to harbor her, two stories of the wall, at least, would have to be taken out and the roof supported on jacks, until she be pained in. Her getting out again would probably be her own affair. In this pleasant exaggeration again, we see through the opera glass of her exhibitor's cupidry, how such a sized woman would draw—if he only possessed her.

Still further on we see an anaconda, of a huge-ness so dire, with a fascinated stag just leaping into his throat of proportion so incredible, that we conclude Barnum must have got them on to the lot first, to hold them, and then built up the museum to suit their proportions. But the anaconda is nothing to the gigantic girl and the other expanded specimens of humanity, at present on canvas exhibition; who most all, by means of block and tackle have been dragged in by the head through some tremendous rent made in the building. Here again, through the opera glass of Mr. Barum's imagination we see what a New Hampshire girl might be—what she ought to be, in fact, in order to come up to his ideal of what would draw.

Nor, does this exaggerated presentment of things cease here. We enter our office; take up a paper, look at the advertisements and find at once we are still looking through an opera glass. A new book has just come out, by an author whose proportions so fill the Walhalla of literature, that every body else is crowded out and there is only room for that one author and his publisher:—rather, perhaps, that publisher and his author: for the publisher would seem to be the greater men of the two: inasmuch as his own opinion of the author, which he presents to you in a quarter-column advertisement as an opinion readily-formed for yourself, overabounds with its literary wing the poor author, who must be content with the title of his book merely, and then make way for the larger proportions of the man that publishes it. Here again we see through

the publisher's opera gives his cupidity and personal conceit; for the author only writes the book, which is the smallest part of it; and his reputation is stamped upon him by the advertising criticism of the said publisher; and being only great because his publisher makes him so, he is thus pushed before the public in the shape of a huge ephemeris, while the publisher assumes to the public the definite proportions of ninety-nine per cent.

In short, a walk down town of a morning, and the reading of signs and advertisements is fine practice in the use of an opera glass. But after having received this exaggerated impression of things, it is well to insert the glass and take a look through the other end. If some things look smaller than they really are, we can rest assured that a goodly proportion of objects and of persons assume exactly their right dimensions.

#### William Tell.

This loftiest creation of Rossini's genius was produced on Monday evening at the Academy of Music to an overwhelming audience. A more brilliant gathering of people has never been seen in any opera house. The Academy suddenly gained that dignity which appertains to this splendid institution and almost for the first time seemed in its right position before the public.

It was evident that no trouble or expense had been spared to put the opera upon the stage with a splendor and magnificence suited to this superb work of genius, and the institution where it was produced. The dresses and scenery were new and the stage stocked with ample superlatives. The plot of the opera is the following:—

#### ACT I.

The people of the five cantons of Switzerland, are groaning under the oppression of their Governor, Tell, who has already determined upon preventing their independence, endeavors to excite the young Arnoldo who is in love with MATILDA, to embrace the cause which is done his own patriotism. At this moment, ARNOLDO having slain a soldier who was carrying off his daughter, appears and implores the fishermen to bear him across the lake. They all refuse, but Tell, embarks with him as the soldiers in pursuit of him arrive. In their rage at losing him, they bear away the venerated pastor, the sire of ARNOLDO, a prisoner.

#### ACT II.

Tell, who has surprised ARNOLDO while having an interview with MATILDA, informs him that his father has been murdered. In his remorse, the young man determines upon joining him. The people of Unterwalden Schwitz and Uri then approach. Their plans are laid, and the cry is first breathed "To Arms."

#### ACT III.

The cap of the Austrian governor, Gessler, has been erected upon a lofty pole, and all who are present are required to bow before it. Tell refuses to do so, and the soldiers who recognize him decimate him to Gessler. Knowing his fame as a marksman, the governor orders him to pierce with an arrow, an apple which is placed upon the head of his son. Tell in despair, but compelled to make the attempt, succeeds. As overpowered by his emotion, he sinks into the arms of his friends, an arrow falls from his rest. It had been intended for the heart of Gessler. If Tell had slain his son. In his rage, the governor orders both of them to be seized, but MATILDA claims the boy's life in the name of their sovereignty, and Tell only is borne away, as the Swiss breathe their curses upon Gessler.

#### ACT IV.

ARNOLDO urges the people for the purpose of saving Tell. MATILDA, who has restored the perilous son to his mother, proposes to save the father by remaining with them as a hostage for his safety; when a storm arises, and Tell is seen steering the boat on the lake, in which Gessler had borne him away. Nearing a rock, he takes a desperate leap from the boat and manages to rejoin his family. Gessler effects a landing on a more distant part of the shore, and comes in pursuit of him, when Tell seizes his

arrow and takes deadly aim. Gessler falls. The first blow has been struck for Swiss liberty.

The principal characters were sustained by artists whose abilities were quite equal to the task imposed. Signora Steffenone as *Matilda* was full of dignity; simple and impressive. Her part is a light one; she appears but twice to the opera; on the opening of the second and close of the third act. In the tentative and aria *Solo space* which opens the second act, and in her duet with *Arnoldo*, she evinced great dramatic spirit and a volume of tone which set the orchestra-mass at defiance. A blemish in this lady's singing is her tremulousness of tone; which is sometimes so great and so continuous as to produce the effect of a succession of trills. Aside from this, *Matilda* was admirably performed.

Albert, the son of Tell, was impersonated by Signora Bertuccia Maritzek. This lady deserves commendation for accepting a somewhat subordinate part, and for filling it with so much ease and skill. Although a true artist, in so masterly a work as this, no part can be looked upon as quite *infra dig*. Madame Maritzek secured the sympathy and admiration of the audience in her impersonation of Albert.

The saltiest rôle in *William Tell*, both in point of acting and singing is that of *Arnoldo*. The part requires an actor and singer of the very first quality. It was sustained in the present instance by Signor Boicicco. The aria in the first act, *Matilde, io t'amo*, the celebrated *O Nathilde! idole de mon ame* of the French stage, in which Duprez gained such renown for his famous *ut de poitrine*, demands a tenor voice of the most extended register. Although Sign. Boicicco gave *Arnoldo* to the entire satisfaction of the audience, we cannot but own that we have heard it better done; especially in the matter of the *ut de poitrine* (U! of the chest). In respect of acting Signor Boicicco leaves little to be desired. His best musical achievement of the evening was the *andante* movement of the trio in the second act between Tell, *Walter Furst* and himself. In this beautiful trio he was frequently and vehemently applauded; not only for his pathetic and effective singing, but excellent acting. In the aria also of the fourth act he was remarkably good. His head tones are very powerful. But the bleeding of head and chest registers is somewhat imperfect, the transition not being as imperceptible as is desirable.

Signor Badiali as *William Tell* succeeded as he does with every rôle entrusted to him. We always find in Badiali the finished artist. His part was not written for a first-rate singer. In the pathetic Gessler scene, where Tell shoots at his son, Badiali drew tears from the audience.

Signor Rocco as *Gessler* proved himself a tolerably good singer, but an intolerable actor. As conceived by Signor Rocco, *Gessler* is not a nobleman, as officer of high rank, and a functionary of the Austrian government—but the merest ruffian. Doubtless *Gessler* was a base tyrant and an arrogant knave. But this does not necessarily exclude dignity of bearing. Who is not aware that just such persons often possess the most refined manners?

Signora Venti as the *Fisherman*, Clelia as *Walter Furst* and Quinto as the Captain of *Gessler's* guards acquitted themselves to general satisfaction.

The chorus was large and effective, and evinced good triology. In the finale of the second act, *all' armi*, they brought down the admiration of the

house. The orchestra, owing perhaps to the crowded locality, was rather weak and lacking in strength on several occasions where the instrumentation demanded great power and fullness. Thus we often failed to catch a single passage of the second violins and violas. The violoncelli were almost null; the double basses ineffective and dead. We think it would be wise to raise the platform of the orchestra to make it more effective on such a performance as this.

The Ballet, though well enough, seemed out of place among the simple Swiss. The *entrées* and *piroettes* of the dancers, chained sufficiently the attention however.

Aside from some slight blemishes in the ensemble inseparable from a first representation of a work on so grand a scale, and some confusion in the general disposition of the masses on the stage, this splendid work of art was a great triumph: it is certainly the finest thing we have ever had in this country.

—The concert at the Academy on Saturday evening, part sacred and part secular, was but sparsely attended—doubtless on account of the serious period in which it fell, during the closing hours of Lent.

#### The Fyne and Harrison Concert.

The public interest was so strongly excited on the occasion of the first performance of *William Tell*, that very little has been said of this concert, which drew a crowded house and so exceedingly enthusiastic one. Two such unusual houses on the same evening as at the Academy and Niblo's shows what the musical public of this city is, when rightly appealed to. We heard the first part of the concert from a lofty perch at the top of the house, and felt ourselves well rewarded by the very finished and beautiful singing of Miss Louisa Fyne. Miss Fyne, in our opinion, stands at the very head of English vocalists. She is a thoroughbred and accomplished vocalist of the first quality. With her execution no fault is to be found: her intonation is always true: her embellishments perfectly mastered and accomplished with true artistic ease and repose; the tone of her voice is musical throughout, and has the sweet, singing quality sometimes so peculiar in Anglo-Saxon voices.

Mr. Harrison on this occasion sang tolerably in tune. We were rather surprised at the volume and chest quality (if we may so express it) of his head voice. He gave us high B with a voluminous and apparent blending with the medium register, which took us by surprise. This is the most effective part of his voice and deserves care and cultivation.

We desire all our friends, however, who wish to hear the best English songsters of the day to take some opportunity of listening to Miss Louisa Fyne.

#### Private Music-making.

—The singing of masses, of which mention was made about this time last year, has been resumed during the past Lent season by accomplished amateurs in our New York society. There is a great charm in this music and an unusual satisfaction in singing it during this graver season of the churchly year.

—Another amateur choral concert, similar to the one given last year in Dr. Potter's church, though for a different purpose, is now in progress up-town: rehearsals have commenced and the concert will probably be given in the Church of the Puritans, (Dr. Cheever's) Union Square.

## PARISIAN CHARACTERS.

Translated from the French for the Musical World.  
THE AUTOGRAPH HUNTER.

Do you see that gentleman with a sharp profile, a sunning smile, a bold head, a pliant form and wandering glance? He is a collector of autographs. What heaps of old papers he has amassed! They relate anecdotes of his skill and finesse which would astonish the shade of Cardinal Dubois. His patience resembles genius. The fox which, squatted under a bush, watches a poor hare during the day might take lessons of him.

He was told, the other day, that a member of the old National Convention was the possessor of precious letters and unpublished documents, beneath which were the signatures of the Queen, Marie-Antoinette, Robespierre, Barras, Danton, Dumourier, Madame Roland, Mirabeau, Barrere, Verguinand, and other heroes or victims of the first republic. He must have these papers. What means shall he employ?

He begins by hiring an apartment in the same building with the republican, and pays him a visit. After which the place being invested, he opens the tranches.

The republican has an old housekeeper. He bribes her by repeated presents of tickets for the theater, and bottles of cordill.

This housekeeper has a nephew. He procures for him a situation in a railroad company.

The republican is fond of game. The collector feigns a furious passion for the chase, and overwhelms him with presents of hares, pheasants, rabbits, wild boars, etc., which he kills without quitting the boulevard.

The republican likes a game of cards, and cheats at piquet. The collector learns the game, and permits himself to be robbed with impunity.

The republican is accompanied by a horrible dog, a growler and a glutton. The collector wins his confidence by feeding him with dainties.

The republican goes to the baths of Vichy, for his health. The collector packs his portmanteau and follows him.

If the republican had turned monk, the collector would have found his way to the convent.

It was not till after fifteen months, that the collector spoke of the papers which he wanted. At the end of five years the old terrorist expired, and patiences had its reward. He bequeathed by his will all his letters and documents to his friend, the collector. No Californian who has discovered a new placer, no lover who has eloped with his mistress, no general who has entered as a conqueror a besieged city, was ever more exultant.

But what does he do with his paper treasures?

They are under lock and key and nobody sees them.

## THE ORIGINAL.

That tall gentleman in a blue coat fastened with a red rosette is an Englishman, who maintains on the paré of Paris the national character for eccentricity. The other day, in the midst of a Siberian snow, which made the Champs Elysées a province of Kamchatka, he made his appearance in a beautiful sleigh, drawn by a noble horse, covered with bells, and his head ornamented with nodding plumes. Beside our original in the sleigh, was seated a lady in elegant toilette, and who seemed young and pretty.

The curious crowd gazed and admired; but suddenly, the horse took fright at a dead branch which rolled under his feet, shied, dashed the sleigh against the sidewalk, and overturned it.

The spectators hesitated to give assistance, and seized the struggling animal, while our Englishman rose, shook off the snow, and saying, "no bones broken; only a contusion or two;" he took a card from his pocket, and requesting the man who held the horse to take him to that address, he turned his back to the crowd, and departed on foot.

Meanwhile the poor lady remained extended upon the snow.

Shameful! abominable! exclaims a compassionate and indignant spectator. So pretty a woman—wounded undoubtedly—perhaps dead—and he stoops to seize her—takes her in his arms—and utters a cry. It is a straw woman with a head of pasteboard.

The small-pox was raging in the part of the Champs Elysées where this gentleman resides. It made a great noise; there was nothing else talked of for several days; when lo! our original takes this time to issue notes of invitation for a tête. They are in the usual form:—"M. X. begs that Monsieur and Madame Y., will do him the honor to pass the evening with him on Tuesday the 20th of February;" but lower down, on one corner, were the words, *on vaccination*. The fête had a splendid success.

## A SPECULATOR.

That young man opposite us was seated at dinner a few days since in a private apartment of the café Foy. Four or five of his friends were dining with him. A servant enters and hands him a note upon a silver waiter. The young man reads and changes color.

"What is it?" asked one of his guests.

"Oh! nothing—almost nothing—but I confess the news surprised me. Read it. He passes the note to his neighbor, who reads aloud these words:

"Your uncle is dead. Look out for your inheritance."

"Your uncle? What uncle? Is there an inheritance?"

"Perhaps. I had forgotten him, this dear uncle. But don't let this interrupt you. I must hasten to my agent to give him notice. I will return immediately. You will excuse me, will you not?"

The young man descends the staircase, four steps at a time, jumps into his carriage, and in a short time has given his orders to his agents, and returns and quietly resumes his dinner.

The next day he was richer by three hundred thousand francs.

The real meaning of the cabalistic note was, "The Emperor Nicholas is dead. Bay."

Another speculator gained a larger sum by means of a Java pigeon.

He has a country house in which he spends most of his time, and a wife, who has a great passion for fowls of all kinds, pheasants, ducks, pigeons, etc., which she feeds with her own hand, and sometimes eats, but always with great regret.

About eight days since, the husband and wife left home together. He was going to the Exchange. The reported departure of the Emperor for the Crimea disquieted him. He was determined to sell out everything. But his wife

had heard of a Java pigeon with an Indian name that was for sale, and her husband must first accompany her to the auction. This occupied a long time. German fowls, Shanghai, Chittagauya, everything was brought forward before the Java pigeon, so which she had set her heart. The husband was impatient, but he could not leave his wife alone in the crowd.

At last the Java pigeon was produced, and, after a short contest, assigned to the lady.

"It is mine," she exclaimed, triumphantly.

"Yes, but it has cost me dear," said the husband looking at his watch; "it is too late for the Exchange."

"Never mind, you can sell your stock to-morrow."

The next day, the funds rose rapidly, and the husband gained enormous sums.

He has had a collar of gold made for the Java pigeon.

## READABLE EXTRACTS.

On "Diet and Dress," which grave philosophers would fain consider trifles—the two great stimuli of human exertion—the maintenance of all our commerce and manufactures—without the daily vulgar necessity for which, we fancy we could be angels, but some of us, we fear, would be demons, if the child's hymn says sooth that,

"Satan finds some mischief still,  
For idle hands do."

on this immensely serious subject an article in an English Review gives some amusing comments. And first on the

## ORIGIN OF FOOD.

There is nothing, indeed, of which we know so little as the origin of the different varieties of human food. Even our common vegetable excrements have, many of them, a repellent rather than an attractive appearance; it would be curious to know how it was first discovered whether the parts below the earth or the parts above were intended to be eaten. In Afghanistan, a country abounding in legends, there is one to the effect that Satan entered into a compact with the people to teach them to cultivate the earth and bring forth its fruits; the produce to be divided between them. The bargain being made, and the soil prepared by the labor of the people, Satan produced his seeds, which in due course of time came up as carrots, turnips, parsnips, and other vegetables, the value of which lies beneath the ground. When the division took place, the people in their ignorance took that which was above the surface. In time they discovered their mistake and loudly complained of their loss. Upon which Satan with a biased smile, told them that it should be different next year. And so it was. The people were to take all the produce that was beneath the soil. But this time the Devil had sown wheat, and barley, and other grain, whose fruit is above the surface. So the people, twice tricked, got nothing but the useless roots. Experience thus made them wiser, and they came in time to know how to use the fruits of the earth.

It is certain, that many articles of food which we know to be necessary to the taste, have a very forbidding appearance to the eyes. Indeed, the marvel is in such cases how we ever come to eat them. We need hardly recall any reader's recollection to Charles Lamb's essay on the Origin of Roast Pig. It has been said that he must have been a bold man who first ate an oyster. This is said in ignorance of the legend which assigns the first act of oyster-eating to a very natural cause. It is related that a man walking one day on the seashore, picked up one of these savoury bivalves just as it was in the act of gaping.

Observing the extreme smoothness of the interior of the shell, he delineated his finger between them that he might feel their shining surface, when suddenly they closed upon the exploring digit with a sensation less pleasurable than anticipated. The prompt withdrawal of his finger was scarcely a more natural movement than its transfer to his mouth. It is not very clear why people when they hurt their fingers put them in their mouths; but it is very certain that they do; and in this case the result was most fortunate. The owner of the finger tasted oyster-juice for the first time, as the Chinaman in *Ellis's* essay having burnt his finger, first tasted crabs. The savour was delicious,—he had made a great discovery; so he picked up the oyster, forced open the shells, banquished upon their contents, and soon brought oyster-eating into fashion. And milk most famous it has never gone, and is never likely to go out.

Another question for profound investigation by the Antediluvians must have been, what articles might be savoury cooked which could not be eaten otherwise; a question about which Postdiluvians sometimes make mistakes; like the English lady, who received a present of cranberries from America, and wrote in return to her friend, that it was a beautiful fruit, and she had no doubt was very nice when freshly plucked, but owing to the length of the voyage, it had become somewhat sour. But we must make some extracts on the sister subject of Dress; and first as to

HATS.

The subject of *Hats* is a melancholy one. Dr. Doan says, with exceeding truth, that "the ugliest article that ever could be devised for the purpose, seems to be planted upon our unwilling brows for ever." The ugliest and most inconvenient and most uncomfortable. We do not know one single appreciable condition which the Englishman's round hat fulfils. Everybody complains of it—but everybody wears it. In spite of the universal acknowledgment that the hard ungainly cylinder, with which we afflict ourselves, is, in every sense, an abomination, we have not the courage to adopt anything more pleasant to wear, and more comely to look upon. At the time of the Great Exhibition of 1861, one or two London hatters, encouraged by the notion that the coherency of all nations, which it was believed would be buddled together in the metropolis during that remarkable summer, would present a motley variety of costumes; and that, therefore, any departure from the conventional style of dress would be less noticeable than at any other times, took advantage of the occasion and endeavored to introduce a new and improved form of mainly head-gear. Many varieties of hats figured in the shop-windows. There were lowerings of the crown and widenings of the brim; and, here and there a suggestion of feathers. The idea of feathers was of course preposterous, being utterly out of keeping with stand-up collars, stiff neckcloths, tail-coats and long-trowsers; but there were other more moderate innovations not unworthy of general recognition. The attempted reform was a laudable one; but it failed. While the metropolis was full of strangers, a small number of these improved beavers were sold, and one or two sanguine tradesmen began to think that an improved hat, presenting fewer of the features of the old chimney-pot would really come to be adopted. But the Exhibition was closed; the men of "All Nations" dispersed; and the adventurous gentlemen, who had donned the new style hat, lost heart, and fell back upon the old conventionality.

The author writes rather despondingly, but we have not lost all hope of reform. Perhaps this Eastern war may have the same effect in enlarging the minds of Europeans as in the old crusading times; are not the Frenchmen who

compose the Zouave regiments fighting at this very moment in the Crimea in fex and turban? No wonder, when released from the bonds of beaver and broad cloth, that they form "the first soldiers in the world," as the French Commander-in-Chief calls them.

Here we have a specimen of progress backwards, if we may use an Irishism in these Know Nothing days.

Sir Henry Smith, at the Cape of Good Hope, conceived the idea of waning the Kafir chiefs from the predatory habits, which had worsened and were occasioning so much border warfare, by encouraging them to adopt tail coats. But he unquestionably regarded broad-cloth as a powerful agent of civilization, and in order to give it full effect, proclaimed that he would receive at the durbar, or levee, which he held on the frontier, only those savages who appeared decently attired in tail coats. The result was as we are assured was curious. Cape Town and Graham's Town were largely inundated upon these symbols of civilized life, and the warriors of South Africa might have been seen scrambling to and from the camp of the English chief with their naked bodies thrust into swallow-tailed coats, and their naked limbs dangling down beneath the produce of the European shop-shop.

But we must devote one extract to Ladies Dress, and it shall be on the late fashion of HIGH HEELS.

Women with large or mis-shapen feet seldom or never move gracefully. They can neither walk nor dance well. And running is an impossibility. To real grace of movement it would seem almost essential that the foot should be arched. This is coming to be better understood among us. Flat feet are too common in England—but dress, as we have before said, is a great leveller; and high-heeled boots, now so generally used, give an artificial hollow to the foot. The frightful habit of turning up the toes in walking is thus almost entirely destroyed. Indeed, nothing is more observable than the improvement which, in this respect, has taken place in England during the last two or three years. Our women walk better than they did, and are better shod than they were. How it happened that they were so long in discovering that kid-tipped boots are far more slightly than those made of cloth or cabmetone, we do not pretend to know; but certainly the discovery is one of the best that has been made of late years in the regions of costume. High heels come in simultaneously, and may almost be regarded as part and parcel of this becoming innovation. Our streets are consequently less disfigured than they were by the spectacles of shoals of women all showing the soles of their feet to people meeting them from their front. These high or "military heels" necessarily force down the toes, and compel the proper movement in walking—the proper exercise of the right muscles. The tendency of this elevation of the heel is to throw the calf of the leg out of the ankle, where, under bad treatment, it is too apt to settle. It is said, that, in this respect, the confirmation of French women is better than that of our own, because the absence of *troutière*, or aide pretence from so many of their *trousers*, and a very common use in the large towns, of this shoe, compels them to pick their way on their toes. We think that it is Dr. Arceuth, who, in his *Elements of Physics*, illustrates the effect of both wearing thin shoes and standing on one's toes, by comparing the legs of two men, *ceteris paribus*, taken from the same station of life, the one to become a farm laborer and the other a London footman. The thin shoes of the latter, and the habit of standing on his toes behind her lordship's carriage, develop the calves and refine the ankles of Thomas, whilst the heavy hob-nailed boots of Hodge have an opposite effect, and reduce his leg to a perfect cylinder.

LINES BY MRS. SIGOURNEY,

TO THE VENERABLE EDITOR OF THE "YOUTH'S COMPANION."

Long has thy Gift, with varied wealth replete  
Kindled to brighter smiles their blooming brows  
Who watch'd its advent, as a pleasant guest,  
Skillful to do them good.

Now, some of those

Who had it welcome in its earliest youth,  
Take their own little ones upon their knees,  
And read for them its pages,—polling out  
Each pictured column,—made by lapses of time  
Only more beautiful.

With patient care,

Race after race, throughout the wide-spread vale  
Of this our glorious country, hast thou taught  
Their duty to each other; and to God—  
Thine own example seconding the lore.  
May He, whom thus thou serve, deign to make  
Time and its toils sit lightly on thy heart,—  
Patience and Children's friend.

Since the first birth

Of thy fair soul,—hath it spread its wing,  
Unfurling, unfurling,—year by year,  
To me and to my household.

One there was,

With violet tinted eyes, who joyful mark'd  
Thy weekly coming, and with beauteous pride  
Filed its bound volumes in his library—  
He fell, in the young blossom of his strength,  
My faded hope.

For him and for ourselves,—

Still longer spared, I give three earnest thanks,  
Patience and Friend.

HARTFORD, March 5, 1865.

\* N. WALLIS.

## CALIFORNIA FUN.

The following droll burlesque we copy from that raucous of all monthlies, the *California Pioneer*.

OFFICIAL REPORT OF PROFESSOR JOHN FREDERICK, A. M.

*Of a Military Survey and Reconnaissance of the route from San Francisco to the Mission of Dolores, made with a view to ascertain the practicability of connecting those points by a Railroad.*

Mission de Dolores, Feb. 15, 1866

It having been definitely determined that the great Railroad, connecting the city of San Francisco with the head of navigation on Mission Creek, should be constructed without unnecessary delay, a large appropriation (\$12,000) was granted for the purpose of causing thorough military examinations to be made of the proposed routes. The routes, which had principally attracted the attention of the public, were "the Northern," following the line of Brannan street, "the Central," through Folsom street, and "the extreme Southern," passing over the "Old Plank Road" to the Mission. Each of these proposed routes has many enthusiastic advocates; but "the Central" was undoubtedly the favorite of the public, it being more extensively used by emigrants from San Francisco to the Mission, and therefore, more widely and favorably known than the others. It was to the examination of this route, that the committee, feeling a confidence (eminently justified by the result of my labors) in my experience, judgment and skill as a Military Engineer, appointed me on the first instant. Having notified the Honorable Body of my acceptance of the important trust confided to me, in a letter, wherein I also took occasion to congratulate them on the good judgment they had evinced, I drew from the Treasurer the amount (\$40,000) appropriated for my peculiar route, and having invested it securely in loans at three per cent. a month, (made to avoid accident in my own name) I proceeded to organize my party for the expedition.

In a few days my arrangements were completed, and my scientific corps organized as follows:—

John Phoenix, Principal Engineer and Chief Astronomer; Lieut. Minus Root, Apocryphal Engineers; First Assistant Astronomer. Lieut. Non Plus A. Zero, Hypercritical Engineers, Second Assistant Astronomer; Dr. Abraham Dunsinkewer, Geologist; Dr. Targue Hysteriveter, Naturalist. Here



Von Der Weagates, Botanist. Dr. Fogy L. Biggins, Ethnologist. Dr. Tushmuck, Dentist. Eory Helfred Jinkins, R. A., and Adolph Krest, Draftsman. Hil Fan, Interpreter; James Phoenix, (my elder brother), Treasurer; Joseph Phoenix, ditto, Quarter-Master; William Phoenix, (younger brother), Commissary; Peter Phoenix, ditto, Clerk; Paul Phoenix, (my cousin), Sutter; Ramon Phoenix, ditto, Wagon-Master; Richard Phoenix, (second cousin), Assistant ditto.

These gentlemen, with one hundred and eighty-four laborers employed as isometers, chainmen, rod men, etc., made up the party. For instruments, we had 1 large Transit Instrument, (8 inch arcomatic lens), 1 Mural Circle, 1 Altitude and Azimuth Instrument, (these instruments are permanently set up in a mule cart, which was backed into the plane of the true meridian, when required for use), 13 large Theodolites, 13 small ditto, 8 Transit Compasses, 17 Sextants, 34 Artificial Horizons, 1 Sidereal Clock, and 184 Solar Compasses. Each employee was furnished with a gold chronometer watch, and by a single minute, a diamond pin and gold chain; for directions having been given that they should be furnished with "chains and pins,"—meaning of course such articles as are used in surveying,—Lieut. Root, whose "all somewhat overran his discretion," incidentally procured for each man the above-named articles of jewelry, by mistake. They were purchased at Tucker's (where it is needless to remark, "you can buy a diamond pin or ring.") and afterwards proved extremely useful in our intercourse with the natives of the Mission of Dolores, and, indeed, along the route.

Every man was suitably armed with four of Colt's revolvers, a Minnie rifle, a copy of Colonel Benton's speech on the Pacific Railroad, and a mountain bowler. These last named heavy articles required each man to be furnished with a wheelbarrow for their transportation, which we accordingly none; and these vehicles proved of great service on the survey, in transporting not only the arms but the baggage of the party, as well as the plunder derived from the natives. A squadron of dragoons, numbering 100 men, under the command of Capt. McSpadden, had been detailed as an escort. They according left about a week before us, and we heard of them occasionally on the march.

On consulting with my assistants, I had determined to select as a base for our operations, a line joining the summit of Telegraph Hill with the extremity of wharf at Oakland, and two large iron thirty-two pounders were procured, and at great expense embedded in the earth, one at each extremity of the line to mark the initial points. On placing the compasses over these points to determine the bearing of the base, we were extremely perplexed by the unaccountable local attraction that prevailed; and were compelled in consequence to select a new position. This we finally concluded to adopt between Fort Point and Sausalito; but, on attempting to measure the base, we were deterred by the unexpected depth of the water intervening, which, to our surprise, was considerably over the chain bearers' heads. Disliking to abandon our new line, which had been selected with much care and at great expense, I determined to employ in its measurement a reflecting instrument, used very successfully by the United States Coast Survey. I, therefore, directed my assistants to procure me a "Heliometer," but after being anxious by having brought to me successively a sweet smelling shrub of that name, and a box of "Lubin's Extract" to select from, it was finally ascertained, that no such instrument could be procured in California. In this extremity, I bought myself of using a substitute of the flash of gunpowder. Wishing to satisfy myself of its practicability by an experiment, I placed Dr. Dunsenburger at a distance of forty paces from Theodolite, with a flint-lock musket, carefully primed, and directed him to flash in the pan, when I should wave my hand. Having covered the Doctor with Theodolite, and by a movement of

a tangent screw placed the intersection of the cross-threads directly over the musket, I accordingly waved; when I was astounded by a tremendous report, a violent blow in the eye and the instantaneous disappearance of the instrument.

Observing Dr. Dunsenburger lying on his back in one direction, and my hat which had been violently torn from my head, at about the same distance in another, I concluded that the musket had been accidentally loaded. He proved to be the case; the marks of three buckshot were found in my hat, and a shower of screws, broken lenses and pieces of brass, which shortly fell around us, told where the ball had struck, and bore fearful testimony to the accuracy of Dr. Dunsenburger's practice. Believing these experiments more curious than useful, I abandoned the use of the "Heliometer" or its substitutes, and determined to reverse the usual process, and arrive at the end of the base line by sub-quant triangulation. I may as well state here, that this course was adopted and resulted to our entire satisfaction; the distance from Fort Point to Sausalito by the solution of a mean of 1,867,484,926,465 triangles, being determined to be exactly three hundred and twenty-four feet. This result differed very much from preconceived ideas and from the popular opinion; the distance being generally supposed to be some ten miles; but I will stake my professional reputation on the accuracy of our work, and these can, of course, be no disputing the elucidations of science or facts demonstrated by mathematical process, however incredible they may appear *per se*.

We had adopted an entirely new system of triangulation, which I am proud to claim (though I hope with becoming modesty) as my own invention. It simply consists in placing one leg or a tripod on the initial point, and opening out the other legs as far as possible; the distance between the legs is then measured by a two foot rule and noted down; and the tripod moved, so as to form a second triangle, connected with the first, and so on, until the county to be triangulated has been entirely gone over. By using a large number of tripods, it is easily seen with what rapidity the work may be carried on, and this was, in fact, the object of my requisition for so large a number of solar compasses, the tripod being in my opinion the only useful portion of that absurd instrument. Having given Lieut. Root charge of triangulation, and detached Mr. Jinkins with a small party on hydrographical duty, (to sound a man's sail, on the upper part of Dupont street, and report thereon) on 5th of February I left the Plaza with the surveyors and the remainder of my party, to commence the examination and survey of Kearney street.

Beside the mules drawing the cart which carried the transit instrument, I had procured two fine pack mules, each of which carried two barrels of feed for the draftsman. Following the tasteful example of that gallant gentleman who conducted the Dead Sea Expedition, and wishing likewise to pay a compliment to the administration and to which I was employed, I named the mules "Fanny Pierce," and "Fanny Bigler." Our cortege passing along Kearney street attracted much attention from the natives, and, indeed, our appearance was sufficiently imposing to excite interest even in less untutored minds than those of these barbarians.

First came the cart bearing our instruments; then a cart containing Lieut. Zero with a mule, with which he constantly noted the changes of grade that might occur; then one hundred and fifty men, four abreast, armed to the teeth, each wheeling before him his personal property and a mountain bowler; then the surveyors, each with note book and pencil, constantly jotting down some object of interest, (Dr. Tushmuck was so zealous to do something that he pulled a tooth from an iron rick standing near a stable door, and was carried thither by the illiberal proprietor), and finally, the Chief Professor, walking arm in arm with Dr. Dunsenburger and going from side to side with an air of ineffable blandness and dignity, brought up the rear.

I had made arrangements to measure the length of Kearney Street by two methods; first, by chaining its sidewalks; and, secondly, by a little instrument of my invention called the "Goltometer." This last, consists of a straight rod of brass, firmly strapped to a man's leg and connected with a system of clock-work placed on his back, with which it performs, when he walks, the office of a ballistic pendulum. About one foot below the ornamental buttons on the men's backs appears a dial-plate connected with the clock-work, on which is promptly registered by an index each step taken. Of course, the length of the step being known, the distance passed over in a day may be obtained by a simple process.

We arrived at the end of Kearney street and encamped for the night about sundown near a large brick building, inhabited by a class of people called "The Orphans," who, I am credibly informed, have no fathers, or mothers! After seeing the camp properly arranged, the wheelbarrows packed and a guard detailed, I sent for the chainmen and "Goltometer" bearer to ascertain the distance traveled during the day.

Judge of my surprise to find that the chainmen, having received no instructions, had simply drawn the chain after them through the streets, and had no idea of the distance whatever. Turning from them in displeasure, I took from the "Goltometer" the number of paces marked, and on working the distance, found it to be four miles and a-half. Upon close questioning the bearer, William Poulter, (called by his associates, "Slippery Bill,") I ascertained that he had been in a saloon in the vicinity, and after drinking five glasses of a beverage, known among the natives as "Lager Bier," he had danced a little for their amusement. Feeling very much dissatisfied with the day's survey, I stepped out of camp and stopping an omnibus, asked the driver how he thought it to the Plaza? He replied "Half a mile," which I accordingly noted down, and returned very much pleased at so easily obtaining so much valuable information. It would appear, therefore, that "Slippery Bill," under the influence of five glasses, (probably two-and-a-half quarts) of "Lager Bier," had actually danced four miles in a few moments.

Kearney Street, is a pass about fifty feet in width. The soil is loose and sandy, about one inch in depth, below which, Dr. Dunsenburger discovered a stratum of white pine, three inches in thickness, and beneath this again, sand.

It is densely populated and smells of horses. Its surface is intersected with many pools of sulphuretted protoxide of hydrogen, and we found several specimens of a vegetable substance, loosely distributed, which is classed by Mr. Weagates as the *stictus cobbergensis*.

It being late in the evening when our arrangements for encamping were completed, we saw but little of the natives until the next morning, when they gathered about our camp to the number of eighteen.

We were surprised to find them of diminutive stature, the tallest not exceeding three feet in height. They were excessively mischievous and disposed to steal such trifling things as they could carry away. Their countenances are of the color of dirt, and their hair white and glossy as the silk of mice. The one that we took to be their chief, was an exceedingly diminutive personage, but with a bald head which gave him a very venerable appearance. He was dressed in a dingy robe of ecenet and was borne in the arms of one of his followers. On making them a speech, proposing a treaty and assuring them of the protection of their great Father, Pierce, the chief was affected to tears, and on being comforted by his followers, repeatedly exclaimed, "da, da, da, da," which, we were informed by the interpreter, meant "father," and was intended as a respectful allusion to the President. We presented him afterwards with some beads, hawk-bells and other presents, which he immediately thrust into his mouth, saying "Goo," and crowing like a cock; which was ran-



dared by the interpreter into an expression of high satisfaction. Having made presents to all his followers, they at length left us very well pleased, and we shortly after took up our line of march. From the notes of Dr. Biggins, I transcribe the following description of one of this deeply interesting people: "Kerney Street native; name—Bill; height, two feet nine inches; hair, white; complexion, dirt color; eyes, blue; no front teeth;—spat at extremity of nose;—dress, a besique of bluish bannu, with two gussets, ornamented down the front with crocheted work of molasses sandy, three buttons on one side and eight button holes on the other; leggings of two cloth, fringed at the bottom and permitting free ventilation behind—one shoe and one boot;—occupation, erecting small pyramids of dirt and water; when asked what they were, replied 'piles,' (word in Spanish meaning feet; supposed they might be the feet or foundation of some barbarian structure.)

We broke up our encampment and moved North by compass across Market Street, on the morning of the 6th, and about noon had completed the survey as far as the corner of Second Street.

While crossing Market Street, being anxious to know the exact time, I concluded to determine it by observation. Having removed the Sideral Clock from the cart, and put it in the street, we placed the cart in the plane of the Meridian, and I removed the eye and object glass of the transit, for the purpose of wiping them. While busily engaged in this manner, an individual, whom I have reason to believe is connected with a fire company, approached, and seeing the large brass tube of the transit pointed to the sky, mistook it for a huge speaking trumpet. Mistaken by the delusion, he mounted the cart, and in an awful tone of voice shouted through the transit "Wash her, Thirteenth!" but having misestimated the strength of his lungs, he was seized with a violent fit of coughing, and before he could be removed had completely coughed the vertical hairs out of the instrument. I was in despair at this sudden destruction of the utility of our most valuable instrument, but fortunately recollecting a gridiron, that he was among our kitchen apparatus, I directed Dr. Heavystearne to hold it up in the plane of the true Meridian, and with an open glass watched and noted by the clock the passage of the sun's center across the fire bars. Having made these observations, I requested the principal computer to work them out, as I wished to ascertain the time immediately; but he replying that it would take some three months to do it, I concluded not to wait, but sent a man into the grocery, corner of Market and Second, to inquire the time, who soon returned with the desired information. It may be thought singular, that with so many gold watches in our party, we should ever be found at a loss to ascertain the time; but the fact was that I had directed every one of our employees to set his watch by Greenwich mean time, for ordinary purposes the meanest time that can be found. A distressing casualty that befell Dr. Biggins on this occasion may be found worthy of record. An omnibus, passing during the time of observation, was driven carelessly near our Sideral Clock, with which it almost came into contact. Dr. Biggins, with a slight smile, remarked that "the clock was nearly run down," and immediately faintly away. The pursuits of science cannot be delayed by accidents of this nature, two of the workmen removed our unfortunate friend, at once, to the Orphan Asylum, where, having rung the bell, they left him on the step and departed, and we never saw him afterwards.

From the corner of Market to the corner of Second and Folson Streets, the route presents no object of interest worthy of mention. We were forced to the conclusion, however, that little throwing of stones prevails near the latter point, as the inhabitants mostly live in glass houses. On the 8th we had

brought the survey nearly up to Southwick's Pass on Folson Street, and we commenced going through the Pass on the morning of the ninth. This pass consists of a rectangular ravine, about 10 feet in length, the sides lined with pine boards, with a white oak (*quercus albus*) bar, that at certain occasions forms across, entirely obstructing the whole route. We found no difficulty in getting through the Pass on foot, nor with the wheelbarrows; but the mule carts and the "two Fanlers" were more troublesome, and we were finally unable to get them through without a considerable pecuniary disbursement, amounting in all to one dollar and fifty cents (\$1.50). We understand that the City of San Francisco is desirous of effecting a safe and free passage through this celebrated cañon, but a large appropriation (\$250,000) is required for the purpose.

The following passage relating to this portion of the route, transcribed from the Geological Notes of Dr. Dumbanner, though not directly connected with the objects of the survey, are extremely curious in a scientific point of view, and may be of interest to the general reader.

The beautiful idea, originated by Col. Benton, that buffaloes and other wild animals are the pioneer engineers, and that subsequent explorations can discover no better roads than those selected by them, would appear to apply admirably to the Central Route. Many pigs, singly and in drives met and passed me continually; and as the pig is unquestionably a more sagacious animal than the buffalo, their preference for this route is a most significant fact. I was, moreover, informed by the emigrants, that this route was 'the one followed by Col. Fremont, when he lost his men.' This statement must be received *cum grano salis*, as on my inquiry—"What men?" my informant replied "A box of cheese," which answer from its levity threw an air of doubt over the whole piece of information, in my mind. There can be no question, however, that Lieut. Beale has frequently traveled this route, and that it was a favorite with him; indeed, I am informed that he took the first omnibus over it that ever left San Francisco for the Mission of Dolores.

The climate, in these latitudes is mild, snow appears to be unknown, and we saw but little ice; what there was being sold at twenty-five cents per lb.

The geological formation of the country is not volcanic, I saw but one small specimen of trap during the march, which I observed at the "Valley House," with a monse in it. From the vast accumulations of sand in these regions, I am led to adopt the opinion of the ethnologists of the 'California Academy of Natural Sciences,' and conclude that the original name of this territory was Sand Francisco, from which the dual 'd' in the prefix has been lost by time, like the art of painting on glass.

Considering the innumerable villages of pigs to be found located on the line of march, and the consequent effect produced on the atmosphere, I would respectfully suggest to the Chief Engineer the propriety of changing the name of the route by a slight alteration in the Orthography, giving it the appropriate and euphonious title of the 'Scrawled R. R. Route.'

Respectfully submitted,  
ABRAHAM DUMBANNER, L. L. D.  
P. O. C. R. R. S."

From Southwick's Pass, the survey was continued with unabated ardor until the evening of the 10th instant, when we had arrived opposite Mrs. Freeman's "American Eagle," where we encamped. From this point a botanical party under Prof. Weegates was sent over the hills to the S. and W. for exploration. They returned on the 11th, bringing a box of sardines, a tin can of preserved whortleberries, and a bottle of whisky, as specimens of products of the country over which they had passed. They reported discovering on the old plank road an inn or hotel kept by a native American Irishman, whose sign exhibited the Harp of Ireland encircling the shield of

the United States with the mottoes  
"EST IN OMNIA,"  
"E FLORIBUS FRAGOR."

The survey and reconnaissance being finished on our arrival at the Mission, it may be expected that I should here give a full and impartial statement as to the merits or demerits of the route, in connection with the proposed Railroad.

Some three months must elapse, however, before this can be done, as triangulation has yet to be perfectly computed, the sub reports examined and compiled, the observations worked out, and maps and drawings executed. Besides, I have received a letter from several parties interested in the Southern and Northern routes, informing me that if I suspend my opinion on the "Great Central" for the present, it will be greatly to my interest,—and as my interest is certainly my principal consideration, I shall undoubtedly comply with their request, unless, indeed, greater inducement is offered to the contrary.

Meanwhile I can assure the public, that a great deal may certainly be said in favor of the Central Route. A full report accompanied by maps, charts, sub reports, diagrams, calculations, tables and statistics, may shortly be expected.

Prof. Dr. Heavystearne, Dr. Dumbanner and myself, executed in black coat plaster by Mr. Jinhins, R. A., one of the artists of the Expedition, in his unrivalled style of elegance, may be seen for short time at Messrs. LaCount & Strong's—scale half inch to one foot.

In conclusion I beg leave to return my thanks to Professors, Aristocrats, and Artists of the Expedition, for the energy, fidelity, and zeal, with which they have ever co-operated with me, and seconded my efforts; and to assure them that I shall be very happy at any time to sit for my portrait for them, are to accept the handsome service of plate, which I am told they have prepared for me, but I feel too much delicacy to speak to me about.

I remain, with the highest respect and esteem for myself and everybody else, JOHN PHOENIX, A. M.,  
Chief Engineer and Astronomer, S. F. A. M. D. C. R.

## MISCELLANIES.

### MUSIC.

From the London Literary Journal.

Muscle spoken,

Muscle broken,

By the reaking of a rill!

What is this but what doth enter  
Into every heart's deep center,  
And doth all with gladness fill?

Muscle waking,

Muscle taking,

From the bosoms of their joy,  
What is this but what doth nor mar,  
Growing fuller, growing firmer,  
When our dreams our deeds employ?

Muscle dwelling,

Where the swelling  
Of the wind and wave is near,  
What is this great heart of ocean,  
But our own changed motion,  
Now a smile and now a tear?

Muscle ringing,

Where the singing  
Of the woodruff fills the dell,  
What is this delight of being  
But our own, when we are seeing  
What no words but song can tell?

Through the ages,

On the pages  
Of the poet born to live,  
Music from the suns that gladden,  
From the flowers the fields that christen;  
Music, wherefore do we listen;  
"Tis the bliss which none can give!

CHILD BROWN.—A philosopher once asked a little girl if she had a soul. She looked up into his face with an air of astonishment and offend-

ed dignity and replied:

"To be sure I have."

"What makes you think you have?"

"Because I have," she promptly replied.

"But how do you know you have a soul?"

"Because I do know," she answered again.

It was a child's reason, but the philosopher could hardly have given a better.

"Well, then," said he after a moment's consideration, "if you have a soul, can you tell me what your soul is?"

"Why," said she, "I am six years old, and don't you suppose that I know what my soul is?"

"Perhaps you do. If you will tell me, I shall find out whether you do or not."

"Then you think I don't know," she replied, "but I do: it's my *think*."

"Your *think*!" said the philosopher, astonished in his turn; "who told you so?"

"Nobody. I should be ashamed if I did not know that without being told."

The philosopher had troubled his brain a great deal about the soul, but he could not have given a better definition of it in so few words.—*Raeper*.

#### SKETCH OF A MUSICAL EDITOR.

The following sketch is abridged from the French and German:—

François Joseph Fétis, the learned musical theorist, critic, and journalist, known also as an industrious composer, was born at Mons, in Belgium, in 1784. He manifested a passion and talent for music at a very early age, and had his instruction from his father, who was organist at the Cathedral, and conductor of the concerts in that city. He entered the Conservatory at Paris, in the year 1800, where he became the pupil of Rey in harmony. In 1804, he studied under Albrechtsberger, in Vienna. He tried his fortunes in many branches of musical composition, not excepting symphonies and the larger forms of church music, but his true vocation more and more developed itself in the sphere of musical learning and criticism. He published first in 1829, his "*Traité élémentaire d'harmonie et accompagnement*," (Elementary Treatise on Harmony and Accompaniment); afterwards, in 1824, a valuable treatise on counterpoint and fugue ("*Traité du contrepoint et de la fugue*"), which was adopted as the basis of instruction at the Conservatory. His next work was a memoir on the question; "What was the merit of the Flemish musicians in the fifteenth, sixteenth, and seventeenth centuries?" which received a prize from the Royal Institute of the Netherlands. In 1829, he published his "*Traité de l'accompagnement de la partition*" (Treatise on the Accompaniment of a Score), and in 1830 his popular little work, which has been translated into English and German, "*La musique mise à la portée de tout le monde*" (Music made plain to all the world).

In 1827, Fétis commenced the publication of his very valuable musical journal, "*La Revue Musicale*," which he continued without interruption till November, 1835, nearly nine years. Of the labors and responsibility of this task we may form some idea from his own description of it in his *Biographie Universelle*:—"With the exception of ten or twelve articles, Fétis edited the first five years alone, making the amount of matter equal to about 8,000 octavo pages. During the first three years he gave every week

twenty-four pages of 4 mail, close type, and in the fourth year thirty-two pages of a larger size. During this time he had to be present at all representations of new operas or revivals of old ones, and the *débuts* of singers, at all kinds of concerts; to visit the schools of music; inquire into new systems of teaching; visit the workshops of musical instrument makers to render account of new inventions or improvements; analyze what appeared most important in the new music; read what was published, in France or foreign countries, upon the theory, didactic, or history of music; take cognizance of the journals relating to this art, published in Germany in Italy, and in England; and even consult a great many scientific *Reviews*, for facts neglected in these journals; and finally keep up an active correspondence;—and all this without neglecting his duties as professor of composition in the Conservatory or interrupting other serious labors." At the same time M. Fétis edited the musical *Feuilleton* in the newspaper *Le Temps*, and says that several times he has written the following articles upon a new opera on the same day, amounting in all to about twenty-five octavo pages—one for his own *Revue*, one for the *Temps*, and one for the *National*; each article considered the opera under a different point of view, and all three appeared the day but one after the performance.

Fétis commenced the collection of materials of his great biographical dictionary of musicians as early as 1800. The first volume appeared in 1837 (Brussels: Mellin, Cane & Co.), and the continuation in 1144 (Mayence: Schott & Sons). It is the most complete work of the kind in existence, filling eight large octavo volumes, under the title of *Biographie Universelle des Musiciens, et Bibliographie Générale de la Musique*. It is a work valuable for reference, though the Germans complain—doubtless with some justice—of the partiality displayed in this and other writings of Fétis.

In the year 1833, Fétis was appointed director of the newly established Belgian Conservatoire at Brussels, which position he still holds. His musical journal has also been revived for some years past, under the title of *Revue et Gazette Musicale*; and principally edited by himself and his son. He has also continued to compose music, to write and publish books and treatises, theoretic, critical, philosophical, and didactic, and to give historical concerts and lectures upon music. For a fuller catalogue of his works, see article *Fétis* in his *Biog. Universelle*.

#### THE LOGAN GRAZIER.

BY THOMAS DEWEY KENNEL.

At dawn to where the herbage grows,  
Up yonder hill the grazer goes.

Obed'nt to his every word,  
Before him stalk the lowing herd.

Reinocent in the misty morn,  
With slanting hoof and tawny horn.

With lengthened low and angry moan,  
Go black and dappled, red and roan.

Through drain and hollow, up the hill  
They pass, obedient to his will.

The slender ox and mighty bull—  
The grazer thinks them beautiful.

You see less beauty in the herd,  
Than in yon orange-tinted bird;

You fix your better pleased gaze  
On yon broad sweep of emerald meads;

At dawn to where the herbage grows,  
Up yonder hill the grazer goes.

Yon eagle on the hill-side high,  
Or on yon field of waving rye.

More pleased with maize, or rye, or trees—  
The grazer's sight is not on these.

He sees a netted purse of gold,  
In every hollow three-year old.

He sees new comforts around his home,  
When buyers down from Taswell come.

He sees his cabin nigh the creek.  
Its mud daubed chimney changed to brick.

Its rude logs built by clap boards sawed,  
Split shingles on its roof so broad;

New puncheons on the worn out floor,  
A plank fence before the door,

And cups of tin and plates of delf,  
And pewter spoons adorn the shelf.

Cloze where the rids hangs on hooks,  
On cupboard top are rows of books—

The pilgrim of the dreaming John,  
And Wern's life of Merlin:

The well-thumbed speeches of Calhoun,  
The pictured life of Daniel Boone;

D'Aubigne's story told so well,  
How Luther fought and Cranmer fell;

To please his wife a yellow gown,  
And beads to deck his daughters brown.

A jack-knife for his youngest son,  
A rifle for the eldest one.

All these to him the cattle low,  
As up the hill they slowly go.

He fears no ravage of disease,  
'Mong' brutes so strong and fat as these.

There's salt enough for them in store,  
Brought from Kanawha's muddy shore.

The herbage on the hill is good,  
The fern is thick within the wood.

There's tender grass in yonder drain,  
And pea-vine on the summit plain.

High thought of gain that moment thrills  
The grazer of the Logan hills.

He envies not the hero bold,  
He cares not who may offer hold.

The statesman's pride, the stout man's limb,  
The lover's hope are naught to him.

His mind three things alone alone reverts—  
His wife, his children and his herds.

So these may flourish and be fair,  
All these around is smoke and air.

O Logan Grazer, stout and strong,  
Deceiving fraud, defying wrong;

Brave as three ancestors who bore  
The scars of combat long and sore,

And fearless met in battle shock,  
The wild and painted Shawanock;

True as the rife in thy hand,  
And generous as thy fertile land—

Fall oft I've eaten by thy side  
Thy cakes of corn and venison fried;

Off to thy cabin as thy guest  
Have stretched my weary limbs to rest.

I love to note thy honest brow,  
Staunch friend and true companion thou;

And know no smaller form is seen  
Than dwells within thy coat of jean;

Truth fills those eyes so keenly set  
Beneath thy fax skin cap, and yet

I would not that thy lot were mine,  
I would not that thy lot were thine.

Guard thou thy herds and count thy gold,  
Be glad when those great herds are sold.

For me, by midnight lamp, I pore  
My manuscript in silence o'er.

Each to the path that suits his feet;  
Each toll for time is moving feet.

And soon in woollen shrouds arrayed,  
Both in our narrow coffins laid,

It matters not if cattle fair,  
Or making songs have been our care.

The poet's and the Gracioso's form,  
 Shall feed alike the greedy worm;  
 Shall pass the poet's glowing words;  
 Shall pass the gracioso's loving words;  
 And from man's memory fade away  
 Both gracioso's about and poet's lay.

## FATALISM.

One of the popular tales current among the Servians—which we take from a collection made by Wuk Stephanowitch Karadzichitch—emphatically illustrates a well-known oriental doctrine, and suggests how stern a curse such doctrine becomes to the people among whom it is once admitted.

Once upon a time there were two brothers who lived together. One was industrious and did everything, the other was lazy and did nothing except eat and drink. Their harvests were always magnificent, and they had plenty of oxen, horses, sheep, pigs, bees, and all else. The brother who did everything said to his idler one day, "Why should I work for this idler? It is better that we should part." He said, therefore, "My brother, it is not just that I should do everything, whilst thou doest nothing but eat and drink. I have decided, therefore, that we ought to part." The other sought to turn him from his purpose, saying, "Brother, let not that be so; we prosper as we are, and behold all things are in thy hands, as well those which belong to me, and those which are thine. Thou knowest also that whatever thou wilt thou doest, and I am content." But the elder persisted in his resolution, and the younger yielded, saying, "If it must be so, yet I will have no part in this act. Make the division as thou wilt." The division was then made, and each brother took what was his portion.

Then the idler hired a herdman for his cattle, and a shepherd for his sheep, another herdman for his goats, a keeper for his swine, and yet another for his bees; and said to them all, "I entrust my property to you, and may God keep you." Having done that, he continued to live as before.

The worker, on the contrary, continued to exert himself as he had always done. He kept no servants, but himself attended to his own affairs. Nevertheless all went wrong with him, and he became poorer every day, until at last he did not possess even a pair of shoes, and was obliged to walk about barefooted. Then he said to himself, "I will go to my brother and see how it is now with him."

His way was over land covered with grass. He saw a flock of sheep feeding there unattended by a shepherd. Near them sat a beautiful girl, who was sewing with a golden thread. After having related her, he asked to whom the flock belonged; and she answered, "To whom I belong these sheep also belong."

"And who art thou?" he inquired.

She replied, "I am the Genius of thy brother."

Then was this man's soul filled with rage and envy, and he said to her, "But my Genius, where is she?"

The girl said, "Ah! she is far from thee."

"Can I find her?" he asked.

She answered, "Yes; after long travel."

And when he heard this, he went straightway to his brother; who, when he saw his wretched state, was filled with grief, and, bursting into

tears, said to him, "Where hast thou been so long?" And when he had heard all, and knew that his brother wished to go in search of his far-distant Genius, he gave him money and a pair of shoes.

After the two brothers had remained some days together, the elder one returned to his own house, threw a sack upon his shoulders, into which he put some bread, took a stick in his hand, and set out to walk through the world to seek his Genius. Having travelled for some time, he found himself at last in the midst of a great wood, where he saw, asleep under a bush, a frightful hag. He strove long to awaken her, and at last in order to do so put a snake down her back; but even then she moved with difficulty, and only half unclosing her eyes, said to him, "Thank Heaven, man that I am sleeping here; for had I been awake thou wouldst not have possessed those shoes."

He said, "Who then is this that would have prevented me from having on my feet these shoes?"

And the hag replied, "I am thy Genius."

When the man heard that, he smote himself upon the breast, and cried, "Thou! Thou my Genius? May Heaven exterminate thee! Who gave thee to me?"

And the hag replied, "It is Fate."

"And where is fate?" he asked.

The answer he received was "Go and search for him." And the hag disappeared.

Then the man went in search of Fate. After a long long journey, he again entered a wood; and in this wood, found a hermit, whom he asked whether he could tell where Fate was to be found. The hermit said, "Go up that mountain, my son, and thou wilt reach his castle; but when in his presence, do not speak to him. Whatever thou shalt see him do, that do thou, until he questions thee." The traveler having thanked the hermit, took the road which led up the mountain.

But, when he had arrived at the castle, he was much amazed at its magnificence. Servants were hurrying in all directions, and everything around him was of more than royal splendor. As for Fate, he was seated at a table quite alone; the table was spread, and he was in the act of supping. When the traveler saw that, he seated himself, and ate with the master of the house. After supper, Fate went to his couch, and the man retired with him. Then, at midnight, there was heard the rushing of a fearful sound through all the chambers of the castle; and, in the midst of the noise a voice was heard crying aloud "Fate! Fate! To-day such and such souls have come into the world. Deal with them according to thy pleasure!" Then, behold, Fate arose, and opened a gilt coffer full of golden ducats, which he sowed upon his chamber floor, saying, "Such as I am to-day, you shall be all your lives!"

At the break of day, the beautiful castle vanished; and in its place, stood an ordinary house; but a house in which nothing was wanting. When the evening came Fate sat down to supper, and his guest sat by his side; but not a word was spoken. When they had done supper they went to bed. At midnight the rushing sound was heard again; and in the midst of the noise, a voice cried, "Fate! Fate! Such and such souls have seen the light to-day. Deal

with them according to thy pleasure!" Then, behold, Fate opened a silver coffer; but these were no ducats therein, only silver money, with a few gold pieces mingled. And Fate sowed this silver on the ground, saying, "Such as I am to-day, you shall be all your lives!"

At break of day this house also had disappeared; and in its place, there was one smaller still. Every night the same thing happened, and every morning the house became smaller and poorer, until at last it was nothing but a miserable hovel. Then Fate took a spade and dug the earth, the man doing the same. And they worked all day. In the evening Fate took a piece of bread and broke it in two pieces, and gave one to his guest. This was all they had to eat; and, when they had eaten it, they went to bed. During all this time, they had not exchanged a word.

At midnight the same fearful sound was heard, and the voice which cried, "Fate! Fate! Such and such souls have come into the world this night. Do unto them according to thy pleasure!" And, behold, Fate arose, and opened a coffer, and took out of it stones, and sowed them upon the earth, and among the stones were small pieces of money. This he did, repeating at the same time, "Such as I am to-day, you shall be all your lives."

When morning returned the cabin had disappeared, and the palace of the first day had come back again. Then for the first time, Fate spoke to his guest, and said, "Why comest thou here?" The other told him truly all the story of his journey, and its cause, namely, to ascertain why Fate had awarded to him a lot so unhappy. And Fate answered, "Thou didst see how, on the first night, I sowed ducats, and what followed. Such as I am in the night wherein a man is born, such will that man be during all his life. Thou wert born on a night when I was poor, and thou wilt remain poor all thy days. As for thy brother, he came into the world when I was rich, and rich will he be ever. Yet, because thou hast labored hard to seek me, I will tell how thou mayest aid thyself. Thy brother has a daughter named Miliza, who was born in a golden hour. When thou returnest to thy country take her for thy wife. Only take heed that of whatever thou shalt afterwards acquire, say that it is hers,—call nothing thine."

And the man, thanking Fate, departed. When he had come back to his own country, he went to his brother,—and said, "Brother, give me Miliza; for thou seest that without her I am alone." The brother answered: "I am glad at thy request. Take her, for she is thine." Therefore he took her to his house; and, from that time, his flocks and herds began to multiply, so that he became rich. But he was careful to exclaim aloud, every day, "All that I have is Miliza's!"

One day he went to the field to see his crops, which were all rustling and whispering to the breeze songs of plenty; when by chance, a traveler passed by, who said to him: "Whose crops are these?" And he, without thinking replied, "They are mine." Scarcely had he finished speaking, when, behold, the harvest was on fire, and the flames leapt from field to field. But, when he saw this he ran with all his speed after the traveler, and shouted, "Stop, brother! I told you a lie. These crops are not mine."

they are my wife's!" The fire went out when he had spoken, and from that hour he continued to be—thanks to Miliza—rich and happy.

#### NEW CURE FOR CONSUMPTION.

SOME YEARS ago I saw a gentleman, who came to town laboring under all the symptoms of well marked phthisis. The disease had been of some months' standing, and the patient was a perfect picture of consumption. He had a rapid pulse, hectic sweating, purulent expectoration, and all the physical signs of tubercular deposit, and of a cavity under the right clavicle. I may also state, that the history of the disease was in accordance, in all particulars with this opinion I saw this patient in consultation with a gentleman of the highest station in the profession, and we both agreed that there was nothing to be done. This opinion was communicated to the patient's friends, and he was advised to return to the country. In about eighteen months afterwards, a tall and healthy looking man, weighing at least twelve stone, entered my study with a very comical expression of countenance:—

"You don't know me, doctor," he said.

I apologized, pleading an inaptitude that belongs to me for recollecting faces.

"I am," he said, "the person whom you and Dr. — sent home to die last year. I am quite well, and I thought I would come and show myself to you."

I examined him with great interest, and found every sign of disease had disappeared, except that there was a slight flattening under the clavicle.

"Tell me," said I, "what have you been doing?"

"Oh!" he replied, "I found out from the mistress what your opinion was, and I thought as I was to die, I might as well enjoy myself while I lasted, so I just went back to my old ways."

"What was your system of living?" said I.

"Nothing particular," he said, "I just took whatever was going."

"Did you take wine?"

"Not a drop," he replied; "but I had my glass of punch as usual."

"Did you ever take more than one tumbler?"

"Indeed I often did."

"How many? Three or four?"

"Aye, more than that,—I seldom went to bed under seven!"

"What was your exercise?"

"Shooting," he said, "every day that I could get out."

"And what kind of shooting?"

"Oh, I would not give you a farthing for any shooting but one!"

"What is that?"

"Duck shooting."

"But you must have often wetted your feet?"

"I was not very particular about the feet," says he, "for I had to stand up to my hips in the Shannon for four or five hours of a winter's day, following the birds."

So, gentlemen, this patient spent his day standing in the river, and went to bed after drinking seven tumblers of punch every night; and if ever a man recovered from phthisis he had done so when I saw him on that occasion. Suppose now, that he had been confined to an equable temperature, and a regulated diet, and had been treated in all respects *secundum artem*,

what would have been the result? Any of you can answer the question. In point of fact, this very treatment had been adopted during the first three months of his illness, and his recovery may be fairly attributed not so much to the duck-shooting and whiskey punch, but to the general tonic and nondepressing treatment which he adopted for himself, and which his system so much required to enable him to throw off the disease.—*London Lancet.*

#### AN IRISH LETTER.

The *Hannibal Messenger* says that the following epistle was sent from Dublin to a young Irishman near Hannibal:

DEAR NEPHEW—I haven't aint ye's a letter since the last time I wrote to ye's, because we've moved from our former place of livin', an' I didn't know wether a letter would reach ye's or not. I now did pleasure take up my pen to inform ye's of the death of ye's own livin' uncle Kulpatrik, who died very suddenly afther a lingerin' illness of six months. The poor man was in violent convulsions the whole time of sickness, lyin' perfectly quiet and apoplexial, all the time talkin' incoherently and callin' for water—I had no opportunity to inform ye's of his death, except I had wrote to ye's by the last post, which went off two days before he died, an' this ye's would have had postage to pay. I am at a loss to tell what his death was occasioned at, but I fear it was by his last sickness. He never was well tin days together durin' the whole time of his confinement. I am at a loss to till what occasioned it, but I fear it was by his stin' too much of rabbis stuffed with paye an' gravy, or paye an' gravy stuffed wid rabbis, I can't tell which; but he that as it will. As soon as he brathed his last, the doctors gave an' all hopes of his recovery. I needn't tell ye's anything about his age, for you well know he w'd have bin jist 25 years old, lackin' tin months, an' had he lived till that time woud he bin six months dead. His property now devolves to his nixtin kin, who all died some time ago, so I expect it will be decided betwene us an' ye's know his property was very considerable, for he had a fine estate which wint to pay his debts an' for the remainder, he lost that on a horse race but it was the opinion of everybody at the time that he would have wond the race, if the horse he ran aginst had not bin to fast for him. I never saw a man, an the doctors all say so, that took medicine bether nor he did. He would as lave take bithar as ewate if it had only taint an' appearance of whisky punch an' if it would only put him in the same humor for fightin'. But poor soul, he will never ate or drink any more, an' ye's now hav' a livin' relation but what was kilt in the last war. But I can't dwell on the mournful subject, an' shall sale my letter in black calin' wax, an' put on it yer uncle's coat of arms, so I beg ye's not to brake the sale when you open the letter, an' don't open the letter till three or four days afther ye's received it, by which ye's will have time to be prepared for the sorrowful tidin'.—Ye's ould watchat shins her love to ye's unbeknownst to me. When Terry McGee arrives in Ameriky, ax him for this letter, an' if he don't know it from the rest, till him it is the one that apakes of ye's ould's death, and is sealed in black. I remane ye's apeshunheight ould grandmother.

JUNY O'HOOIGAN.

To Larry O'Hooligan, late of town of Tullymoghgerie, Parish of Ballyragget, near Ballyshelburgury, in the county of Kilkenny, Airland.

P. 8.—Don't write to me till ye's received this.

#### MUSICAL INTELLIGENCE.

Mr. Niblic returned in the last steamer from Europe. We understand that he has made several important musical and theatrical engagements, which will be developed in due course, and of the proper time. He has left in Europe a complete and efficient agent, Mr. Uliman, to complete important arrangements. In the mean time, Mr. Niblic has engaged for the spring season the *Pyre Opera Troupe*, and the engagement of this popular company will commence very soon.

Jacobson and Company have received no artists by the recent arrivals, and it is somewhat doubtful whether or not they will be able to give any performances of Italian opera during the present season. The failure of Ole Bull's management when known in Europe spread dismay among artists, and almost opened the doors of the theatres. According to all accounts, the storm was terrible. Uliman with all his tact and talent, weathered it with difficulty, while Strakosch, with more force, was sounding under bare poles. Uliman has secured Miss. La Grange, the prima donna, and Strakosch engaged a tolerable tenor and a few other inferior artists, and was expected shortly in Paris. But the recent failures in theatrical and operatic speculations—the return of Grid and Mario, after a tour which was generally considered to be a failure—had spread a spirit of doubt and consternation among all the artists.

Madame the Baroness De La Grange, the prima donna, will arrive in New York by the Baltic, and commence immediately an engagement at Niblic's in Italian and German opera, and Concerts.

Grid and Mario it is stated gave sixty-six performances in this country, of which forty-three were in New York, seventeen in Boston, four in Philadelphia, one in Baltimore and one in Washington. The aggregate receipts were \$193,000 and a fraction, of which the expenses fell short rather more than \$22,000. From this last sum deduct four thousand dollars to cover expenses incurred pending the negotiation and previous to the closing of the contract, and there remains thirteen thousand dollars as the net profit of the enterprise.

**Music at the South.**—Our only musical news from the sunny South is contained in the following extract from a correspondent of the *Boston Transcript*. It describes the performance of Signor Ricardo Moeschell at a musical society given at *fieste* in the neighborhood of Alton, South Carolina.

Of all the feathered tribes, whose made is at all desirable, the mocking bird is the most popular in this region; and when I had gotten some distance into the forest, he jumped up before me one of the periest and snellest of that part and away race. He was apparently a very young fellow, and instantly reminded me of the dashing sportsman of the stage, who have rich passionate notes before whom they appear during the second act, in white pantaloons and occasional bits of contrition, but all the rest of the time swagger about in a state of high physical and mental excitement. If the parent of mocking bird families are in the habit of coming their numerous offspring (Woodrow Jones Jacques Remondan thought they were in his day, I believe), I am sure that such a reckless, impudent rascal as this bird must be called Dick. Well, I stood still while Dick, perching himself on the twig of a sapling near by, and cooing his head on one side in a knowing way, addressed me in a few staccato notes, as if to say: "Halloo! stranger, wait a minute and hear what I can do for you in the way of a morning canteen." With that he burst forth into a delightful little song which, if he had not looked so ragged, would really have been quite touching. After the song was ended, and Dick had hopped about on one leg for a moment to refresh himself, he suddenly tumbled into a strange ruffled, ruffled up his neck feathers, tried very hard to look imposing, and ranted and blustered in a song precisely in the style of the illustrious Signor Benvenuto when playing the Duke to Signor Isabella. If that bird has never been on the stage, he certainly has an intuitive knowledge of how they move operatic motion behind the footlights.

But the tragic was evidently not Dick's forte; and although he opened his mouth to its utmost extent, and





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The following letter from LOWELL MASON, Boston, to G. F. Reed, we are permitted to use:

Mr. Geo. F. Reed, No. 17 Tremont Row, Boston, Mass.  
DEAR SIR—At your request, I have examined one of the Melodeons manufactured by Messrs. Geo. A. Prince & Co., of Buffalo. I think them in all respects equal, and in some respects superior to any others of similar kind which I have seen, and in particular with respect to quality of tone and promptness of touch, or action of the reeds by which quick passages may be performed with certainty and distinct articulation of tone. An instrument of this kind is the best substitute for an organ, in church music, with which I am acquainted.  
LOWELL MASON.

## PRICES.

Four octave Melodeon, extending from C to C, ..... \$45 00  
Four-and-a-half octave Melodeon, extending from C to F, ..... \$50 00  
Five octave Melodeon, extending from F to F, ..... 75 00  
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**CAUTION**—We commenced the manufacture of the Improved Melodeon in 1861, since which time we have finished and sold over thirty thousand. During the past three years, we have finished over three thousand Melodeons per year, and we have been enabled to supply the demand for the building Four thousand annually. The celebrity which our Melodeons have attained, has led to great every means dealer in the United States and Canada to apply for the agency; but as we make but one lot in each city or town, many are necessarily disappointed. The result has been that our Name Plate has been put upon Melodeons which were not manufactured by us. Again, we have had persons who have come to our knowledge, and who have been unable to obtain our instruments, have accepted the agency of some other manufacturer—supplying them with inferior Melodeons, and thus we have been obliged to order, as a fall to the inferior article they offer to the public. For this reason, we caution those who wish to satisfy themselves of the merit of our Melodeons, and secure themselves the best Melodeon, or those who are desirous of securing our instruments. Many improvements applied are exclusively our own; and we have the original Melodeon, and the experience has enabled us to produce instruments which a discerning public have pronounced superior to anything of the kind that has been manufactured. Many of the most eminent musicians of the cities of New York and Boston have voluntarily given testimonials to the high character of our instruments, which may be seen on application.

All orders from a distance will be promptly attended to, and a written guarantee of their durability given if required.

9-12

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PIANOFORTE MANUFACTORY,  
421 Broome street,

A few doors east of Broadway, New York.

We cordially invite our friends and patrons, and all wishing a superior instrument, to call and examine our stock and

## ELÉGANT WAREHOUSES,

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We feel confident that our facilities for manufacturing are now such that we shall be able, more readily than heretofore, to supply the increasing demand for our unrivalled instruments. We are now manufacturing

**TWENTY PIANOFORTES PER WEEK,**  
which is more than any other firm is doing in this city.

And for our unprecedented success, and the flattering testimonials which we are constantly in receipt of, from the most eminent musical talent in the country, as to the superiority of our instruments, and the awarding of the first premium, by the Juries of the World's Fair, and the Fair of American Institute, in 1855, we are encouraged to renewed exertions, not only to maintain the reputation already acquired, but by adding improvement to improvement, to bring the general character of the Pianoforte to a degree of perfection co-equal with the advance of musical taste and science.

The richness and purity of tone of our Pianos combined as they are, with unprecedented power and strength, render them peculiarly adapted not only for the Parlor, but for the use of

Public Schools,  
SEMINARIES AND MUSICAL SOCIETIES.

Those we have already manufactured for the use of Schools, &c., have given the highest satisfaction.

Very many of our most renowned musicians, have, from time to time, examined and testified to the superiority of our Pianos, and recommended them to their friends: among some of whom are:

LOWELL MASON  
and

THOMAS HASTINGS,  
of world-wide celebrity.

H. C. TIMM,  
President Philharmonic Society, New York.

THOS. KESSELD,  
Conductor of Philharmonic Society, New York,  
and Member of the Crystal Palace and  
Fair of the American Institute

Jury, on Musical Instruments,  
for 1853—'4.

GEO. F. ROOR,

Juror in the Fair of American Institute, 1858.

J. LEATY, U. C. HILL, F. H. NASH,

EDWARD HOWE, Jr., &c., &c.

The above presents only a small portion of our business; but it seemed of peculiar interest from the fact that so large a number of our recent wholesale customers are experienced musicians and performers.

F. C. LIGITE,  
H. J. NEWTON,  
WM. B. BRADBURY,  
E. G. BRADBURY.

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## THREE PRIZE MEDALS,

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## PRIZE MEDALS

FIVE YEARS IN SUCCESSION!

The magnificent Papier Maché and carved Rosewood Pianofortes which received the above premiums, are now offered for sale. Persons in want of a truly elegant instrument would do well to embrace this opportunity.

"One of the most elegant pianos probably ever manufactured in any country, is now on exhibition at the Crystal Palace. The lovers of music in this find something to please the eye as well as the ear. It was made by Grovesteen & Truslow, of this city and bears upon itself a prodigality of valuable materials. Many other pianos are displayed with these, but they are all eclipsed by the superior make of these instruments."—N. Y. Herald.

"The pianofortes made by Grovesteen & Truslow, of New York, for the World's Fair Exhibition, have received three prize medals, for excellence of workmanship, originality of improvement, rich, full tone, and precision in working of the action. These instruments are without doubt superior to any that were exhibited, either foreign or American."—Cleveland (Ohio) Herald.

In addition to their splendid stock of Pianofortes, G. & T. have recently made arrangements for a supply of

SUPERIOR MELODEONS,  
which they offer at manufacturers' prices.

168 weekly

# Musical World.

A Journal for "Heavenly Music's Earthly Friends."

Richard Storrs Willis, Editor and Proprietor.

16—of Volume XL.]

New York, Saturday, April 21, 1855.

[212—of whole Number.

(Office 257 Broadway.)

THE Rates of Advertising and Terms of Subscription will be found first among the advertisements.  
AUGUSTUS MORAND.

## Music in this Number.

1. THE WITCHES' DANCE:  
Arranged by the Editor of the Musical World.
2. GREGORIAN MELODY:  
With harmonies by V. Novelli.
3. AIR FOR THE ORGAN:  
Composed by Spahr.

## Supper at the Academy.

On Saturday evening the management of the Academy of Music, with that liberality and good feeling which has distinguished it from the beginning, gave a supper in the magnificent saloon of the Academy building to the corps of distinguished artists now engaged, and to such members of the press as are specially connected with the fine arts. We found a truly brilliant company assembled about ten o'clock—the earliest moment we could spare from the amateur rehearsals now going on for the charity concert in aid of the "Nursery."

Mr. Phalen and Mr. Coit presided at either end of the table; and while Mr. Phalen had secured to him the superb Festival, Mr. Coit was equally fortunate in the proximity of Madame Maretzsk. Badiali, and the entire corps of distinguished artists, including one very fine baritone who is yet to appear, were cozily sandwiched between such excellent good company of the press as Fry, Briggs of the *Sunday Courier*, Baron de Trobriand of the *Courrier Des Etats-Unis*, and others. We had just completed a not very aesthetic quantity of boned turkey and a small medicinal corrective in the shape of a glass of champagne, listening between-while to the music of the orchestra in the adjoining apartment and the musical English of Madame Maretzsk, when Mr. Phalen arose and made a few remarks, very much to the point, as to the object of the Academy—this not being gain, on the part of the management, but the establishment of Italian opera on a permanent and popular basis: ending with a handsome sentiment to the press. All of us cried out, as usual, for Fry; when that semper-parasite, and semper-witty and nonquam—not-very-delectable speaker, who, in spite of his provocations, finds it so easy a matter to "think upon his legs," gave us a semi-social and semi-artistic and semi-instructive response, spiced with Grecian learning and American wit. He closed with a tribute to the ladies, who looked a great many gratified responses, which were none the less eloquent for being thanks "without words."

On our way home, (for we were obliged to leave soon) we thought a good deal of the very noble course which has been pursued by Mr. Phalen and Mr. Coit in the whole history of the Academy thus far. Through all disappointments and annoyances and discouraging checks of every kind, these gentlemen have gone on in their quiet and manly and high-spirited course, sustaining the Academy and breasting all obstacles, apparently for the love of Art and the benefit of the public—for selfish and pecuniary interest, amid such unrequited and lavish expenditure on their part, can certainly never be ascribed to these gentlemen.

Well—the enthusiasm has now come up, as William Tell attests. Long may it continue! But there is an artistic gun in reserve yet—the *Trois-tour* is to be produced, which will tell, we are sure, immensely upon the public. In the mean time, let our general toast of gratitude, be the two prominent gentlemen of the management, Mr. Phalen and Mr. Coit.

—Mr. Fry's *Stabat Mater* is to be produced on Thursday evening at the Academy. As we go to press Thursday morning we regret that we can make no report of the new composition until next week.

P. S.—We just observe that the *Stabat Mater* is withdrawn. The reason given being, that whereas "two full orchestra rehearsals were all that would be required," the composer now insists upon fifty or sixty if necessary: and that this is impossible if *Il Trovatore* is to be produced. The management have therefore decided in favor of the latter. We presume Mr. Fry will yet have his word to say on this subject.

## Consecration of Trinity Chapel.

This interesting rite was consummated on Tuesday of this week. The occasion was doubly interesting from the very striking and brilliant interior of the edifice, whose exterior does not promise very much; and from the elaborate music with which Dr. Hodges enriched the ceremony.

The chapel, interiorly, is doubtless the most superb thing of the kind we have in this country. The building is long and very lofty, without galleries. Many persons think that it is too long for the width. But they must remember that Gothic architecture sprang originally from the natural type of an avenue with trees: and as an edifice in the Gothic style, this is quite in keeping. The coloring and adornment altogether, is superbly Solomon-ic, and fully justified, as the Bishop in his sermon hinted, by the magnificence of that ancient temple, which

was built according to the inspired design of Heaven: which design as to splendor has never yet been cancelled or invalidated.

We find only one prominent blemish in the edifice; and this is the taste of the chancel windows; which are in the Italian style, not the Gothic. Why was this?—As regards the painting of these windows, we have a blending of the good and bad. In our opinion, the coloring ought, altogether, to have been deeper—there should have been more background and depth. The kneeling figure in the centre is very fine. But the angels on either side are rather too gaudy for our taste. Associated with the present season of the year, we must confess that they suggested nothing else to us than Avenue figures in new spring dresses—so bright and exceedingly spring-like are the colors.

The position of the organ justifies the opinion we have long been advancing in this journal as to the proper place for organs—it is at the clerical end of the church, on the side of the chancel, and is concealed from view. The instrument is from the manufactory of Wm. Hall, of this city; and we find it, altogether, one of the most musical organs we have ever heard. The tone, throughout, both in diapasons, and fancy stops, is of a singularly musical and mellow character. Even at its greatest volume, the music of the instrument remains—what we can say of but very few organs.

Dr. Hodges is a sturdy pillar of cathedral music. It is a pleasure, always, to find a man consistent in an idea, and to an ideal—whatever it may be. And such is Dr. Hodges. He is always true to himself and to the school in which he was educated. In these days of uncertain and wavering masters, or so-called masters, tossed about by the winds of popular taste and by considerations of gain, it is a relief to find any one who is steady at the helm of Art.

English cathedral music is a definite style, and as such we always listen to it attentively and appreciatingly. It is not the style to which our own taste most strongly attaches us: it is for us too fragmentary; too lacking in expansion, and enlarged, symmetrical form: we find in it too frequent a beginning and closing—too many cadences; too little progression and bearing of one part upon another: in short, too little definite symmetrical form. Still, it is always noble, and dignified; and if cold and severe, it is never damped and sentimental and un-churchlike.

On the present occasion we had superb congregational singing: the chants and psalms being sung antiphonally by the congregation, led by a double



choir on either side of the chancel. The practicality of this style of singing was again successfully demonstrated.

A peculiarly interesting feature in the music was an anthem composed for the occasion by Dr. Hodges, upon the words "I was glad when they said unto me we will go into the house of the Lord." Dr. Hodges adopted both versions of the words, the anthem commencing, "Let us go," etc. On these words the music led off in a subdued, invitation-like manner, which pleased us particularly from its naturalness and truth to the sense. There was frequent and well-judged reticence in the anthem, to such of the words as were less emotional in their character; and this reticence was ably and skillfully managed. The finest point, however, was a fresh and beautiful subject which the Dr. conceived to the words "Peace be within thy walls." The word "peace" was re-iterated, upon an organ point, and in its soothing tranquility breathed the very essence of "peace." In fact, throughout, we think Dr. Hodges has been singularly felicitous in this anthem. We congratulate him on no clever a composition.

In this interesting service we had eleven music (according to our idea) in its completeness: combining the three features of clergy; choir; people; which view has already been presented and enlarged upon in our columns. Six of the clergy in the chancel (including a son of Dr. Hodges) took part in a trio, two voices on a part.

#### Juvenile Rebuke.

We read in an exchange paper the other day a story of a very young American on a journey with his paternal relative who, as in duty bound, paid the expenses of travel, and on a certain day, being in a rail-road car, satisfied, as usual, the conductor as to fare. The conductor had left, but suddenly the small boy demanded of his father whether he had paid full fare for him. On receiving a negative, he suddenly darted after the conductor, told him there had been a mistake, brought him back and required the old gentleman to do him justice as a man and pay the adult price.

We thought this a very fair story; nothing more. But a personal experience of ours last week in a Broadway omnibus caused us to suspect that there might have been some truth in the tale.

We were riding down town, and at our side, next the door of the omnibus, sat a little person, of whom, from a hasty glance, we had received a dim impression that she was a small Miss going to school. The strap was pulled and we took the change of our neighbor to pass to the driver. It was a tennep. As we passed it up we said to the driver, (with due consideration for school-girl plainness), "half;" meaning, of course, half fare. The driver returned only four pennies. "Hand down the rest of it," we exclaimed—it is only a little girl."

The driver was stupid and did not understand. But suddenly, while we were chaffing with him, we were surprised by a roar of laughter from our fellow passengers. On turning around we found our little friend had disappeared from view, leaving the tennep, the driver and ourselves to settle the matter between us. It seems that immediately on our remark "It is only a little girl," she had very energetically darted out of the door as a tough insulted; and as we watched her receding figure descend a cross street, we plainly saw a pair of tiny

feet brought down upon the pavement with an emphasis, which seemed to mean something.

We collapsed directly and were extinguished. If we ever consider any little-body-else half fare, we shall certainly have forgotten that there are no more children in the world and that full, grown-up days have come upon us. On our summer trip to the country this year with wife and baby, we shall venture upon no liberties with the dignity of that baby; but pay the fullest of fare for the same.

#### Concert to Mr. Eisfeld.

We made mention, a week or two since, of the severe illness of Mr. Theodore Eisfeld and the universal regret that is felt in the musical circles of New York at his continued absence from the conductor's stand. We were glad to find, on a visit to him last Sunday, that his health is somewhat improved; and we publish below a communication which has just passed between him and the Philharmonic Society, by which it will be seen that a complimentary concert is tendered him by this institution.

#### PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY

MR. THEODORE EISELDE—DEAR SIR:—At a business meeting of the Society held on the 21st of March, on motion of Mr. William Scherchenberg, and seconded by Mr. U. G. Hill, the following resolution was unanimously adopted:

Resolved: "That in view of the faithful services rendered to the Philharmonic Society by Mr. Theo. Eisfeld as Conductor of the Concerts for the last five years, the members of the Society tender him a Complimentary Concert to take place after the expiration of the present season, and that for the purpose of carrying out said object a committee of five be appointed by the Society."

At a meeting of the Board of Directors held last Saturday, I was instructed to communicate to you the above, and to inform you that the gentlemen forming said Committee are the following: Messrs. Scherchenberg, Hill, Noll, Bruns and Reiff Jr., who will no doubt confer with you shortly concerning the carrying out of the Society's intentions.

Respectfully yours,

By order, L. SPIES, Secretary.

REPLY.

NEW YORK, April 9, 1885.

MR. L. SPIES, Sec. of the Philharmonic Society.

DEAR SIR:—Your communication of the 9th inst. was duly received. In reply please to convey to my brother artists of the Society my sincere acknowledgments for the kindly feelings exhibited towards me. With sentiments of high gratification I accept the offer of a Complimentary Concert from them. I shall be happy to meet the gentlemen of the Committee at any time to suit their own convenience, in order to make the necessary arrangements for a Concert, worthy to be an Appendix to the thirteenth season of the Philharmonic's Concerts.

Most respectfully yours, THEODORE EISELDE.

NEW YORK, April 10, 1885.

This is, we believe, the first time that a complimentary concert has been tendered to any one by the N. Y. Philharmonic, a circumstance which enhances the honor conferred. Mr. Eisfeld has indeed been meritorious in his exertions at the Philharmonic Society. His uniform punctuality at all rehearsals and performances, (no instance ever having occurred, we believe, of fine for negligence); his faithful drilling and painstaking in all cases; the devotion of so much time and thought entirely without compensation, certainly entitle him to some such testimony of respect on the part of the Society. Mr. Eisfeld's artistic labors, throughout, in this city have been entirely philanthropic and unselfish: for, the delightful soirées which each winter he has furnished the public, have been arranged without any thought of gain—the superior nature of the music forbidding any one to hope for this. Though well attended and constantly growing on the public, as the Philharmonic has grown, these concerts have thus far only paid ex-

penses. Still Mr. Eisfeld has persevered, and won the respect and esteem of the whole artistic community. We have always regarded this enterprise, however, as an infant Philharmonic; and are of similar success if persevered in. In the course of time a public can be educated up to a superior style of music like this, just as the Philharmonic has educated a peculiar public for itself.

We feel sure that this opportunity afforded New Yorkers of a handsome testimonial to Mr. Eisfeld will be responded to enthusiastically.

—Madame Lagrange is definitely announced to appear in opera at Niblo's. Her European reputation is that of an uncommonly fine singer. We shall see—or rather hear.

—The German opera closed on Tuesday evening with the performance of *Romeo and Juliet*, in which Miss Carlotta Lehmann won golden opinions, the only complaint made being, that as *Romeo* she did not know how to make love to one of her own sex.

—The Philharmonic give the last concert of the season on Saturday evening next April 21. See programme.

#### For the Musical World.

#### Pianoforte Playing.

Why is it that so little is understood of piano playing with us? Is it that our standard of style is so inferior? Is it that we are so accustomed to persuade ourselves that we are the most perfect of nations, that we therefore know better than any other what is the proper style—or is it that as all art in its infancy we have not yet learnt from a truly great and talented pianist of what the instrument is capable?

Having lately read several criticisms on piano performances these thoughts have been forced upon me, and I have usually found that those points in each artist which would have been the most worthy of approbation among those capable of judging in the old world, have been condemned here; and all the mere mechanical difficulties overcome have been much applauded. It is conceded by the best pianists that what is called a crisp touch produces an unnatural, mechanical sound. The keys should be wiped or drawn upon by the fingers in order to bring from them a melodious tone: be the tone loud or soft the touch should be the same. It should always be elastic: the wrist and each joint of the fingers supply, all the force coming from them, and never from the arm. The hands and fingers should be quite independent of each other in order to give freedom and expression to certain passages. Then with regard to expression and feeling, this must depend upon the talent of the pianist—it cannot be acquired. Mere mechanical effects and difficulties only require perseverance and physical force. All those who excel in the latter, I find, receive the greatest applause here. Well, they certainly deserve to be praised for their hard study: but does it not astonish rather than give real pleasure? Is not the talent often wanted to produce really good music? Then, too, if a pianist plays as if a metronome were at his side, the time may be faultless, but there will not be much scope for expression. A great pianist will, of course, have all the mechanical part perfect: but unless the heart sustains the fingers there can be no real music in it. This is shown by the truly great and talented, and

every sound which they pour forth is full of music. We have occasionally had an artist in this country who had much in him of the really good style, but, unfortunately, they have all become discouraged, from the feeling that they were not appreciated or they have settled down into hard workers in teaching, and are rarely heard in public. This is to be lamented, because they might, otherwise, do much to improve the taste; although they would be martyrs in the cause—as they are before their time in America.

A pianist was lately criticised for his "loose touch." What would be thought of the decidedly loose touch of Thalberg? If poor Chopin were to drop down, and play in his own peculiar style, with his loose touch, and dreamy, poetic way, and with his strong tendency to "tempo rubato" they would not know what to make of him.

We need nothing more than a truly great pianist to show what is the only true style.

LADY AMATEUR.

#### Mr. Eisfeld's Soiree.

It is not often that the musical public has the opportunity of listening to music of the elevated style produced at Mr. Theodore Eisfeld's concerts.

Four years ago he began them by modestly announcing his "Quartet parties." At first they were attended by comparatively a small number of persons, but the choice selection of the pieces, and the correctness and good taste displayed in their performance, soon won for him large and appreciative audiences.

By degrees he enlarged his orchestras, and, in the most liberal manner produced compositions in which from five to nine instruments performed. The instrumental was judiciously interspersed with vocal music, chosen with the same intention, namely to elevate and purify the musical taste of his audience. How much ought we to thank him for the pleasure and even instruction he has afforded us.

Last evening Mr. Eisfeld gave the last of his concerts for this season. With deep regret we missed him from his usual place, owing to the long and distressing illness that he has just passed through, but from which he has not yet fully recovered. The performers worthily ended these charming soirées with Spohr's Nonetto in F, a composition of the most elevated and finished order. Scarcely does one hear so perfectly harmonized and instrumented a composition. Every performer plays, as it were, obligato, yet so justly is each successively blended with its predecessor

(—the musical confusion

Of instrument and echo in conjunction;

How in pursuit but matched like bells,

Each under each?]

that the whole leaves fancy filled with the most gorgeous gases of harmony, and the mind fully gratified. The performers deserve much praise for the style with which it was given. We never heard them play more smoothly or understandingly than in this sonnetto of Spohr.

We are sorry that a vocal quartet composed by Mr. Eisfeld, which we listened to with much pleasure at the morning rehearsal, was obliged to be omitted in the evening, in consequence of the sudden illness of one of the performers.

The Septet of Hummel introduced to the public a young lady pianist who performed her part with much energy and skill. She had evidently been well taught, particularly in the elastic manner of

touching the instrument; and we could see in her performance a mingling of the two distinguished and excellent instructors, Mr. Tinn and Mr. Charles Weh, under whom we understand she has studied. The septet was a difficult piece for the debut of so young a person, but her performance must have been very satisfactory to her and her friends. The septet of Hummel is a composition that has had such distinguished success since it was first heard that it is not our intention to remark on it except to congratulate those who were fortunate enough to be present last night and hear this polished and brilliant effort of a master mind.

Thus has ended the delightful soirees of Mr. Eisfeld for this season. Notwithstanding his illness, he has guided all the rehearsals in his own house, and with much care, but we feel sure that he is repaid for all his trouble by the knowledge of the great pleasure he has given in all true lovers of classical music.

LADY AMATEUR.

#### ITEMS FROM FOREIGN JOURNALS.

(Translated for the Musket World.)

##### ALUMINIUM AND CAOUTCHOUC.

We have a new metal in Paris; no false metal, a mere vile alloy, but a true one, authentic, official, recognised, guaranteed, brevetted, by the government.

This metal is aluminium, and has recently been the subject of a report of M. Portou, the minister of Public Instruction. He states in this report, that aluminium is as white and brilliant as silver, utterly as unchangeable as gold, malleable and ductile like these precious metals, tenacious as iron, and fusible as copper. Unfortunately aluminium, in spite of its perfection, is born too late. Metals are superseded, and wood also, marble, horn, whalebone, leather, and such like. There is an American called Goodyear (in French, Bonneau) whose name has figured of late in the newspapers, who, by a marvellous invention, has reformed all these raw materials.

He makes everything in india-rubber. Who would have guessed when we played at school with our elastic balls, that we held in our hands the great raw material *par excellence* the philosopher's stone—the egg of Columbus.

M. Goodyear made shoes at first, like every body else, then cloth, which is also common, then tubes, umbrella-sticks, braces, broom-handles, ladders, cups and canoes, plates, clocks, statues, tables, canes, caps, houses, caucous, mortars, ships, locomotives, blowers, and dancers! It is he who has made Beretta, that wonderful *figurante* who made her debut at the opera last month, who danced on one foot during six measures, the very perfection of the choreographic art.

Under the hand of this terrible American, india rubber assumes all the forms and qualities of other bodies. It is by turns liquid, oily, resinous, vitreous, and acquires if necessary the solidity of iron and steel.

The great triumph of M. Goodyear consists in rendering this material unchangeable and insensible to atmospheric variations. He calls this process vulcanisation; once vulcanised, it appears that india rubber becomes eternal. It is lawful to suppose he should make mothers-in-law of it!

AN ECONOMICAL ENGLISHMAN.

The loungers of the *Place Vendôme* have re-

marked of late a house at the corner of the *Rue de la Paix*, the basement of which is occupied, while the first floor is uninhabited. The twelve closed Venetian blinds of these fine apartments in so splendid and aristocratic a quarter of Paris, have excited no little inquiry into the causes of this singularity.

It appears that an Englishman has hired the basement and first floor; the former for seven thousand francs, and the latter for sixteen thousand. He lives in the basement, and keeps the first story, *il piangi nobile* as the Italians call it, closed and empty, that he may have nobody walking over his head, or dancing, or troubling him in any way. He has been advised to abandon his poor basement and inhabit the magnificent first story, and then if necessary he can hire the second and keep that closed; but the second story costs two thousand francs more than the basement—it would be extravagant—he could not think of it—so he pays twenty three thousand francs to live in a low apartment where you could not hang a chandelier; but he is at the corner of the *Rue de la Paix* and the *Place Vendôme*, and nobody can drag about furniture or pork, over his head, and he is happy.

M'LENE RACHEL.

The rumor that this celebrated actress has been forbidden by the government to leave France during the *Exposition Universelle*, has been confirmed by *La Presse*, which journal affirms the full right of the administration to give such an order. It says also that M'le Rachel has solicited her release, not as a right, but a favor, which she has deserved by eighteen years of success. As an additional argument she adduces the grief which the death of her sister Rebecca has caused her, and, that having but a few years to live, she does not wish to deprive her numerous family of the 1,200,000 francs which the United States offer to her.

These reasons are so touching that they must influence the minister of state unless he has a very hard heart.

The brother of Rachel asserts that her resolution is fixed to visit the United States; that if they use rigorously their right to detain her, she will remain; but that is all they can exact of her; they cannot force her to play, and nobody will be the gainer.

##### EXPOSITION UNIVERSELLE.

The medical attendance at the Industrial Palace has been definitely arranged. Four physicians will be attached to it during the whole duration of the exhibition, as well as two assistants chosen from the house surgeons of the Paris hospitals. The service will be regulated in such a manner that there will be always a physician at the disposal of the public from 8 o'clock in the morning till six in the evening. The beautiful row of maples twelve or fifteen years old, in the *Champs Elysées* which had been included in the supplementary gallery in the hope of saving them are about to be removed. They will be transplanted by the English method to some portion of the park where trees are much needed.

The *Journal de Breslau* states that a carpet is in preparation for the Exhibition composed of 8,542 pieces of fur of native origin. The carpets 64 feet square, and is ornamented in the middle by a splendid star of the most varied shades of

color; on each side is half of the same design, while the corners will receive but a quarter of a star. The whole is to be surrounded by an arabesque border in imitation of fur.

The price of admission to the Exhibition has been fixed at 4 sous only on Sunday, and from 1 to 5 francs during the remainder of the week while the entrance will be gratuitous during five days, to the Palace of the Fine Arts, constructed by the government alone.

By the side of this double Exhibition, there will be a third, of cattle, brought from all parts of Europe. The government will take upon itself the expense of transportation and of food during the continuance of the Exhibition.

DUMAS.

*Le Demi-Monde* the new comedy of Alexandre Dumas Jun. has met with the most triumphant success.

The Emperor and Empress have been to see the play which has attracted the court and the city, and the former intended to summon the author to his box, and present him at once, on this field of battle, the Cross of the Legion of Honor; but M. Dumas not being aware of it was not present, and the cross was sent to him the next day.

## BRIEF BIOGRAPHIES

OF DISTINGUISHED MUSICIANS

Especially prepared for the New York Musical World.

NO. III.

The advent of Metastasio, marked an era in the history of the musical drama of his country and age. By him, the requisites of the successful musical drama, were first produced, and he gave it a character which it had never before attained. As a writer, his language was rich in everything that made it beautiful; and, to this, he added an exquisite sweetness of versification which charmed and triumphed over every obstacle. The

### BIRTH OF METASTASIO.

occurred on the 6th of January A. D. 1698 in the city of Rome. His father was a poor and obscure soldier who, having saved a little money, after his term of service expired, opened a small store, from the profits of which, his son was enabled to attend school.

### EARLY LIFE &c.

The real name of the subject of this sketch, was not Metastasio, but Pietro Trapasso. The reason for the change of his name, will presently be seen. Before he was ten years old, Pietro had manifested a great love for poetry, and had gained not a little notoriety as the youthful improvisator. These powers were often exhibited to delighted crowds at the door of his father's shop, after school-hours. On one of these occasions, a distinguished lawyer, Gravina, happening to pass along, was attracted to the spot by the sweetness and purity of a child's voice. After listening for a moment, Gravina discovered that the little singer was also an improvisator with astonishing and precocious powers. He at once sought an interview with Pietro's parents, and proposed to educate him, as his own adopted son. The very next morning, the young singer was duly installed into Gravina's family as a son, and received the new name of Metastasio, by which he has ever since been known.

### PROFESSIONAL LIFE.

Solely to please his adopted father, Metastasio applied himself to the study of Law, and also received some of the minor orders of the Roman priesthood. From this last circumstance, he is sometimes designated as Abate Metastasio. At the age of fourteen, he wrote his first lyrical tragedy, called *Giustino*. The law was a dry and barren study to young Metastasio; and, in a way unknown to his kind-hearted father, he found frequent opportunities

for indulging his natural taste. When he was eighteen years old, Gravina not only withdrew all opposition to the wishes of Metastasio concerning the selection of his profession, but even encouraged him to write poetry, and also sent him to Naples when he could exercise his wonderful talent for improvisation in company with Rolli, Vaginali and Perfalli-veterans to Pindaric battles. "He received universal admiration among the susceptible and enthusiastic Neapolitans. The method, clearness, and richness of classical allusion with which he treated his subject, the beauty of his verse, the sweetness of his voice, his graceful manner of recitation, his head some and expressive features, and the mingled dignity and modesty of his deportment made him the idol of every one who heard and saw him."

In the mean time, it must not be supposed, that Metastasio was only an improvisator. He was also an accomplished musician, and studied under several artist-masters. His favorite instrument was the harpsichord, on which he played well. At his command his verses, he would play and sing them to melodies of his own, in order to test their musical capabilities. Besides this, so well did he understand music both as an art, and as a science, that he was able to give the most refined and judicious suggestions to composers who set his dramas to music. His contemporary Jomelli, was his favorite composer; they were much together, and seemed to possess such a congeniality of soul as made them at one period almost inseparable. The celebrated composer Haendel wrote the music for several of Metastasio's dramas; and whenever it was possible, the former always availed himself of the advice and suggestions of the latter. In fact it may be said that the composer cannot be too careful in consulting the design of the poet, and the features of every person in the plot, so that musical language may be in harmony with each character represented.

When Metastasio was twenty years old, his adopted father Gravina died. His property to the amount of about twenty thousand dollars, was left to his favorite son Pietro, who, in a few days afterwards "paid a beautiful tribute to his memory in an elegy, entitled *La Strada della Gloria*, which he pronounced before the Members of the Arcadian Academy, a literary institution which Gravina had founded."

Metastasio was now a poet for life; and so long as the legacy of his father lasted, he lived as he pleased, and for the most part, happily. He was now in Rome, surrounded by flatterers who took advantage of his youth and inexperience, and the result may be easily imagined. In the short space of two years, he was absolutely poor, and almost friendless. He returned however to Naples, and determined to repair his fortunes by the profession of the Law. He endeavored to abhor poetry, as if it were a deadly sin. The Neapolitans however, had not forgotten the young improvisator, whom they courted with their former enthusiasm; and in 1721, he was prevailed upon by the Cossutes Altius to write an epithalamium for the approaching nuptials of a member of her family. On this composition, Metastasio's opera the *Endimion*, was founded. Afterwards, the Viceroy of Naples requested him to write a drama, to be performed on the birthday of Elisabeth, consort of the Emperor Charles VI. The name of this composition was *Giulio Euphrate*, and has had the reputation of being the best of all his works. The poor poet received two hundred ducats for this poem. His former master Porpora set it to music, and so secretly was the affair managed, that neither he nor the singers knew the name of the author.

After this befalling from a profession never congenial to him, he followed his own inclinations, and won fresh triumphs on the field where he loved to dwell. In 1727, Metastasio returned to Rome where he wrote several operas. But in 1730, he left his native country forever. "A bitter feeling of disappointment seems to have contrib-

uted to this act of expatriation. He had received plenty of vain and empty applause, and had enjoyed the smiles and favor of the great. But all his hopes of advancement, founded on their friendship and promises had proved utterly delusive."

He was received by the Emperor and Court at Vienna with demonstrations of great distinction; and immediately took his place as the colleague of Apostolo Zeno—(court dramatist) at a salary of fifteen hundred dollars per year. In the following year, his first opera for the Imperial Theater was *Adriano in Siria*; it was set to music by Caldara.

In Vienna, Metastasio lived happily. The Imperial favor heaped favors upon him without stint. The favor he enjoyed under the emperor, and, after his death, from the empress Maria Theresa, was alike grateful and munificent. Mention is made of his poor relatives in Rome, who were never left to suffer; he sent them money as long as they lived.

### CHARACTERISTICS.

About the year 1724, when Metastasio was about twenty-five years old, he was involved in a lawsuit for the recovery of the property which Gravina had left him. Being unknown personally to the judges, he applied to the Princess Reimonte, to intercede for him. She promised him her aid, if he would make known to her the facts in the case, and plead his cause before her in extemporaneous verse! This he did in such a pathetic manner, as to draw tears from the princess. She interceded with the judges, and invited them to her palace to meet Metastasio, and hear him for themselves. Before them he pleaded successfully; there was not a dry eye in the room. "His adversary lost his cause, not because he was in the wrong, but because he was not a poet and a musician, an eloquent declaimer and a beautiful singer."

In early life, Metastasio, became acquainted with Signora Bolognini, a distinguished singer in Naples. Her biographer states, that she was the greatest singer and actress of her time,—"was one of the most beautiful and highly gifted women of the age, possessing a strong and cultivated mind, together with all the charms and accomplishments of her sex. Between the poet and the actress, there arose a warm friendship, which continued till death severed the bond." On her death bed, she bequeathed to Metastasio twenty-five thousand crowns, to revert to him after the decease of her husband. Metastasio declined the intended kindness, and made over to her husband his whole interest in the bequest. In a letter of condolence to Signer Domenico Bolognini, he said, "that the last disposition of the poor deceased in my favor, but augments the cause of my sorrow, and obliges me to give a public and incontestable proof of the disinterestedness of that friendship which I professed to her while living, and which I shall preserve for her honored memory to the last moment of my life. I shall best show my gratitude to her, by entirely renouncing in your favor all claim to her property; not through pride—God preserve me from such ingratitude,—but, because it seems to be my duty as an honest man and a Christian."

A traveler who saw Metastasio in Vienna, about ten years before his death, describes him as being a very handsome man—who were painted on his countenance all the genius, goodness, propriety and rectitude which characterize his writings.

In conversation, Metastasio was polite, easy and lively. Whenever he was attacked by men of genius or other poets with whom he did not agree, he would often write an epigram or couplet in order to show his friends how he could defend himself, if it were necessary, and then, throw his effusions into the fire. His bitterest enemies could never show a line in print against him, by way of retaliation. He would laugh at what his contemporaries called poetic inspiration, but wrote his dramas so mechanically, as one would make a watch, just when he pleased, and only when he wanted them for immediate use.

### METASTASIO'S DEATH.

On the first of April 1782, he was well as usual,

and spent the evening with his friends;—but when he returned home and retired, he complained of a trifling sickness. On the following morning, symptoms of a fever were discoverable, and during the day (April 2.) he was thrown into a violent fever, which was accompanied with a lethargy, and from which, he was hardly ever aroused. Without pain, and without complaint, he lingered until the 12th of April, when he died. Death found him bow ever not unprepared,—he had made his will—the most noticeable feature of which was, that he prohibited all pomp and ostentation at his funeral. He was however, buried with great magnificence in the Church of St. Michael in Vienna, at the age of eighty-four. He left in money about sixty thousand dollars, a house well furnished, and a very valuable library.

#### INSTRUCTIVE MUSICAL READING.

From J. Alfred Novello, New York and London, we have received a most interesting volume entitled "The Organ and its construction; a systematic handbook for Organists, Organ Builders, &c."—Translated from the German of J. J. Schmid, organist at Breslau. Reduced prices, seven shillings.

This volume, which is worthy of a place in Novello's Library for the Diffusion of Musical Knowledge, opens with a most interesting history of the organ. Part I, the Exterior of the Organ—Part II, Bellows wind-chest, &c.—Part III, The Action.—Part IV, The Pipes.—Part V, List of Registers, &c.—Part VI, The treatment, preservation and superintendence of the Organ.—Part VII, The building, repair and examination of the Organ, and Part VIII, Description of various celebrated organs.

From these several subjects, we purpose to make such extracts, and add such remarks as we hope will be generally interesting to our readers.

No one doubts that the Organ of the present day, is at once the most ingenious (mechanically considered) and the grandest of all musical instruments. It is most used in the worship of Almighty God—it is indeed, the kingly of all musical instruments. In Prussia, by a special decree it is made the duty of an organist not merely to know how to take care of his instrument, but also to study its mechanism. The design of the work now under Review is twofold, viz. 1. "To acquaint organists &c., with the mechanism of the Organ, and to enable them thereby to discover and remedy any little faults that may arise; to prevent greater ones; to give due information to the respective authorities in case a repair being necessary, and to keep the instrument in good condition. 2. To warn those who and not to the erection of an organ, against errors and to furnish those who superintend such an undertaking, with the requisite knowledge."

This work is the only one we have ever seen in the English language which is intelligible and instructive to the general reader, and we hope it will have, as it deserves, a ready and universal sale.

The history of the organ cannot be written on a single page, nor in a single day. Its mechanical structure thus far, is the result of a series of discoveries, elaborated by long years of patient industry and investigation, with the application of the arts of mechanics and acoustics in harmonious combination. No one man could ever claim as his own, the invention of the organ, or it is now. The efforts of many skillful men, through centuries of labor, have given us this grandest of instruments; and even now, it may be looked upon as more or less of a crude and imperfect work, which requires the touches of the ingenious workmen who shall add the results of their experiments and discoveries for centuries to come, before it will be the simple and perfect development of long cherished hopes. The organs—so called—which were first built, did not interest men as they now do, because they were so complicated and imperfect. Civilization and education were then inadequate to impart appreciation to the mechanical arts. Besides this, the artisans of former ages in almost every va-

riety of hand-craft covered their works with mystery, and thus, often the real progress of a generation or a century, were comparatively lost to the world, by the death of the workman.

For the original idea of an organ, we probably need go no further back than to the shepherds of Greece and Rome; who used a pipe made of a reed, or some other "suitable sort of wood." By degrees, these pipes of different lengths and sizes were united together. "Above, where the instrument was put to the month, three reeds formed a straight line, and below, an oblique one." This resembled a row of pipes as they now appear in an organ; in the straight line, where the wind is received in below, and the oblique line is above.

The awkwardness of moving the mouth on the top of these pipes and the inadequacy of human breath, together with the harshness of tone which it produced, suggested the necessity of doing away with the first,—of removing the second, and improving the last. This necessity gave birth to the invention of reversing the position of the pipes, making a new and regular mouth-piece, placing the reversed pipes in holes on the top of a wooden box, and supplying wind by bags made of leather, pressed with the hands or other mechanical contrivances; which latter, after various efforts resulted in the use of the common wind 32 hand bellows. To prevent the pipes from speaking simultaneously, "a slide was put under the holes of the pipe, as to a slit or aperture the wind."—This was the origin of the present stop or register. These "slits" stood in an inclined position and, in order to open them, levers were put on which were connected with the slides by strings." This was also the origin of the common key in the manual. Saidel says, that the diaceteries thus far noted, date from a period, before the birth of our Saviour.

The water organs of Etruscans and Archæades, were great curiosities, in their day, and seem to have been the result of an attempt to furnish an uniform or even 8 or 16 of wind, which was not produced before, on account of the small and imperfectly constructed bellows. Mechanics early felt and acknowledged the necessity of an uniform and even supply of wind;—this was necessary to produce a full, correct and sustained tone. The proper construction of an organ bellows was not attained however, until the seventh century. Up to this period organs were not used to any extent in churches—but were confined to theaters, and other popular places of amusement. Churches were furnished with organs, first in England about the year 640, in France in 750 and in Germany some 100 years afterwards. It is said that Pope Vitalianus caused organs to be erected in churches, for the express purpose of improving congregational singing;—but, in a few years afterwards, and for reasons unknown, he forbade this kind of singing, and replaced it by canonical singers. In 812, the Emperor Charles the Great ordered a very large organ to be built for a church at Aix-la-Chapelle, which is said to be the first one of any considerable size which was operated without the aid of water. In the latter part of the 9th century, in Germany, no expense was spared to make the organ as gorgeous as possible, because it was an instrument "devoted to the adoration of the Supreme Being." In proof of this, it is said that the Duke of Mantua received from a mechanic at Naples, an organ whose keys, pipes, keyboard and even the wood work of the bellows, were made of Alabaster! Among the treasures which belonged to the chapel of the Bavarian Palatine in the 9th century, there was an organ made of ebony, ornamented with many precious stones, the keyboard glittered with pearls and the bellows were covered with silver!

Up to this period, few organs had more than eleven keys—a fact quite accordant with truth, when we reflect that ancient music, especially ecclesiastical music had a compass of only a very few notes. The greatest improvements in organ-building were made during the thirteenth and sixteenth centuries. The keys were reduced in size, and their number in-

creased, the strings and reeds were known as strings, and bellows made larger and had weights attached, and over-11 pipes were attached to each key.

A German, named Pernhard, who was an organist in Venice in the latter part of the 16th century, was the inventor of the *Pedal*. By this discovery, the organ gained immensely in power, and marked a new era in its construction. In the 16th Century, another German—name unknown—invented the wind chest which is still used. Stopping the upper ends of pipes was also invented in this century; hence, we have the stop diapason, flute &c.—Reed, and other imitative pipes were also invented during this same century. In the middle of the seventeenth century, organs were banished from the English churches,—but, the order was soon revoked; whereupon, two German organbuilders named Schmidt and Harris were invited to England, where they constructed several large ones.

In the 17th and 18th centuries, money was lavishly and stupidly spent in the external embellishment of organs. They ornamented the case with foliage, vases, statues, flutes of acoustics and heads of angels. They were not content, as we are, with silencing or gliding the front pipes, but made flutes of the lips of the pipes; trumpets were placed in the hands of the figures of angels, which, by machinery were moved to or from their mouths. These angels also played on chimes and kettle-drums. Over all, was a large angel armed with a baton, beating time in some large organs, at the celebration of the festival of Christmas, songs of nightingales and cuckoos were imitated; eagles were seen flapping their wings, and flying towards an artificial sun. The fox tail was also introduced to frighten the too curious who would handle the stops or otherwise annoy the organist. If a stop were pulled out by a curious bystander, forthwith, an enormous fox-tail whirled into his face! This however, with the *tremulando*, which was used on formal occasions, fairs, Good Friday &c., to imitate the sobbing, sighing and crying of men, was abolished in a few years afterwards, and, ingenious mechanists gave their attention to other and more useful improvements of the whole instrument. Still, the organ wanted a *crescendo* and *decrescendo* power, in order to be a perfect instrument. To meet this great want, the *swell* was invented—this is generally accredited to Professor Kaufmann of Dresden. No organ of any magnitude is now built without the swell, a contrivance which is now too well known and understood to require an explanation.

To all who are curious to know how organs are made, and interested enough to know how to be able to judge and take care organs, we commend the volume, whose contents we have thus briefly noticed.

#### READABLE EXTRACTS.

We have marked for extract this week some passages from a finely written article in the London Quarterly on Clerical Economies. They describe the Scotch minister, his dwelling, his man, his horse and his wife. And first for the minister himself.

##### THE SCOTCH MINISTER.

When the means of the minister are below the average, he is a perfect exemplar of clerical economy. Frugal, mangle, paying his law, denying himself the sake of his family, he obeys to his neighbors the value he sets on education by the sacrifices he makes to obtain it for his children. Dr. Allen dedicates his book "to a father, who on an income which never exceeded a hundred pounds yearly, educated, out of a family of twelve children, four sons to the liberal professions; and who has often sent his last shilling to each of them in their term when they were at college." We doubt if the French Institute's "reward of virtue" was ever given to a worthier one. The simple statement was more touching than a hundred volumes of pathetic novels; and, to the honor of Scotland, it belongs not to an individual, but to a class. The red-cloth college-gown, descend-

ing through three or four academical generations of lairs, may be seen in the streets of Glasgow, achy revivings of our Southern collegiate foppery—that gown too perhaps the very same in which the father attended the humanity class, where he picked up the little Lalie that has enabled him to prepare his sons in their turn to wear it. The minister is no scholar, nor pretends to be. Deeper read in his Bible than in Divinity, he admits the excellence of Anglican theology without caring to study it. Having made up his mind upon perjury as an undoubted invention of the enemy, he looks upon Episcopalianism as gentler Romanism—Popery and water. Liturgies he considers babies' food. Church history before John Knox is taught to him; but the written word is his study. What the cross was to early Christians, a text is to him; and he has a word for all occasions, in season and out of season. With his pocket Bible he is the Christian arseman, and exhorts and "improves" largely by the aid of the book. When Sabbath morning comes, he has no old barren drawer to go to from which to take the two afternoon sermons; unless he is gifted with the power of preaching "extempore" in fact as well as appearance, he has all the text-book "committing" his discourses, and his prayers to boot. Thus his thoughts ran upon his work through the week, though like those of his congregation, too much centered on the sermons. His church consequently is a mere auditorium. He has no theory of Holy Places. The Lord has His Day in Scotland, but not His House. It is man's house of preaching, not God's house of prayer. Yet its neatness and cleanliness often puts to shame the loftier theory of the South.

#### THE MANSE.

The Scotch Manse is a plain, substantial, and commodious dwelling, built on Bacon's rule, "to live in, not to look at," somewhat austere and precise, but therefore the more in character with its office,—"a model," says Dr. Paterson, "of the golden mean, as if Providence had chosen to illustrate by its servants in the ministry the wisdom of the prayer, 'Give me neither poverty nor riches.'" Within a stone's throw of the cold grey church, whose flat roof and round-headed windows shock the nerves of the aesthetically, and within bucket-draught of the burn, whose course you may track under the hill-side by the wary fringe of hedges and bushes, rises this "modest mansion," as in pleasant stance as the village has to offer. "Such felicity of site," Dr. Paterson with equal felicity remarks, "has often led to the sarcastic remark that the Church is too wise not to have the best things to herself. But so far as the association of a selfish wisdom is limited to a predilection for the murmuring stream and shade of trees, without implying the guilt of aggrandizement, it may be easily borne. But even this, if the charge were grave, might be answered by the fact, that the sweet attractions of the river have first moved the flock to feed on its green pastures, and that thither the shepherds have but followed them." The equally distributed ead-windows of the Manse, and the central door with its four-light, suggest the dimly-lighted lobby with its room on each side to match. There are perhaps the dining and drawing rooms, whose well-polished furniture will be saved much wear and tear, and lack somewhat of comfort and airiness, if there be in nearer connection with the kitchen a parlor behind, which in fact serves as the common living-room of the family; or more frequently still, the front apartments are the dining room and the parlor; the first also serving for the minister's book-room, while the cheloir furniture of the drawing-room responds in the dignity of the first floor. A stable, a barn, a byre, with a brow-house, a "milk-house," and a "cart-shed," make up a respectable complement of office—while universally conspicuous in its naked ugliness is the square garden wall of its statuistic dimensions of "five feet high, exclusive of its coping." If the paddock lie between the house and the road, the degree of care bestowed on the state of

the approach will give no unfair indication of the well doing, or otherwise, of the minister and his family, perhaps of the parish also.

#### THE MINISTER'S MAN.

There is the old complaint, as old as Adam, of the disappearance of the "constant service of the antique world," but it is gery in many a manse and parsonage yet, and where waiting, tells generally as much against the master as the servant. Nowhere are domestic more faithful than in Scotland, and nowhere more masterful and domineering—perhaps from the general smallness of the establishments; for servile tyranny wanes with the increase of the household, though the many-headed establishment, in a thousand tortuous ways, more than counterbalances the hearable despotism of a single paternally ruling servant. The "minister's men," both North and South, is a person of no small importance, beiding the character of half the parish in the breath of his mouth.

"Like Sampson Carrasco, he must be sound of body, strong of limb, a silent sufferer of heat and cold, hunger and thirst, and endowed with more than these qualifications which are requisite in the squire of a knight-errant. He must have a good temper, and be patient of reproach. He must combine in his own person the offices of steward, ploughman, carter, cattle-keeper, gardener, and, it is said, in some parishes, of bellman, grave-digger, and preacher. He must be able to put up stacks, to thatch on an occasion, and to build up dikes any day in the year when they happen to tumble down."

Groom, gardener, shepherd, carter, sexton, and parish clerk, are not seldom combined in a Southern parsonist; but we fear we could hardly find, as in the North, a dairymaid, cook, and cattle-maid all in one; or "house, table, or cursey maid." In another, though the "big laddie" who undertakes the office of "hard and stable-boy, boots, waiter, and runner to the post office," may be found in the gentlest English rectory designated by its mistress with the name of "Page," and by the profane, "Buttons."

#### THE MINISTER'S HORSE.

But what of the minister's horse? More necessary in the North, where the wide-scattered parishes, the calls of the presbytery, and the absence of handy railroad stations, make it an indispensable adjunct of the manse; according to Lord Meadowbank, "one of the essentialia of the minister's position." He must be a perfect paragon, combining four horses at least in one. "He must be a saddle horse, gig horse, cart-horse, plough-horse, thus combining gentility, agility, docility, and strength." "He must have something of stature and symmetry, with a good gear of bones compactly put together. He must be hardy, sharp-sighted in the dark, and—he must not kick, bite, or eat saddles when standing in the same stall with a neighbor the stonery, but by a strange association—more custom than law—he must be ready to turn out of his warm stable at any moment, to convey to the next parish any passing pauper."

#### THE MINISTER'S WIFE.

Not unaccompanied with the minister's horse is his wife; for a change in the stable pretty surely follows the change in the parlor; the shrew animal on which he wretched the village with his boobyish horsemanship, must give place to the useful drudge. And here again in the wife, is one of the minister's essentialia, that which would be deemed admirable at the South being in the North indispensable. Queen Elizabeth greatly mislaid her marriage in her bishop, modern bishops in their charges recommend it to their clergy; our Scotch minister insists upon it, especially in relation to our present subject. "Go, marry, Sir, and know before you die what the words command, kindly feelings, and clerical economy mean." With more justice and deeper relish he lays on upon clerical saddles.

"Instead of yawning over a book as your dumb and daily companion, smile rather on the faces of a bloom-

ing and joyous family, as the only way to make home a place of rest and happiness. Furnish your manse as you may, with easy chairs, sofas and settees—have a vapour, a shower, and a plunge-bath, cold, warm, or tepid—have a snug porch, and a green door with a lawn-light—and store in the lobby, with a fire of heated air up the main staircase to the top—have a roaring fire in the parlour every morning before breakfast, with all sorts of antique fire-screen, large and little—have a fiddle, a solitaire, a tobacco-pipe, or a set of stocking-wires to vary your occupations—when you go for an hour to snuff up the east wind, put on your ovek soles, overalls and dreads—go to bed at midnight, or longer after it, and rise well in the afternoon, when the day has been well aired. Have all this, and four times more; but still my good friend, so long as you want the wife, there is a coldness, a formality, and a prim, correct sort of behaviorship in the whole affair, which happily is never to be found, when there are three or four boys romping about."

These self-indulgent dalliers in the primrose path of creature comforts deserve indeed no quarter. We have known such an one, when summoned on a winter morning to christen a sick child, excuse himself on account of a bad cold, and sending for the moribund candidate, baptize it in bed. No wife would have permitted such an aspersion. But there are comfortable husbands also, too apt to merge clerical duty in matrimonial convenience; and this knottiness of all points in Christian economies remains pretty much as St. Paul left it.

If there are peculiar qualifications required for the minister's wife, he has in return peculiar facilities in the selection; for the Reviewer says, "Since Waterloo—unless Sebastopol turn the tables—the black coat has had the pick in the matrimonial market," and in this country we think, physical advantages being equal, clerical black would be apt to distance navy or army blue.

A lady subscriber enquires where she can obtain the story of Zaida, a portion of which we gave in our Readable Extracts. It is a serial, not yet completed, published every month in Blackwood's Magazine. This magazine and other English journals are republished by Leonard Scott & Co, 79 Fulton street, entrance 54 Gold street.

#### WICKED WATTS.

During seven or eight years of childhood, I was placed under the care of a spinster aunt, who resided on the outskirts of the metropolis, in a large dilapidated house, of which our little household inhabited a very small portion, consisting, as it did, of my aunt, her two old domestics, and my poor little self. These years, notwithstanding a great distance of time, are forcibly engraven on my memory; they stand out, as it were, from all other associations, reminiscences, or recollections. My parents were abroad, toiling to achieve honorable independence, and my brother and sister were taken care of by relatives in the sister-country; so that I was quite alone; and though not actively unhappy with Aunt Steadman, yet mine was a dreary kind of existence on the whole for a once fondled, petted child. The greater part of my aunt's time was passed in reading and writing. I think she was composing a poem in the style of Hudibras: she could not bear to be disturbed, rarely went out, and did not care to linger over her meals; in short, she was a most unattractive person in my eyes; and though she never scolded or reproved me, her carelessness

of my comfort and amusement was not likely to induce affection. The two servants were a man and his wife, named James and Nanny; they had lived in Miss Stedman's service a score of years, and apparently had an easy place of it, taking things much their own way. The rooms which were inhabited were all at the back of the house, save one, where my aunt always sat at her desk in a comfortable angle between the windows and the fireplace. These windows looked towards the high-road, which in those days was traversed from morning to night, and from night to morning, as a direct continental route, or main outlet from the metropolis. Established in one of the deep embrasures here, I was permitted to look out on the passers-by, though not to make a movement or hazard a remark; and as it was a far more cheerful sport than any of the back ones, and as the numerous rooms on the same floor were all empty or shut up, I greatly preferred remaining in Miss Stedman's presence, solaced by the company of a huge doll, to being obliged to seek solitude, or else to herd with James and Nanny.

The house, as I have said, was a large one, but falling into decay: it was my aunt's own property, and in ancient times had no doubt been a fine place, though rather too closely bordered on the public road. Its value, however, in point of situation must have become sadly depreciated, when by degrees the neighboring mansions were pulled down, and hosts of tenements rose in their place, of such a size and character as to render the vicinity anything but pleasant or respectable. Immediately opposite, was a row of small houses, called Puddiman's Buildings. These were gray with age, but infante in comparison with my aunt's stately overshadowing roof. Even Nanny did not know what had stood there before the erection of Puddiman's Buildings, but she thought it must have been open garden-ground.

Wicked Watts dwelt in the centre of Puddiman's Buildings; and to him, and to his doings, all eyes were directed, as to a general point of attraction. When I first resided with Aunt Stedman, and first began to make my silent observations on the scene which opened to my bewildered gaze, it was with absolute terror I watched the countenance and movements of the man known as Wicked Watts. He seemed to my childish imagination the very impersonation of the Evil One issuing from a dark, unfathomable den—so ferocious, so dreadful was the appearance of the dealer in marine stores. He was a widower, with several children of all ages; and when Nanny told me that he had killed three wives by cruel treatment, "though he could not be hanged for it," my indignation knew no bounds. The children were the offspring of these three victims, and Wicked Watts used to beat the elder ones, and Nanny said he would surely kill them as he had killed his wives. Two of these unfortunate children had very sweet voices, and sang ballads about the streets, wringing all the peace home to their tyrant, who cruelly ill-used them if they did not bring what he considered enough. As to the younger children, they rolled about in the mud all day long, and tumbled over each other, like a frightened flock, at the bare sound of their father's voice; the youngest was still almost an infant, its unfortunate mother having died at premature confinement, brought on by the

sausage treatment of her husband. Wicked Watts did not drink or brawl—he was a Blue Beard only in his own castle, and as frightful a personation of one as it is possible to imagine; so much so, that I often wondered how he could have succeeded in decoying silly women into matrimony. And great was my surprise when a new Mrs. Watts suddenly appeared on the scene, "for the sole purpose," Nanny declared, "of being knocked down and trampled to her grave," like her predecessors.

But a strange and evident change speedily followed the advent of the fourth wife. She was a very fair, good-looking woman, slender, and tall; but with such a voice, such a tongue, such lungs! Wicked Watts vainly endeavored to bear up against the storm; he made battle furiously; but the virago was too much for even him; and after several futile attempts to establish his old dominion, Wicked Watts drooped his head, and suffered himself to be led about like a tame bear. His children soon benefited by the change, and were reclaimed from destitution and filth as if by magic. The woman's tongue, however, never ceased—morning, noon, and night, it was to be heard scolding, commanding, abusing, ranting, never still. Even the superintendence of the marine store was forcibly claimed by Mrs. Watts. She threatened anything and everything terrible to all who interfered with her management. She seemed as if her eyes were in one place, her hands in another, and her tongue everywhere. Wicked Watts got no rest; she made him work, and starved him if he did not; indeed, I began to pity the poor wretch, he looked so utterly miserable and woe-begone, so crest-fallen and stupefied at everything he saw and heard. Mrs. Simpson complained of the hubbub; but the little Wattses, who had never hitherto owned a farthing of their own, now entered her domain in clean jackets, and asked for lollipop, paying for it too! Their "new mammy treated them," they said, "when they were good;" so Mrs. Simpson forgave the clamor, and held many sage discourses with the green-grocer's wife, how all this reform had been brought to pass. It was rumored that Wicked Watts had cast glances on Miss Jimmie Sedley when he was a widower for the third time; but that was too aspiring, and the Sedleys looked down with high disdain on the marine store-dealer. They even refused to receive his children as pupils, until the fourth Mrs. Watts boldly called upon them, with her clean-faced little ones beside her, and placing herself, with arms akimbo, at once on a footing of equality, demanded to know "their terms," with such "an air," old Mrs. Sedley said, "there was no refusing."

Things had been going on in this way for a year or two; Mrs. Watts's voice grew more shrill, and her husband appeared with a deep dot across his cheek—which, it was reported, had not been caused by accident, but by the enraged fourth wife, on his venturing to chastise one of his own children—when one evening just as it grew dark, and I was watching the proceedings with considerable interest at the green-grocer's where supper was preparing, a travelling-chariot of foreign build, drawn by four horses, suddenly came to a stand-still between the marine store and Mrs. Simpson's gingerbread-depot. The cause of this delay was the plunging of both wheelers, and the fall of one,

when a scene of confusion of courses ensued; the servants behind jumped down in a moment, and opened the carriage-door, when an elderly lady alighted, assisted by a young gentleman, on whose arm she continued to lean. The accident was soon rectified; Wicked Watts brought lights, and gave assistance; and the lady with some difficulty—for she was scarcely able to use her feet—at length sank down on her easy cushions again; the young man jumped in after her; and the post-hoys rattled off, and were out of sight and hearing in a moment *en route* for the continent. But in the mean-time, with straining eyes, for it all passed like a dream—I could scarcely credit what I saw, but I *did* see it, I was sure of that—I beheld something glitter on the ground, close to the young gentleman's feet, as he was assisting the fat bawling lady into her chariot again. He had drawn off his gloves, and such lily-white hands were raised to smooth a pair of large whiskers and dark moustaches, that I could scarce refrain from an exclamation of "How beautiful!" On his little-finger glistened brilliant gems, and one of these rings fell off, no doubt; for Wicked Watts saw it too, and unseen by any living creature, as he thought, with the quickness of lightning plucked it up, and put it in his bosom as the travelers drove off. Two of the children were hiding lights, and Mrs. Watts, in her anxiety to be foremost to receive the liberal donation tendered for their assistance, did not observe what passed. But the road was narrow; Aunt Stedman dosed beside the fire; there was no light from within our room to betray my close proximity to those without; and I clearly saw the glittering thing on the ground, and the suspicious glance of Wicked Watts towards his wife when he stooped to seize the prize.

A feeling of timidity towards Aunt Stedman, and of reserve or pride when in contact with her servants, withheld me from confidential remarks. I frequently overheard James and Nanny converse about the affairs of the neighborhood, and from their conversation I had gleaned much of my information respecting the inhabitants of Puddiman's Buildings. But being naturally of a shy, retiring disposition, I did not feel inclined to acquaint them with all the thoughts passing through my mind; and, truth to tell, I felt rather ashamed of the interest I secretly cherished in all the doings of our opposite neighbors. Wicked Watts I regarded with a species of awe—as a veritable Blue Beard—and I would not have betrayed his secret for worlds; for who could tell what such a villain's revenge might be? No; I alone knew he had picked up a brilliant ring, and I satisfied my conscience by the knowledge that he had not stolen it intentionally. But what would he do with it? How dispose of such a treasure unknown to his violent partner, who never permitted him to have a penny-piece of his own? If he sold it, or pawned it, he would rifle his pockets of the gold; and as to frequenting a public-house, that he dared not do—he would have been after him in a twinkling!

For several nights I tossed about on an uneasy pillow, thinking of the secret I shared with Wicked Watts, and had almost determined to confide in Aunt Stedman; for several days also I had missed the dealer in marine stores from his accustomed place by his doorway, where he

usually eat since his fourth marriage, furnishing up bits of iron, rusty keys and locks, and other odds and ends—looking sheepish and averse whenever he heard his wife's tongue—was not unfrequently, in passing to and fro, gave her lord and master a gentle hint to be "alive there." But when I heard James tell Nanny that Wicked Watts had gone nobody knew where, and that his wife knew nothing about him, I began to think it more prudent to keep the secret than to reveal it. Whether this childish reasoning was right or wrong, does not seem quite clear. The neighbors unhesitatingly declared that Wicked Watts had been spirited away on account of his former evil course, and his wife did not contradict them. One or two, indeed, hinted that he had drowned himself in a fit of despondency, which he had been often subject to of late; but the virago scowled so fiercely at the idea, that none dared to repeat it. What could have become of him? He had not robbed his till or his store, and he had not wherewithal to purchase a loaf! Weeks passed, and the disappearance of Wicked Watts in so sudden and mysterious a manner began to be noised abroad; judicial inquiries were instituted, but Mrs. Watts was acquitted of all blame or connivance in the affair. She deposed, that about half an hour after the grand foreign folks had alighted at their door, Watts went out without saying a word, and never returned. "He seemed eerie like," she added, "after that foreign gemman's coal-black eyes had shone upon him. I ain't sure that it warn't a warning to Watts for the bad life he'd led, and I be sommat afeard that the shiners given me may turn to ashes as I hold 'em in my hand." From that time forth all shook their heads, and spoke in whispers when alluding to the disappearance of Wicked Watts; James and Nanny, too, looked mysterious and solemn, and did not like to go into the empty rooms after dusk. The marine store, however, prospered under the superintendence of Mrs. Watts, and the children thrived, but their father never was heard of again; and even Aunt Stedman exhibited some interest when the matter was discussed in her presence. "No doubt the man had some private means unknown to his wife," she remarked, "and has availed himself of them to join a band of Irish emigrants. He's a riddance to the neighborhood; and would have killed his fourth wife, if she hadn't self-killed him."

Long afterwards, Nanny informed me, that for many years after these circumstances occurred the memory of Wicked Watts still continued fresh in the minds of the old inhabitants of Puddiman's Buildings, and the legend of "his calf" became quite a winter fireside favorite theme. Mrs. Watts had gradually become a milder and more serious person, setting a good example to her step-children, and always speaking of herself as a widow. Then, and then only, at that vast distance of time, I ventured to tell Nanny what I had seen; but she replied with considerable tartness: "Found a brilliant ring, ma'am did you eez? Pooh, pooh! your eyes were not good enough to see that across the road; that foreign gentlemen with the dreadful black whiskers and eyes was no stranger to wicked Watts, depend on it and he came only to claim his own." "Then, who was the stout elderly lady in his company, Nanny?" I asked with a smile. "She was a sham, ma'am,

in course; and the horses, and the chariot, and the servants were all a sham, to make "the calf" look real-like to the neighbors," replied Nanny solemnly. "It makes me shiver when I think of it—that it does; and depend on it, ma'am if you had looked round the corner of the road after that foreign chariot, you'd have seen it all vanish away like smoke." This legend of Puddiman's Buildings survived the place itself; for it is still current in the neighborhood, although the marine store, the green-grocery, the day-school, the lollipop-shop, the haberdashery, and Aunt Stedman's house itself, have all vanished from the face of the earth.—*Chamber's Journal*.

#### MUSICAL INTELLIGENCE.

**Troy, N. Y., April 12th, 1855.—DRAE MRS. WATTS:** The fourth performance of the Troy Musical Institute this season, took place on Tuesday evening (the 11th) before a full house, notwithstanding the weather was rainy, cold, dismal, and as much unkind April as March was ever known to be. The rendition of those musical romances at Harmony Hall, has in each case been signalled by an amount of candid attention and close appreciation which does honor to the heart and intelligence of our citizens, as well as encourage the hopes of these young lovers of the art who devote their days and nights to its legitimate advancement. Music, indeed, cannot well thrive, without warm and truly sympathetic encouragement, and he therefore, who simply remains deaf to her touching appeals, harms her more than if he were an active, open enemy; for the enthusiasm which bold opposition always creates, soon defines party lines, and arouses the latent love of her quiet friends into vigorous action. "He that is not for us is against me."

Since our first performance early in December last, when we successfully presented Mr. G. H. Curran's Cantata, *Eleutheria*, we gave Joseph Haydn's *Sonata* on two occasions, and at our last gathering, we presented for public favor, the Obsequies of Neukomm's *Oratorio of David*. I cannot but think, in spite of the unbounded praise which has been lavished upon Mendelssohn by English musicians within the past ten years, that Neukomm's *David*, especially in the treatment of his choruses, is entitled to the steady respect and cordial consideration of his original friends. Not that the work is faultless;—for indeed, the musical experience of Neukomm had been such that he sacrificed much of the solemnity which attaches to the miraculous elevation of David, and unhappy death of Saul, by appealing to hollow stage effect. This chief fault he understood, cannot, by any fair analysis of the work, be considered as extending to the choruses, but mainly to the solos, and herein Neukomm may be defended by reference to high precedent. Where, for example, are Handel's solos now, with one or two exceptions? Fortunately is it that the great master does not live in the remembrance of his followers by his songs simply. If this had been so, his name had long been nearly obsolete. A judgment similar in kind may safely be passed upon the most popular work of Neukomm. *David* has choruses-writing in it of unquestioned merit. For proof of this, I am content, not simply to rely upon the fact that Neukomm was in this respect, the best pupil that Haydn ever had, but even accepting Mozart (point me to a chorus of Mozart's that excels "Daughters of Israel"), but in the selection of his phrases of melody and in the clearness of his harmonic treatment, as well as in that difficult and always problematic test, the effect upon preeminent voices, Neukomm never disappointed, and often startled. In Mendelssohn ever so openly direct! But some one idea-admirer of the intellectual Mendelssohn will say that few only are qualified to judge. In poetry, Schlegel, Coleridge and Leigh Hunt may translate for the common mind, and John Ruskin may do the same in painting and architecture. But (according to your own doctrine) music appeals directly to the emotions of the heart, and if a chorus therefore, fails of moving prominent audiences in intelligent christendom, all the intellect and science of christendom cannot transmit it to posterity as a success. Not so does Handel appeal. Not so does Haydn and Mozart appeal, and not so, with equal truth, may it be said, does Mendelssohn. Pedro Martini and Cherubini may write irreproachable lessons in harmony,—but who is that touches with that triple-headed wand of Heart, In-

tellect and Science, the soul's fountain of my feelings, and forthwith there rush out, from the prophet-touched rock of old, pure streams of living joy?

It is a good thing then, to say of my musical compulsion, particularly if allied to views of solemn meaning, that it relieves for truthful effect, chiefly upon its choruses, and then, let it not be forgotten, as compared to most all classes of choruses. This should be its back bone. In this discussion, I find, in leading me to that oft-quoted question, the comparative strength of melody and harmony in producing spontaneous emotion, I find it will pass to a brief consideration of the vocal rendition of *David* on the evening named. Our Association turned out to the number of seventy, and sang with enthusiasm, particularly in the choruses, "Behold the King," "Daughters of Israel," "Thou art a God of wonders," "O Lord, mount," "Hosanna in the highest," and the finale "Benedict be that cometh." The solo parts were represented as follows: David, Mr. Charles Ellis; Saul, Mr. D. B. Bell; Jonathan, Mr. Geo. R. Rockwood; Goliath, Mr. J. Conant; High Priest, Mr. Robert R. Howell; Mose, Mr. S. A. Kinscliff; Sister of David, Miss R. M. Kinscliff; Daughter of Saul, Mrs. J. L. Leith. Mr. Ellis is a young man, a teacher in the Troy Female Seminary, and in view of the fact that he has been in this country but about seven months, and some here an entire stranger to our language, his performance must be considered remarkable. His voice is a high tenor of good quality, and under excellent cultivation. Mr. Bell, in *Saul* sang with his usual ability, and also took the part of the High Priest. In the choruses of Mr. Russell. Favorable mention may also be made of Messrs Conant, Rockwood and Kinscliff. Mrs. Leith, in the part of the Daughter of Saul, sang smoothly and very acceptably to the audience, and in my truth, though she possesses not the cultivation of Goliath, her voice is fully equal to that of the young Goliath, which is as no equivocal praise for brilliant gifts of nature as I know how to bestow. Miss Kinscliff's rendering of that quiet and pleasing pastoral, "Return, O David," gave evidence of careful cultivation, and her solo in the initial chorus was the only encore of the evening.

Pending this musical performance was a motion to give the conductor of the Troy Musical Institute a complimentary benefit, on which occasion it is proposed to give the Hymn to Liberty, *Eleutheria*, to come off some evening during the last week of April, which motion was adopted by the Society, as I doubt not it will be by the friends of the Society generally. And I suppose Mr. Curtis himself will consider it inappropriate, in view of the price of tickets.

**Pittsford.** [This communication having been received previously to another on the same topic, our latter correspondence "B" will please excuse our omission of his. We shall be happy to hear from him again.—Ed.]

**Cincinnati, April 11th.—DR. MUSICAL WORLD:** It may be a matter of interest to some of your correspondent friends that we last month commenced the series of a new Music Hall in this place. Since we took over our former one, nearly a year ago, many musical people have been deterred from visiting us by the want of a first class room. The one we are now building will be the third one, on the ground floor but of about 2,800 capacity, and will be completed about Sep. 1st, Twenty only. A. S.

**Worcester, Mass., April 6th, 1855.—DRAE WATTS:** We were gratified on "Fast Day" evening, with a superb musical treat, from our own Worcester Society. After years of faithful culture and improvement, this association has established for itself a most excellent reputation, and by maintaining the highest standard of musical taste, it has deserved as well as received the fullest measure of public success. As a merited tribute to the memory of the late Mr. Ferry,—a beautiful token of respect and affection for one of our oldest and best interpreters of sacred Music—the Society performed an appropriate Dirge, with most true feeling and expression. The favorite Cantata of "The Morning" by Ferdinand Riey, we were glad to hear so well rendered. The Swiss song by Miss Fiske, displayed a voice of much sweetness and power, with superior execution. Songs by Mrs. Wright and Mrs. Martin, were also finely rendered. The principal concerted piece of the evening, and to us one of the most satisfactory performances was "The Transient and Eternal," by Lombard, embracing Choruses, Duets and Solos, with an accompaniment on the Piano and Reed Organ. Selections from "Ancient Psalmody," including the venerable tones of "Bridge-water," Northfield; "Invitation" the "Sinner's Anthem," and others, were given with admirable precision and spirit, and to the great satisfaction of the whole as-









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THE DEATH OF JOSEPH. . . . . By A. Masson  
From a painting by Horace Veret.

The New York public is indebted to the enterprise of Messrs. Goupil & Co., for the pleasure of seeing another picture—"The Death of Joseph," by Horace Veret. The advent of such a picture deserves more notice than the passing announcement of its being an exhibition.

It is worth a man who has made a point in the history of Art—who has done as much as any artist to individualize his age by a new development of the artistic power.

What Raphael did for the religious Art—what Michael Angelo for the intellectual—Veret for the Landscape. Horace Veret has done for the real, viz: brought it to that consummation where no longer feel that anything is wanting to fulfill all its dreams—where the Feeling for the subjective and the Power of expression gain an entirely new force; that we know that the artist has done all that can be done in that way.

Except his liberality of seeing so much and so accurately, there is nothing so wonderful as the commandment of the power manifest to his pictures. There is no doubt, as intention, an weakness. It is said that if he wishes to draw a figure, he places a model in the desired attitude for a moment, and then paints his figure without further reference to it, and that he has only to look at a contour, to be able to reproduce it. Whether this be true of all his pictures or not, it still illustrates the genius of the man; it is true to the idea if it is not to the fact. It would seem to be true of his great landscapes in Versailles, where the rush of action and the action represented apparently follow further study than any other picture; but the "Brethren of Joseph" is evidently painted more at leisure, and studied with more care for artistic completeness.

Those who saw Veret's "Twins" will find an instructive contrast between its actual painting and that of "The Brethren of Joseph." The former is decidedly imitated by more perfect; while the latter, with less attempt at superficial truth, still gives under the skin the anatomy of the creature, and though the only thing of moment of this kind is dead gold, there is more profound knowledge of animal life in "Joseph's" picture. The great is very dead, and the painting of the hair as well as other texture—giving in the picture, is thorough enough to satisfy any of the Raphaels there. The sharp-sharp jacks of one of the lower men, as well realized as any thing of the kind we have ever seen, yet without being obvious.

Compton, also, the necessary landscape of the two pictures. In that of Veret everything has a natural connection with the picture, and is given with beautiful accuracy; not in anything painted otherwise, than as though the artist thought it worthy his labor. There is one thing which indicates—still more perfectly than anything we have spoken of—the realism of Veret's talent. The figures are all modern Arabs and is the costume of the day, and this, which seems, at first thought, a fault, is really one of the prime excellencies of the picture.—*Graphic*.

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